JACK WEBB'S RADIO SHOWS

Jack Webb started his career in radio. Here's a list of his shows...

(This information was graciously provided by Bob Siler.

JOHNNY MODERO-PIER 23

CRIME DRAMA,MUTUAL RADIO,THURS. NIGHTS. APRIL 24,1947-SEPT.4,1947
Webb is private detective, Johnny Modero, who works the San Francisco Waterfront area.

JEFF REGAN-INVESTIGATOR – w/ William Conrad

CRIME DRAMA-CBS-SATURDAY NIGHTS
JULY 10,1948-DEC.18,1948
Was known as "THE LION'S EYE" on the West Coast.

PAT NOVAK FOR HIRE – w/ Raymond Burr

CRIME DRAMA-ABC - FEB.13,1949-
Webb was only in 18 episodes.
Jerry Haendiges has done a partial log for this show.

DRAGNET

JUNE 1949-FEB 1957
Was sponsered by FATIMA CIGERETTES until September 14,1952 when CHESTERFIELD CIGERETTES took over.

For a list of the Dragnet radio show episodes, see Jerry Haendiges Dragnet Radio Log. Also visit Jerry's Home Page.

PETE KELLY'S BLUES

CRIME DRAMA-NBC
JULY.4,1951-SEPT.19,1951
Was the summer replacement for 'HALLS OF IVY", which starred Ronald Colman and wife Benita Hume.

MURDER AND MR. MALONE

CRIME DRAMA-ABC
JAN.11,1947-JULY.13,1951,SATURDAY 9:30
Sponsered by Guild Wines until April 17,1948 Frank Lovejoy(one of my forgotten favorites) was

Chicago criminal attorney, John J. Malone. Webb was also on the show.

ONE OUT OF SEVEN

DRAMA - ABC-
1946- This fifteen minute program about racial injustice was heard on the West Coast on Wednesday nights.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST

This Jack Webb-produced show never made it.

Please e-mail me with questions, suggestions or corrections: ***cbhall@hooked.net***

Back to the Dragnet Page

Jerry Haendiges Radio Logs

Post or Modify Date: Friday December 27, 1996

Location	Title	Episode	Date	Hours	Stars/Comments

Series: "PAT NOVAK FOR HIRE"

ABC GALLEN KAMP SHOES

STARS: Jack Webb

Location	Title	Episode	Date	Hours	Stars/Comments
4223 C3	"DIXIE GILIAN"		11-24-46	:30:00	

Series: "PAT NOVAK FOR HIRE"

ABC SUSTAINING

STARS: Ben Morris, John Galbraith, Jack Lewis, Mary Milford

MUSIC by: Otto Clair

Location	Title	Episode	Date	Hours	Stars/Comments
4223 D1	"JOHNNY BROWN GAMBLING RING"		08-03-47	:29:00	Henry Luce, Jerry Walter, Kurt M
4223 D2	"MYSTERIOUS SET OF BOOKS"		08-10-47	:29:20	Herb Ellis, Jerry Zimmerman, Kur
4223 D3	"LIDIA REYNOLDS CASE"		11-23-47	:30:50	Herb Ellis, Paul Avery, Edwin Ma
4424 A1	"DEATH IN HEROLD SQUARE"		11-30-47	:29:20	"Thomas Van Dyke" Story

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Total Number of Titles: 4

Total Number of Programs: 4

Total Possible Episodes Are Unknown Missing Programs: N/A Total Programs in Collection: 4

Series: "PAT NOVAK FOR HIRE"

ABC SUSTAINING

STARS: Jack Webb, Raymond Burr, Tudor Owen

PRODUCER/DIRECTOR: William Rousseau

ANNOUNCER: George Fenneman

MUSIC: Basil Adlam

*	"JOHN SINGER"	1	02-13-49	:30:00*	
4222 A2	"JACK OF CLUBS"	2	02-20-49	:29:50	CONNIE REILLY Betty Lou Gerso Corsia, Herb Butterfield
4222 A3	"MARCIA HALPERN"	3	02-27-49	:28:00	End cut
4222 B1	"FLEET LADY"	4	03-06-49	:30:40	Virginia Gregg, Carl Avory, Stac Carlislle Bibbers (Fred Foy crac name - he then proceeds to say " Broadcasting System")
4222 B2	"RUBIN CALLAWAY'S PICTURES"	5	03-13-49	:29:30	
4222 B3	"RORY MALONE"	6	03-20-49	:30:00*	
4222 C1	"JOE CANDONO - BLACKMAIL PICTURES"	7	03-27-49	:29:30	
4222 C2	"FATHER LAHEY - JOE FELDMAN"	8	04-02-49	:30:50	
4222 C3	"SAM TOLLIVER"	9	04-09-49	:30:30	
4222 D1	"GO AWAY DIXIE GILLIAN"	10	04-16-49	:29:50	
4222 D2	"RITA MALLOY"	11	04-23-49	:30:50	
4222 D3	"WENDY MORRIS"	12	04-30-49	:30:30	
4223 A1	"SHIRT MIX-UP AT THE LAUNDRY"	13	05-07-49	:31:20	
4223 A2	"GERANIUM PLANT"	14	05-14-49	:29:30	
4223 A3	"GIVE ENVELOPE TO JOHN ST JOHN"	15	05-21-49	:28:50	
*	"LOLA MADDEN KILLED ON A TRAIN"	16	05-28-49	:30:00*	
4223 B2	"AGNES BOLTON"	17	06-04-49	:30:00*	
4223 B3	"GEORGE LAMPSON"	18	06-11-49	:30:00*	
4423 C1	"THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS IS TO DIE"	19	06-18-49	:28:50	"JOE DENINE STORY"
4223 C2	"LITTLE JAKE SIEGEL"	20	06-25-49	:28:20	Final Broadcast End Cut

Total Number of Titles: 20 * This Program Is Not In My Collection At This Time.

Total Number of Programs: 20

Total Possible Episodes: 20 Missing Programs: 2 Total Programs in Collection: 18

Overall Series Totals

Total Number of Titles: 25 * This Program Is Not In My Collection At This Time.

Total Number of Programs: 25

Total Possible Episodes: 20 Missing Programs:2 Total Programs in Collection:23

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If any questions, feel free to contact Jerry Haendiges ** Phone/Fax: 310-696-4387 **

E-Mail: jhaendiges@aol.com

Jerry Haendiges Productions ...

Jerry Haendiges Radio Logs

Post Date: Tuesday December 24, 1996

Series: "DRAGNET"

NBC SUSTAINED TILL 10/01/49. "FATIMA CIG" 10/06/49 - 9/11/52.

"CHESTERFIELD CIG" 9/14/52 ON.

Location	Title	Episode	Date	Hours	Stars/Comments
*	"ROBBERY"	1	06-03-49	:30:00*	ROBBERY George Slocum-Thief
3970 A2	"HOMOCIDE"	2	06-02-49	:30:10	HOMOCIDE Two Officers Shot F
3970 B1	"THE WEREWOLF"	3	06-17-49	:30:00	ROBBERY Waitresses Robbed and B
3970 B2	"HOMOCIDE"	4	06-24-49	:30:10	HOMOCIDE Hold-up and Shooting a
3970 C1	"HELEN CORDAY"	5	07-07-49	:30:10	HOMOCIDE Corday Murdered by a P
					Thursdays
3970 C2	"RED LIGHT BANDIT"	6	07-14-49	:30:00	ROBBERY Bandit Posing as a Cop
3970 D1	"CITY HALL BOMBING"	7	07-21-49	:29:50	EMERGENCY Man Threatens to Blow
3970 D2	"BIG MISSING"	8	07-28-49	:30:00	MISSING PERSONS Juanita Lasky D
3971 A1	"BENNY TROUNSEL"	9	08-04-49	:30:00	NARCOTIICS Drugs Stolen at Hosp
3971 A2	"HOMOCIDE"	10	08-11-49	:30:00	HOMOCIDE Woman Slain and Mutila
3971 B1	"SIXTEEN JEWEL THIEVES"	11	08-18-49	:30:00	BURGLARY 16 Jewel Thefts Occure
3971 B2	"POLICE ACADEMY-MARIO KOSKI"	12	08-25-49	:29:50	ROBBERY 3 Robbers Do 18 Hold-up
3971 C1	"MYRA, THE REDHEAD"	13	09-01-49	:29:50	AUTO THEFT Car Burglary Gangs S
3971 C2	"ERIC KELBY"	14	09-03-49	:29:50	HOMOCIDE Kelby's Wife Disappear
					Saturdays
3971 D1	"SULLIVAN KIDNAPPING - THE WOLF"	15	09-10-49	:29:50	HOMOCIDE Kidnapped by "The Wolf
3971 D2	"JAMES VICKERS"	16	09-17-49	:29:50	HOMOCIDE Police Officer is Kill
3972 A1	"BRICK-BAT SLAYER"	17	09-24-49	:30:00	HOMOCIDE Mass Killer Loose in t
3972 A2	"TOM LAVAL"	18	10-01-49	:30:00	BURGLARY Truck Hi-Jackers Strik
*	"SECOND HAND KILLER"	19	10-06-49		HOMOCIDE Two Officers Shot Down
					Thursdays and Fatima Cigarettes
*	"BIG BUY"	20	10-13-49		NARCOTICS 175 oz. Heroin Releas
*	"BIG LAMP"	21	10-20-49		HOMOCIDE Burglarizing Safes for
	"BIG DRINK"	22	10-27-49		HOMOCIDE A Woman is Brutally Sl

*	"CASCO AND BREEN"	23	11-03-49		FORGERY	Flooded Worthless Check
*	"BIG BAR"	24	11-10-49		ROBBERY	Savage Killer Loose on
*	"HARRY GIRARD"	25	11-17-49	:29:50*	BUNCO	Citizens Swindled out of
3973 A2	"MOTHER-IN-LAW MURDER"	26	11-24-49	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	62 Year-Old Woman Murd
3973 B1	"SPRING STREET GANG"	27	12-01-49	:29:50	JUVENILLE	Organized Gang and Cr
3973 B2	"JADE THUMB RINGS"	28	12-08-49	:29:50	ROBBERY	$8,000 in Jade is Stole
3973 C1	"GARBAGE CHUTE"	29	12-15-49	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Laura Barclay Murdered
3973 C2	"TWENTY-TWO RIFLE FOR CHRISTMAS"	30	12-22-49	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	9-Year-Old Boy Missing
3973 D1	"ROSELAND MURDER"	31	12-29-49	:29:50	ROBBERY	Hold-up Men and Robberi
3973 D2	"BIG ESCAPE"	32	01-05-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Tyler Escapes from Pris
3974 A1	"BIG MAN PART 1"	33	01-12-50	:29:40	NARCOTICS	Narcotics Ring Active
3974 A2	"BIG MAN PART 2"	34	01-19-50	:29:40	NARCOTICS	Conclusion of previou
3974 B1	"CLAUDE JIMMERSON, CHILD KILLER"	35	02-02-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Two Small Girls Murder
3974 B2	"BIG GIRL"	36	02-09-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Girl Hitchhiker Shoots
3974 C1	"BIG GRIFTER"	37	02-23-50	:29:40	BUNCO	Wallace, Confidence Man
3974 C2	"BIG KILL"	38	03-02-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Cop Killed for Revenge
3974 D1	"BIG THANK YOU"	39	03-09-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Ex-murderess Breaks Pa
					Best New Series By Radio & Telev	
3974 D2	"BIG BOYS"	40	03-16-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Four Young Hoodlums Wan
3975 A1	"BIG GANGSTER PART 1"	41	03-23-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Gangland War Imminent
3975 A2	"BIG GANGSTER PART 2"	42	03-30-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Conclusion of previous
3975 B1	"BIG BOOK"	43	04-06-50	:29:40	JUVENILE	Obscene Books Discover
3975 B2	"BIG WATCH"	44	04-13-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Army Officers Victimize
3975 C1	"BIG TRIAL"	45	04-20-50	:29:40	TRAFFIC	Sheila Gordon Struck Do
3975 C2	"BIG JOB"	46	04-27-50	:29:40	BUNCO/FUGITIVE	Police Officer M
3975 D1	"BIG BADGE"	47	05-04-50	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Bandit Poses as a Cop
3975 D2	"BIG KNIFE"	48	05-11-50	:29:40	JUVENILE	Teen Boy Slashes Girls
3976 A1	"BIG PUG"	49	05-18-50	:29:50	ROBBERY	Elderly Woman is Beaten
3976 A2	"BIG KEY"	50	05-25-50	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Body Found in Churchya
3976 B1	"BIG FAKE"	51	06-01-50	:29:40	PERSONNEL	Rookie Accused of Ass
3976 B2	"BIG SMART GUY"	52	06-08-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Woman Shot in Hotel Ro
3976 C1	"BIG PRESS"	53	06-15-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Woman Beaten 1st Ann
3976 C2	"BIG MINK"	54	06-22-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Fur Store Owner Murder
3976 D1	"BIG GRAB"	55	06-29-50	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Woman Abducted by Fake
3976 D2	"BIG FRAME"	56	07-06-50	:29:40	TRAFFIC	Dead Man Found in Gutte
3977 A1	"BIG BOMB"	57	07-13-50	:29:40	EMERGENCY	Man Attempts to Blow
3977 A2	"BIG GENT PART 1"	58	07-20-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Cheney, Gentleman Bandi
3977 B1	"BIG GENT PART 2"	59	07-27-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Conclusion of previous
3977 B2	"BIG DARE"	60	08-03-50	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Woman Stabbed to Death
3977 C1	"BIG ACTOR"	61	08-10-50	:29:40	NARCOTICS	Actor Steals Narcotic

3977 C2	"BIG YOUNGSTER"	62	08-17-50	:29:40	JUVENILE	Green Paint Vandalism
3977 D1	"BIG CHANCE"	63	08-24-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Highway Patrolman Miss
3977 D2	"BIG CHECK"	64	08-31-50	:29:40	FORGERY	Check forgery racket
3978 A1	"BIG POISEN"	65	09-07-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Elderly Couple Missing
3978 A2	"BIG MAKE"	66	09-14-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Shop Owner and Daughter
3978 B1	"BIG PAIR"	67	09-21-50	:29:40	BURGLARY	Thieves Loot Many Home
3978 B2	"BIG DEATH"	68	09-28-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Friday Hired to Kill a
3978 C1	"BIG .38"	69	10-05-50	:29:50	ROBBERY	Salesman Killed by Band
3978 C2	"BIG QUACK"	70	10-12-50	:29:40	BURGLARY	Burglar Poses as a Doc
3978 D1	"BIG GRANDMA"	71	10-19-50	:29:40	FORGERY:	Old Woman Who Passed Ba
3978 D2	"BIG MEET"	72	10-26-50	:29:40	NARCOTICS	Drug Peddlers are on
3979 A1	"BIG CHURCH"	73	11-02-50	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Man Gets Threatening L
3979 A2	"BIG MOTHER"	74	11-09-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Newborn Baby is Kidnap
3979 B1	"BIG PARROT"	75	11-16-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Man, Wife and Parrot a
3979 B2	"BIG BETTY"	76	11-23-50	:29:40	BUNCO	Swindlers Selling Watches
3979 C1	"BIG CAR"	77	11-30-50	:29:50	ROBBERY	Fifteen Markets Robbed
3979 C2	"BIG PICTURE"	78	12-07-50	:29:40	JUVENILE	Lewd Photos and Fake S
3979 D1	"BIG BREAK"	79	12-14-50	:29:40	ROBBERY	Capture of George Hoffm
3979 D2	"TWENTY-TWO RIFLE FOR CHRISTMAS"	80	12-21-50	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	9-Year-Old Boy is Miss
*	"BIG FAMILY"	81	12-28-50		MISSING PERSONS	Wealthy Busines
3980 A2	"BIG HOLDUP"	82	01-04-51	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	The Rattlesnake Bandit
3980 B1	"BIG JUMP"	83	01-11-51	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Man is on the 13th Flo
3980 B2	"BIG DANCE"	84	01-18-51	:29:40	ROBBERY	Young Bandits Strike
3980 C1	"BIG TOMATO"	85	01-25-51	:29:40	NARCOTICS	Marijuana is being So
3980 C2	"BIG CHILDREN"	86	02-01-51	:29:40	JUVENILE	Three Children are Fou
3980 D1	"BIG CAST"	87	02-08-51	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Twelve Men Disappear
*	"BIG CRIME"	88	02-15-51		JUVNEILE	4-Year-Old Twins are M
3981 A1	"BIG COUPLE"	89	02-22-51	:29:40	BUNCO	Husband and Wife Bunco Te
*	"BIG PARTNER"	90	03-01-51		ROBBERY	Bandit Robs Jewelry Sto
*	"BIG NEW YEARS"	91	03-08-51		HOMOCIDE	Killer Loose on New Ye
*	"BIG BEN"	92	03-15-51		ROBBERY	Man is Robbed, Beaten a
*	"BIG TRUNK"	93	03-22-51		HOMOCIDE	Former Actress is Murd
*	"BIG LOVER"	94	03-29-51		BUNCO	Man Swindles Innocent Wom
3981 D1	"BIG FRIEND"	95	04-05-51	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Woman Killed by Her Fr
3981 D2	"BIG THREAT"	96	04-12-51	:29:40	ROBBERY	Robbery Victims Beaten
3982 A1	"BIG SPEECH"	97	04-19-51	:29:50	ROBBERY	Young Drug Addict Shoot
3982 A2	"BIG SAINT"	98	04-26-51	:29:50	AUTO THEFT	Herman's Auto Salvag
3982 B1	"BIG CASING"	99	05-03-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Mrs. Robinson is Found
					Receives "Edgar Award" From The	
					America.	
*	"BIG DRILLS"	100	05-10-51		BURGLARY	Grocery Store Burglari

3982	C1	"BIG BLAST"	101	05-17-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Mother Murdered in Bed
3982	C2	"BIG MAILMAN"	102	05-24-51	:29:50	FORGERY	MAil Box Thefts Occurin
3982	D1	"BIG BINDLE"	103	05-31-51	:29:50	NARCOTICS	Heroin Pushers on the
3982	D2	"BIG IMPOSTER"	104	06-07-51	:29:50	JUVENiLE	10-Year-Old Boy Disapp
3983	A1	"BIG BUILDING"	105	06-14-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Dentist's Wife is Miss
3983	A2	"BIG RUN"	106	06-21-51	:29:50	ACCIDENT	Two Elderly Women Run
3983	B1	"BIG CLIFF"	107	06-28-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Old Man's Wife Found D
3983	B2	"BIG LOVE"	108	07-05-51	:29:00	HOMOCIDE	Wife and Child Disappe
3983	C1	"BIG SET-UP"	109	07-12-51	:29:10	BURGLARY	Thieves Loot Rich Peop
3983	C2	"BIG SOPHOMORE"	110	07-19-51	:29:30	JUVENILE	Boy Steals for His Fam
3983	D1	"BIG LATE SCRIPT"	111	07-26-51	:29:00	HOMOCIDE	Man Kidnapped for Rans
*		"BIG COP"	112	08-02-51		BURGLARY	Organized Gang Strikes
3984	A1	"BIG SCREEN"	113	08-09-51	:29:50	BUNCO	TV Repair Racket Operates
3984	A2	"BIG WINCHESTER"	114	08-16-51	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Elderly Man Killed
3984	B1	"BIG IN-LAWS"	115	08-23-51	:29:50	ROBBERY	Truck Hijackers Strike
3984	B2	"BIG CRAZY"	116	08-30-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	30-Year-Old Woman's Tw
3984	C1	"BIG SEVENTEEN"	117	09-06-51	:29:50	JUVENILE	Teenage Narcotics Ring
3984	C2	"BIG WAITER"	118	09-13-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	64-Year-Old Shopkepper
3984	D1	"BIG SOUR"	119	09-20-51	:29:50	ROBBERY	Elderly Couple Robbed
3984	D2	"BIG SEPTEMBER MAN"	120	09-27-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Secretary Beaten to De
*		"BIG WANT AD"	121	10-04-51	:29:50*	AUTO THEFT	Illegitimate Auto De
3985	A2	"BIG SHOPLIFT"	122	10-11-51	:29:00	BURGLARY	Kleptomaniac Shoplifte
*		"BIG STORY MAN"	123	10-18-51		BURGLARY	Churches are being Bur
*		"BIG MARKET"	124	10-25-51		ROBBERY	Eleven Food Markets Hel
3985	C1	"BIG LEASE"	125	11-01-51	:30:00	HOMOCIDE	Chester Dillon Missing
3985	C2	"BIG HIT AND RUN KILLER"	126	11-08-51	:29:50	TRAFFIC	Bakery Truck Runs Down
3985	D1	"BIG BUNGALOW"	127	11-15-51	:29:50	BURGLARY	Informer Fingers Burgl
3985	D2	"BIG HANDS"	128	11-22-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Unidentified Woman Kil
3986	A1	"BIG AFFAIR"	129	11-29-51	:29:50	ROBBERY	Jewelry Stores are bein
3986	A2	"BIG CANARIES"	130	12-06-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	40-Year-Old Mother Kni
3986	B1	"BIG OVERTIME"	131	12-13-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Banker's Daughter Abdu
3986	B2	"TWENTY-TWO RIFLE FOR CHRISTMAS"	132	12-20-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	9-Year-Old Boy is Miss
3986	C1	"BIG SORROW"	133	12-27-51	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Show is dedicated to B Dies Unexpectedly. Two Convic Phillips becomes Joe's new partn
3986	C2	"BIG RED PART 1"	134	01-03-52	:29:50	NARCOTICS	$100,000 Narcotics Ri
3986	D1	"BIG RED PART 2"	135	01-10-52	:29:50	NARCOTICS	Conclusion of previou
3986	D2	"BIG JUVENILE DIVISION"	136	01-17-52	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Teenage Gang War
3987	A1	"BIG COURT"	137	01-24-52	:29:50	ROBBERY	Mistaken Identity
3987	A2	"BIG ALMOST NO-SHOW"	138	01-31-52	:29:50	HOMOCIDE	Ralph Tabor Disappears

3987 B1	"BIG HONEYMOON"	139	02-07-52	:29:50	BUNCO Marriage Swindler
3987 B2	"BIG PHONE CALL"	140	02-14-52	:29:50	ROBBERY Robbery Suspect Questio
3987 C1	"BIG PRODUCER"	141	02-21-52	:29:10	Juvenile Obscene Books at Germa
3987 C2	"BIG PLANT"	142	02-28-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Florence Abbett Missin
3987 D1	"BIG EVANS"	143	03-06-52	:29:00	PERSONNEL False Charge Against
3987 D2	"BIG FIRE"	144	03-13-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Apartment Owner Plans
3988 A1	"BIG BORDER"	145	03-20-52	:29:50	ROBBERY San Quenton Escapees
3988 A2	"BIG ROSE"	146	03-27-52	:29:50	HOMOCIDE Rose Baker is Missing
3988 B1	"BIG STREETCAR"	147	04-03-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Wife Shoots Her Husban
3988 B2	"BIG SHOW"	148	04-10-52	:29:20	JUVENILE 7-Week-Old Baby Abando consecutive show for FATIMA. A MIRROR Magazine for DRAGNET and Milner as Joe's Partner.
3988 C1	"BIG BUNCO"	149	04-17-52	:29:20	BUNCO Fake Business Opportunity Joe's Partner
3988 C2	"BIG ELEVATOR"	150	04-24-52	:29:10	HOMOCIDE Dead Woman's Body Foun
3988 D1	"BIG SAFE"	151	05-01-52	:28:50	BURGLARY Safe Burglary Investig as Joe's Partner
3988 D2	"BIG GAMBLE"	152	05-08-52	:29:00	VICE DETAIL Big Game for Tonigh Guild of America presents the ED Jack Webb at end. Martin Miln
3989 A1	"BIG MAIL"	153	05-15-52	:29:50	ROBBERY U.S. Mail Truck Robbed Partner
3989 A2	"BIG SHAKEDOWN"	154	05-22-52	:29:50	VICE DETAIL Phony Cop Extortion Joe's Partner.
3989 B1	"BIG FOURTH"	155	05-29-52	:29:50	JUVENILE 8-Month-Old Baby Stole Partner.
3989 B2	"BIG WHIFF"	156	06-05-52	:29:50	HOMOCIDE Woman Killed by Chloro Joe's Partner.
3989 C1	"BIG DONATION"	157	06-12-52	:29:50	BUNCO Charity Bunco Racket K Partner
	"BIG JULES"	158	06-19-52		NARCOTICS Drugs are Entering th Joe's Partner
3989 D1	"BIG ROLL"	159	06-26-52	:29:50	HOMOCIDE Ken Gorman Abducted Partner.
3989 D2	"BIG TRIO"	160	07-03-52	:29:50	TRAFFIC Trilogy of Auto Acciden Perrin as Joe's Partner.
3990 A1	"BIG HATE"	161	07-10-52	:29:50	HOMOCIDE Man Found in Freight C Vic Perrin as Joe's Partner.
3990 A2	"BIG SIGNET"	162	07-31-52	:29:40	ROBBERY Two Ex-Cons Rob an Old Programs On 7/17 Or 7/24. Vic

					Partner.
3990 B1	"BIG IMPRESSION"	163	08-07-52	:29:00	ROBBERY Jewelry Salesman Robbed Partner.
3990 B2	"BIG DRIVE"	164	08-14-52	:29:50	HOMOCIDE Body Found in Vacant L Joe's Partner.
3990 C1	"BIG PAPER"	165	08-21-52	:29:00	FORGERY Check Forger on the Loo Joe's Partner.
3990 C2	"BIG TEST"	166	08-28-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Mother's Boy Fakes Kil Ellis as Joe's Partner.
3990 D1	"BIG RAY"	167	09-04-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Husband Poisoned and D Herb Ellis as Joe's Partner.
*	"BIG TEAR"	168	09-11-52	:30:00*	BURGLARY Burglar Has Stolen $80 Joe's Partner.
3991 A1	"BIG BULL"	169	09-14-52	:29:00	ROBBERY First show for Chesterf Sundays. Bull Bentley Robbery Partner.
3991 A2	"BIG SHOT"	170	09-21-52	:29:00	ROBBERY Ben Alexander Joins The Smith. Robert Shot at the Pink
3991 B1	"BIG BRAIN"	171	09-28-52	:24:30	ROBBERY Badly Beaten Man Found
3991 B2	"BIG JOLT"	172	10-05-52	:23:00	JUVENILE High School Student Ca Classroom
3991 C1	"BIG LIE"	173	10-12-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Edith Curtis' Son is K
3991 C2	"BIG PILL"	174	10-19-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Two Marines are Poison
3991 D1	"BIG NUMBER"	175	10-26-52	:29:30	ROBBERY Bank is Robbed by a Ban
3991 D2	"BIG LIGHT"	176	11-02-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Death on Movie Set
3992 A1	"BIG DIVE"	177	11-09-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Dead Woman Found in Ap
3992 A2	"BIG WALK"	178	11-16-52	:29:30	NARCOTICS Hi-Grade Heroin Bust
3992 B1	"BIG GUILT"	179	11-23-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Necktie Strangler
3992 B2	"BIG SHIRT"	180	11-30-52	:29:00	HOMOCIDE Man Found Dead in a Pa
3992 C1	"BIG MOLE"	181	12-07-52	:29:20	BURGLARY Burglary - Inside Job
3992 C2	"BIG EAVESDROP"	182	12-14-52	:25:00	NARCOTICS Tip on a Big Buy of H
3992 D1	"TWENTY-TWO RIFLE FOR CHRISTMAS"	183	12-21-52	:26:00	HOMOCIDE 9-Year-Old Boy is Miss
3992 D2	"BIG MASK PART 1"	184	12-28-52	:29:00	ROBBERY Black Masked Bandit Str
3993 A1	"BIG MASK PART 2"	185	01-04-53	:29:20	ROBBERY Conclusion of previous
3993 A2	"BIG SMALL"	186	01-11-53	:29:20	FORGERY Kindly Old Lady Passes
3993 B1	"BIG STRING"	187	01-18-53	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE Wife Missing - Foul Pl
3993 B2	"BIG LAY-OUT"	188	01-25-53	:29:40	NARCOTICS Father Reports Son As
3993 C1	"BIG STRIP"	189	02-01-53	:29:00	AUTO THEFT 16-Year-Old Boy Dies
3993 C2	"BIG PRESS"	190	02-08-53	:29:30	FORGERY Two Men Passing Bad Che
3993 D1	"BIG TOOTH"	191	02-15-53	:29:30	HOMOCIDE Woman's Mother Disappe

3993	D2	"BIG SMOKE"	192	02-22-53	:29:10	HOMOCIDE	Man Killed, His Wife B
3994	A1	"BIG WANT"	193	03-01-53	:26:40	BUNCO/FUGITIVE	Burglary Suspect
3994	A2	"BIG LAUGH"	194	03-08-53	:29:10	BUNCO	Smooth Talker Cheats Woma
3994	B1	"BIG IMPOSSIBLE"	195	03-15-53	:29:00	ROBBERY	Invalid Robs Market
3994	B2	"BIG INFORMANT"	196	03-22-53	:29:00	BURGLARY	Three Men Arrested For
3994	C1	"BIG DREAM"	197	03-29-53	:29:00	ROBBERY	Old Man Robs Liquor Sto
3994	C2	"BIG CHET"	198	04-05-53	:29:00	ROBBERY	Two Men Rob Store - - S
3994	D1	"BIG COMPULSION"	199	04-12-53	:26:00	ROBBERY	Phony Emergency Calls
3994	D2	"BIG RIP"	200	04-19-53	:24:50	BURGLARY	Office Safe Burglaries SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN giving nam returned to Freedom Village
3995	A1	"BIG SCRAPBOOK"	201	04-26-53	:29:40	ROBBERY	Three Jewel Theives Fro
3995	A2	"BIG CARNEY"	202	05-03-53	:29:40	BURGLARY	$8,000 Necklace is Sto
3995	B1	"BIG JOKE"	203	05-10-53	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Man is Offered $5,000
3995	B2	"BIG FALSE MOVE"	204	05-17-53	:29:40	ROBBERY	Man Confesses to Grocer
3995	C1	"BIG GUN PART 1"	205	05-24-53	:29:40	AUTO THEFT	Rental Truck Stolen
3995	C2	"BIG GUN PART 2"	206	05-31-53	:29:40	AUTO THEFT	Conclusion of previo
3995	D1	"BIG WILL"	207	06-07-53	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	55-Year-Old Man is Sho
3995	D2	"BIG LILLY"	208	06-14-53		HOMOCIDE	Woman is Beaten by Her
3996	A1	"BIG REVOLT"	209	06-21-53		MISSING PERSONS	Harry Borg is M
3996	A2	"BIG HAM"	210	06-28-53		HOMOCIDE	Young Girl is Killed w of the season.
3996	B1	"BIG BOP"	211	09-01-53		ROBBERY	Lone Thief robs Stores season
3996	B2	"BIG LIFT"	212	09-08-53		BURGLARY	Seventeen Residential
3996	C1	"BIG CAB"	213	09-15-53	:26:40	ROBBERY	Robberies and Beatings
3996	C2	"BIG SLIP"	214	09-22-53	:26:50	AUTO THEFT	Dealer Obtains Stole
3996	D1	"BIG TRY"	215	09-29-53	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Potential Suicide
3996	D2	"BIG LITTLE MOTHER"	216	10-06-53	:29:20	FORGERY	Woman Forger
3997	A1	"BIG PLEA"	217	10-13-53	:29:20	ROBBERY	Two Hold-up Men
3997	A2	"BIG PAINT"	218	10-20-53	:29:20	AUTO THEFT	Car Thieves
3997	B1	"BIG FRAUD"	219	10-27-53	:29:40	BUNCO	Extortion Ring
3997	B2	"BIG RAIN"	220	11-03-53	:29:40	HOMOCIDE	Woman Badly Beaten and
3997	C1	"BIG KID"	221	11-10-53	:25:30	JUVENILE	Teen-Age Gang War
3997	C2	"BIG FLIGHT"	222	11-17-53	:25:10	ROBBERY	Three Hold-up Men
3997	D1	"BIG PRESENT"	223	11-24-53	:26:00*	BURGLARY	Market Robberies - The
3997	D2	"BIG ODD"	224	12-01-53	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Truck Hi-Jackers
3998	A1	"BIG PICK"	225	12-08-53	:26:00*	BUNCO/FUGITIVE	Pick Pockets

3998	A2	"BIG BRINK"	226	12-15-53	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Bank Gang
3998	B1	"BIG LITTLE JESUS"	227	12-22-53	:27:30	BURGLARY	Statue of Baby Jesus S Christmas Story
3998	B2	"BIG STEAL"	228	12-29-53	:26:00*	BURGLARY	Fur Coat Thieves
3998	C1	"BIG LISTEN"	229	01-05-54	:26:00*	BURGLARY	Counterfeiting Ring
3998	C2	"BIG SWITCH"	230	01-12-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Young Girl Attempts Su
3998	D1	"BIG BILL"	231	01-19-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Elderly Woman Disapper
3998	D2	"BIG BID"	232	01-26-54	:26:00*	BURGLARY	Clothing Store Burglar
3999	A1	"BIG FILTH"	233	02-02-54	:26:00*	JUVENILE	Abandoned Children
3999	A2	"BIG BROAD"	234	02-09-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Couple Robs and Terrori
3999	B1	"BIG SUCKER"	235	02-16-54	:26:00*	BUNCO/FUGITIVE	Fake Diamonds
3999	B2	"BIG PIPE"	236	02-23-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Young Woman Slain with
3999	C1	"BIG TV"	237	03-02-54	:26:00*	MISSING PERSONS	Mother and 9-Mo
3999	C2	"BIG CUP"	238	03-09-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Elderly Woman Beaten t
3999	D1	"BIG ROD"	239	03-16-54	:26:00*	HIT AND RUN	Young Woman is Run
3999	D2	"BIG MUSTACHE"	240	03-23-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Supermarket Robbed by M
4000	A1	"BIG CONFESSION"	241	03-30-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Paul Marcus Confesses Farrol
4000	A2	"BIG SAW"	242	04-06-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Two Gunmen Hold Up a Ba
4000	B1	"BIG NOTE"	243	04-13-54	:26:00*	JUVENILE	Drug Addiction With Te
4000	B2	"BIG NET"	244	04-20-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	14 Women Robbed and Be
4000	C1	"BIG LIFT"	245	04-27-54	:26:00*	FORGERY	Organized Gang of Shop
4000	C2	"BIG STOP"	246	05-04-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Cop Killer on the Loos
4000	D1	"BIG LOOK"	247	05-11-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Woman is Badly Beaten U
4000	D2	"BIG HELP"	248	05-18-54	:26:00*	FORGERY	Check Passers Hit 50 St
4001	A1	"BIG WATCH"	249	05-25-54	:25:50	ROBBERY	Market Robbery Occurs
4001	A2	"BIG COWBOY"	250	06-01-54	:24:40	HOMOCIDE	Man Thinks Indians are
4001	B1	"BIG STUDENT"	251	06-08-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Bank Robbers Strike Aga
4001	B2	"BIG CAT"	252	06-15-54	:25:30	AUTO THEFT	A Circus Panther Esc
4001	C1	"BIG CUSTOMER"	253	06-22-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Cop Shot on Routine Pat
4001	C2	"BIG CHICK"	254	06-29-54	:26:00*	NARCOTICS	Dead Man Found in the
4001	D1	"BIG SEARCH"	255	07-06-54	:26:00	JUVENILE	13-Year-Old Girl Bunny
4001	D2	"BIG RESCUE"	256	07-13-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Two Armed Men Terrorize
4002	A1	"BIG HEEL"	257	07-20-54	:26:00*	JUVENILE	House Break-ins Occuri
4002	A2	"BIG MATCH"	258	07-27-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Auction House Robber
4002	B1	"BIG STAND"	259	08-03-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Man Shot on Street Cor
4002	B2	"BIG WISH"	260	08-10-54	:26:00	JUVENILE	Drug Ring Supplying Te
4002	C1	"BIG CAD"	261	08-17-54	:26:00	ROBBERY	$4,000 in Narcotics Sto
4002	C2	"BIG SHOCK"	262	08-24-54	:26:30	BURGLARY	Gang Breaking Into Sto

4002 D1	"BIG OFFICE"	263	08-31-54	:26:00	BUSINESS OFFICE	170 Crimes in t
4002 D2	"BIG TRUNK"	264	09-07-54	:26:00	HOMOCIDE	Josephine Allen Disapp
4003 A1	"BIG CUT"	265	09-14-54	:25:10	BURGLARY	Jewelry Store Robbed
4003 A2	"BIG TRY"	266	09-21-54	:25:00	HOMOCIDE	Hit and Run Auto Accid
4003 B1	"BIG BIBLE"	267	09-28-54	:25:30	HOMOCIDE	Attempted Suicide Case
4003 B2	"BIG HANDSOME BANDIT"	268	10-05-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Gang of Thieves Strike
4003 C1	"BIG TAR BABY"	269	10-12-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Ethel Graham is Missin
4003 C2	"BIG MANIKIN"	270	10-19-54	:26:00*	MISSING PERSONS	Man Fails to Re
4003 D1	"BIG KEY"	271	10-26-54	:25:40	ROBBERY	Drug Store Robberies
4003 D2	"BIG LOCKER"	272	11-02-54	:25:20	BURGLARY	Man Pawns Stolen Ring
4004 A1	"BIG COINS"	273	11-09-54	:26:10	BURGLARY	The Firebug Burglar
4004 A2	"BIG DOG"	274	11-16-54	:25:30	HOMOCIDE	Old MAn's Dog is Poiso
4004 B1	"BIG SWITCH"	275	11-23-54	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Woman Calls and says H
4004 B2	"BIG GONE"	276	11-30-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Flower Shop Hold-up
4004 C1	"BIG DIG"	277	12-07-54	:25:15	HOMOCIDE	Woman Says Sister is M
4004 C2	"BIG LENS"	278	12-14-54	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Woman Kidnapped and Rob
4004 D1	"BIG LITTLE JESUS"	279	12-21-54	:27:00	BURGLARY	Christmas Story - Stat From Church
4004 D2	"BIG UNDERGROUND"	280	12-28-54	:25:30	BURGLARY	Used Car Lot Robbed
4005 A1	"BIG MUG"	281	01-04-55	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Hold-up Men Terrorize D
4005 A2	"BIG COMPLEX"	282	01-11-55	:25:00	JUVENILE	Junior High School Van
4005 B1	"BIG TOKEN"	283	01-18-55	:25:40	ROBBERY	Gunman Terrorizes Downt
4005 B2	"BIG BOUNCE"	284	01-25-55	:26:00*	FORGERY	Man Passes Bad Checks
4005 C1	"BIG BIRD"	285	02-01-55	:25:00	BURGLARY	Burglaries in San Fern
4005 C2	"BIG GAP"	286	02-08-55	:26:00*	BUNCO/FUGITIVE	Pawnbroker Suspe
4005 D1	"BIG HAT"	287	02-15-55	:25:50	ROBBERY	Diamond Merchant Robbed
4005 D2	"BIG SLUG"	288	02-22-55	:25:30	HOMOCIDE	Shooting in Liquor Sto
4006 A1	"BIG SET-UP"	289	03-01-55	:26:00*	NARCOTICS	Drugs Are Being Sold
4006 A2	"BIG FATHER"	290	03-08-55	:26:00*	BURGLARY	Prowl Artist in Silver
4006 B1	"BIG SET"	291	03-15-55	:25:40	ROBBERY	Two Hold-up Men Rob Bar
4006 B2	"BIG TALK"	292	03-22-55	:25:30	ROBBERY	Watch Salesman is Robbe
4006 C1	"BIG DEATH"	293	03-29-55	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE	Man Shot in Hotel Room
4006 C2	"BIG NO TOOTH"	294	04-05-55	:26:10	ROBBERY	Downtown Hotel Held-up
4006 D1	"BIG TIE"	295	04-12-55	:25:50	BURGLARY	Necktie Warehouse Robb
4006 D2	"BIG DEAL"	296	04-19-55	:25:50	AUTO THEFT	Gang of Car Thieves
4007 A1	"BIG CHILD"	297	04-26-55	:25:00	JUVENILE	2-Year-Old Child Found
4007 A2	"BIG MOMMA"	298	05-03-55	:25:00	BUNCO/FUGITIVE	Employer Leaves Records
4007 B1	"BIG REVISION"	299	05-10-55	:26:00*	BURGLARY	Suspect Found but Miss
4007 B2	"BIG SQUEALER"	300	05-17-55	:26:00*	JUVENILE	Teenage Boy Found in A
4007 C1	"BIG SIEGE"	301	05-24-55	:26:00*	ROBBERY	Bank Hold-up, Guard Kil

4007 C2	"BIG SISTERS"	302	05-31-55	:25:20	BURGLARY Man Stole $300 from Wo
4007 D1	"BIG LIMP"	303	06-07-55	:26:00	ROBBERY Brother's Loan Company
4007 D2	"BIG FALL GUY"	304	06-14-55	:26:00	ROBBERY Delicatesson Robbed
4008 A1	"BIG GRAB"	305	06-21-55	:25:20	HOMOCIDE 6-Year-Old Girl Kidnap
4008 A2	"BIG CONVERTIBLE"	306	06-28-55	:26:00	FORGERY Phony Payroll Checks
4008 B1	"BIG RUSH"	307	07-05-55	:26:00	ROBBERY Two Men Terrorize Taver
4008 B2	"BIG GENIUS"	308	07-12-55	:25:40	JUVENILE Teenage Boy Steals Foo
4008 C1	"BIG BOBO"	309	07-19-55	:26:00	INTERNAL AFFAIRS Phony Cop Acce
4008 C2	"BIG HOUSEMAID"	310	07-26-55	:26:00	BURGLARY Phony Maid is House St
4008 D1	"BIG SHEET"	311	08-02-55	:26:00*	BURGLARY Drug Store Burglary
4008 D2	"BIG MISSUS"	312	08-09-55	:25:30	ROBBERY Woman's Husband is Plan
4009 A1	"BIG BEER"	313	08-16-55	:25:30	HOMOCIDE Night Watchman Murdere
4009 A2	"BIG BLONDE"	314	08-23-55	:25:00	BUNCO/FUGITIVE Jeff Craner swin
4009 B1	"BIG FELLOW"	315	08-30-55	:24:50	ROBBERY Two Hold-up Men are Com
*	"BIG RULING"	316	09-06-55		NARCOTICS Heroin Supply Reaches
4009 C1	"BIG DAUGHTER"	317	09-13-55	:25:00	NARCOTICS Man Selling Heroin at
4009 C2	"BIG CLOSE"	318	09-20-55	:25:10	HOMOCIDE Dead Man Found in Mote Program Sponsered By Chesterfiel Of The "New" Shows. After This S Rebroadcasts.
4009 D1	"BIG SHOT"	319	09-27-55	:26:50	ROBBERY Robert Shot at the Pink Originaly Broadcast: Episode 170
4009 D2	"BIG BRAIN"	320	10-04-55	:25:30	ROBBERY Badly Beaten Man Found Originaly Broadcast: Episode 171
4010 A1	"BIG JOLT"	321	10-11-55	:25:30	JUVENILE High School Student Ca Classroom Originaly Broadcast 10-05-52
4010 A2	"BIG LIE"	322	10-18-55	:25:30	HOMOCIDE Edith Curtis' Son is K Broadcast: Episode 173 on 10-12-
4010 B1	"BIG PILL"	323	10-25-55	:25:30	HOMOCIDE Two Marines are Poison Broadcast: Episode 174 on 10-19-
4010 B2	"BIG NUMBER"	324	11-01-55		ROBBERY Bank is Robbed by a Ban Originaly Broadcast: Episode 175
4010 C1	"BIG LIGHT"	325	11-08-55		HOMOCIDE Death on Movie Set Episode 176 on 11-02-52
4010 C2	"BIG DIVE"	326	11-15-55		HOMOCIDE Dead Woman Found in Ap Originaly Broadcast: Episode 177
4010 D1	"BIG WALK"	327	11-22-55		NARCOTICS Hi-Grade Heroin Bust Originaly Broadcast: Episode 178
4010 D2	"BIG GUILT"	328	11-29-55		HOMOCIDE Necktie Strangler O

				Episode 179 on 11-23-52
4011 A1	"BIG SHIRT"	329	12-06-55	HOMOCIDE Man Found Dead in a Pa Broadcast: Episode 180 on 11-30-
4011 A2	"BIG MOLE"	330	12-13-55	BURGLARY Burglary - Inside Job Episode 181 on 12-07-52
4011 B1	"TWENTY-TWO RIFLE FOR CHRISTMAS"	331	12-20-55	HOMOCIDE 9-Year-Old Boy is Miss Broadcast: Episode 183 on 12-21-
4011 B2	"BIG MASK PART 1"	332	12-27-55	ROBBERY Black Masked Bandit Str Broadcast: Episode 184 on 12-28-
4011 C1	"BIG MASK PART 2"	333	01-03-56	ROBBERY Conclusion of previous Broadcast: Episode 185 on 01-04-
4011 C2	"BIG SMALL"	334	01-10-56	FORGERY Kindly Old Lady Passes Broadcast: Episode 186 on 01-11-
4011 D1	"BIG STRING"	335	01-17-56	HOMOCIDE Wife Missing - Foul Pl Originaly Broadcast: Episode 187
4011 D2	"BIG LAY-OUT"	336	01-24-56	NARCOTICS Father Reports Son As Originaly Broadcast: Episode 188
4012 A1	"BIG STRIP"	337	01-31-56	AUTO THEFT 16-Year-Old Boy Dies Originaly Broadcast: Episode 189
4012 A2	"BIG PRESS"	338	02-07-56	FORGERY Two Men Passing Bad Che Broadcast: Episode 190 on 02-08-
4012 B1	"BIG TOOTH"	339	02-14-56	HOMOCIDE Woman's Mother Disappe Broadcast: Episode 191 on 02-15-
4012 B2	"BIG SMOKE"	340	02-21-56	HOMOCIDE Man Killed, His Wife B Broadcast: Episode 192 on 02-22-
4012 C1	"BIG WANT"	341	02-28-56	BUNCO/FUGITIVE Burglary Suspect Broadcast: Episode 193 on 03-01-
4012 C2	"BIG LAUGH"	342	03-06-56	BUNCO Smooth Talker Cheats Woma Broadcast: Episode 194 on 03-08-
4012 D1	"BIG IMPOSSIBLE"	343	03-13-56	ROBBERY Invalid Robs Market Episode 195 on 03-15-53
4012 D2	"TWENTY-TWO RIFLE FOR CHRISTMAS"	344	03-20-56	HOMOCIDE 9-Year-Old Boy is Miss Broadcast: Episode 183 on 12-21-
4013 A1	"BIG INFORMANT"	345	03-27-56	BURGLARY Three Men Arrested For Originaly Broadcast: Episode 196
4013 A2	"BIG DREAM"	346	04-03-56	ROBBERY Old Man Robs Liquor Sto Broadcast: Episode 197 on 03-29-
4013 B1	"BIG CHET"	347	04-10-56	ROBBERY Two Men Rob Store - - S Broadcast: Episode 198 on 04-05-
4013 B2	"BIG COMPULSION"	348	04-17-56	ROBBERY Phony Emergency Calls Episode 199 on 04-12-53

4013 C1	"BIG RIP"	349	04-24-56	BURGLARY Office Safe Burglaries Episode 200 on 04-19-53
4013 C2	"BIG SCRAPBOOK"	350	05-01-56	ROBBERY Three Jewel Theives Fro Broadcast: Episode 201 on 04-26-
4013 D1	"BIG CARNEY"	351	05-08-56	BURGLARY $8,000 Necklace is Sto Broadcast: Episode 202 on 05-03-
4013 D2	"BIG JOKE"	352	05-15-56	HOMOCIDE Man is Offered $5,000 Originaly Broadcast: Episode 203
4014 A1	"BIG FALSE MOVE"	353	05-22-56	ROBBERY Man Confesses to Grocer Originaly Broadcast: Episode 204
4014 A2	"BIG GUN PART 1"	354	05-29-56	AUTO THEFT Rental Truck Stolen Episode 205 on 05-24-53
4014 B1	"BIG GUN PART 2"	355	06-05-56	AUTO THEFT Conclusion of previo Broadcast: Episode 206 on 05-31-
4014 B2	"BIG WILL"	356	06-12-56	HOMOCIDE 55-Year-Old Man is Sho Broadcast: Episode 207 on 06-07-
4014 C1	"BIG LILLY"	357	06-19-56	HOMOCIDE Woman is Beaten by Her Broadcast: Episode 208 on 06-14-
4014 C2	"BIG REVOLT"	358	06-26-56	MISSING PERSONS Harry Borg is M Broadcast: Episode 209 on 06-21-
4014 D1	"BIG HAM"	359	09-18-56	HOMOCIDE Young Girl is Killed w Broadcast: Episode 210 on 06-28-
4014 D2	"BIG BOP"	360	09-25-56	ROBBERY Lone Thief robs Stores Episode 211 on 09-01-53
4015 A1	"BIG LIFT"	361	10-02-56	BURGLARY Seventeen Residential Originaly Broadcast: Episode 212
4015 A2	"BIG CAB"	362	10-09-56	ROBBERY Robberies and Beatings Episode 213 on 09-15-53
4015 B1	"BIG SLIP"	363	10-16-56	AUTO THEFT Dealer Obtains Stole Broadcast: Episode 214 on 09-22-
4015 B2	"BIG FLIGHT"	364	10-23-56	ROBBERY Three Hold-up Men Or Episode 222 on 11-17-53
4015 C1	"BIG PRESENT"	365	10-30-56	BURGLARY Market Robberies - The Originaly Broadcast: Episode 223
4015 C2	"BIG ODD"	366	11-06-56	ROBBERY Truck Hi-Jackers Ori Episode 224 on 12-01-53
4015 D1	"BIG PICK"	367	11-13-56	BUNCO/FUGITIVE Pick Pockets Episode 225 on 12-08-53
4015 D2	"BIG BRINK"	368	11-20-56	ROBBERY Bank Gang Originaly on 12-15-53

4016 A1	"BIG STEAL"	369	11-27-56		BURGLARY Fur Coat Thieves Or Episode 228 on 12-29-53
4016 A2	"BIG LISTEN"	370	12-04-56		BURGLARY Counterfeiting Ring Episode 229 on 01-05-54
4016 B1	"BIG SWITCH"	371	12-11-56		HOMOCIDE Young Girl Attempts Su Broadcast: Episode 230 on 01-12-
4016 B2	"BIG BILL"	372	12-18-56		HOMOCIDE Elderly Woman Disapper Broadcast: Episode 231 on 01-19-
4016 C1	"BIG LITTLE JESUS"	373	12-25-56		BURGLARY Statue of Baby Jesus S Originaly Broadcast: Episode 227 Christmas Story
4016 C2	"BIG BID"	374	01-01-57	:26:00*	BURGLARY Clothing Store Burglar Broadcast: Episode 232 on 01-26-
4016 D1	"BIG FILTH"	375	01-08-57	:26:00*	JUVENILE Abandoned Children Episode 233 on 02-02-54
4016 D2	"BIG BROAD"	376	01-15-57	:26:00*	ROBBERY Couple Robs and Terrori Originaly Broadcast: Episode 234
4017 A1	"BIG SUCKER"	377	01-22-57	:26:00*	BUNCO/FUGITIVE Fake Diamonds Episode 235 on 02-16-54
4017 A2	"BIG PIPE"	378	01-29-57	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE Young Woman Slain with Originaly Broadcast: Episode 236
4017 B1	"BIG TV"	379	02-05-57	:26:00*	MISSING PERSONS Mother and 9-Mo Originaly Broadcast: Episode 237
4017 B2	"BIG CUP"	380	02-12-57	:26:00*	HOMOCIDE Elderly Woman Beaten t Broadcast: Episode 238 on 03-09-
4017 C1	"BIG ROD"	381	02-19-57	:26:00*	HIT AND RUN Young Woman is Run Originaly Broadcast: Episode 239
4017 C2	"BIG MUSTACHE"	382	02-26-57	:26:00*	ROBBERY Supermarket Robbed by M Broadcast: Episode 240 on 03-23-

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Total Number of Titles: 382 * This Program Is Not In My Collection At This Time.

Total Number of Programs: 382

Total Possible Episodes: 382 Missing Programs: 23 Total Programs in Collection: 359

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If any questions, feel free to contact Jerry Haendiges ** Phone/Fax: 310-696-4387 ** E-Mail: jhaendiges

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Jerry Haendiges Productions ...

2/TOP-RATED TV SERIES

HERE ARE THE annual top-rated series from 1950/51 through 1983/84. Because Nielsen changed its rating methodology in 1960, precise comparisons between pre- and-post 1960 figures are not really possible. Also remember that because the size of the American TV audience has been growing over the years, a show that captured 29.8% of the audience in 1979 would obviously have been seen by more people than a show that captured 29.8% of the audience in 1961. In short, with these figures we do not know the *number of people* who saw a particular program, only the percentage *of households*.

The ratings in this chapter are seasonal averages. Obviously, a particular *episode* of a series may have had a much higher of much lower rating than the series' seasonal average. What then are the top-rated *individual* episodes of all time? According to Nielsen statistics, the Top 20 since 1960 (when the new rating system was established) are as follows:

Show	Network	Date	Rating
1. *M*A*S*H* (Finale)	CBS	2/28/83	60.2
2. *Dallas* ("Who Shot J.R.?")	CBS	11/21/80	53.3
3. *The Fugitive* (the famous final episode of the series)	ABC	8/29/64	45.9
4. *Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	2/9/64	44.6
5. *Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	1/8/64	44.0
6. *Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	2/16/64	43.2
7. *Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	1/15/64	42.8
8. *Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	2/26/64	42.4
9. *Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	3/25/64	42.2
10. *Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	2/5/64	42.0
11. *Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	1/29/64	41.9
12. *Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	1/1/64	41.8
13. *Bonanza*	NBC	3/8/64	41.6
14. *Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	1/22/64	41.5
15. *Bonanza*	NBC	2/16/64	41.4
16. *Bonanza*	NBC	2/9/64	41.0
17. *Gunsmoke*	CBS	2/28/61	40.9
18. *Bonanza*	NBC	3/28/65	40.8
19. *Bonanza*	NBC	3/7/65	40.7
All in the Family	CBS	1/8/72	40.7

The obvious champion here is *Beverly Hillbillies*, with 8 appearances on the list. *Bonanza* comes in second, with 5 episodes in the Top 20. Winter 1964 certainly was a good season for TV: 13 of the Top 20 episodes were broadcast then. By the way, the *I Love Lucy* episode in which Lucy gave birth to Little Ricky is said to have captured 71.7% of the audience.

Who are the record-breakers when it comes to the annual lists? The various Lucy shows appear 17 times on these lists; *Red Skelton* and *Gunsmoke* 16 times each; Ed Sullivan 13 times; and *Bonanza* and the various Disney series 12 times each.

What are the highest seasonal averages ever posted by a series?

Pre-1960 Seasonal Show	Average	Year
1. *I Love Lucy*	67.3	1952/53
2. *Texaco Star Theatre*	61.6	1950/51
3. *I Love Lucy*	58.8	1953/54
4. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*	53.8	1951/52
5. *I Love Lucy*	49.3	1954/55

Post-1960 Seasonal Show	Average	Year
1. *Beverly Hillbillies*	39.1	1963/64
2. *Gunsmoke*	37.3	1960/61
3. *Bonanza*	36.3	1964/65
4. *Beverly Hillbillies*	36.0	1962/63
5. *Dallas*	34.5	1980/81

The following is a list of the top-rated TV series by year:

1950/51

1. *Texaco Star Theater*	NBC	61.6
2. *Fireside Theatre*	NBC	52.6
3. *Philco TV Playhouse*	NBC	45.3
4. *Your Show of Shows*	NBC	42.6
5. *The Colgate Comedy Hour*	NBC	42.0
6. *Gillette Cavalcade of Sports*	NBC	41.3
7. *The Lone Ranger*	ABC	41.2
8. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*	CBS	40.6
9. *Hopalong Cassidy*	NBC	39.9
10. *Mama*	CBS	39.7
11. *Robert Montgomery Presents*	NBC	38.8
12. *Martin Kane, Private Eye*	NBC	37.8
13. *Man Against Crime*	CBS	37.4
14. *Kraft Television Theatre*	NBC	37.0
15. *The Toast of the Town*	CBS	36.5

1951/52

1. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*	CBS	53.8
2. *Texaco Star Theater*	NBC	52.0
3. *I Love Lucy*	CBS	50.9
4. *The Red Skelton Show*	NBC	50.2
5. *The Colgate Comedy Hour*	NBC	45.3

6.	*Arthur Godfrey and His Friends*	CBS	43.3
7.	*Fireside Theatre*	NBC	43.1
8.	*Your Show of Shows*	NBC	43.0
9.	*The Jack Benny Show*	CBS	42.8
10.	*You Bet Your Life*	NBC	42.1
11.	*Mama*	CBS	41.3
12.	*Philco TV Playhouse*	NBC	40.4
13.	*Amos 'n' Andy*	CBS	38.9
14.	*Gangbusters*	NBC	38.7
15.	*Big Town*	CBS	38.5

1952/53

1.	*I Love Lucy*	CBS	67.3
2.	*Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*	CBS	54.7
3.	*Arthur Godfrey and His Friends*	CBS	47.1
4.	*Dragnet*	NBC	46.8
5.	*Texaco Star Theater*	NBC	46.7
6.	*The Buick Circus Hour*	NBC	46.0
7.	*The Colgate Comedy Hour*	NBC	44.3
8.	*Gangbusters*	NBC	42.4
9.	*You Bet Your Life*	NBC	41.6
10.	*Fireside Theatre*	NBC	40.6
11.	*The Red Buttons Show*	CBS	40.2
12.	*The Jack Benny Show*	CBS	39.0
13.	*Life with Luigi*	CBS	38.5
14.	*Pabst Blue Ribbon Bouts*	CBS	37.9
15.	*Goodyear TV Playhouse*	NBC	37.8

1953/54

1.	*I Love Lucy*	CBS	58.8
2.	*Dragnet*	NBC	53.2
3.	*Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*	CBS	43.6
	You Bet Your Life	NBC	43.6
5.	*The Chevy Show* (Bob Hope)	NBC	41.4
6.	*The Milton Berle Show*	NBC	40.2
7.	*Arthur Godfrey and His Friends*	CBS	38.9
8.	*The Ford Show*	NBC	38.8
9.	*The Jackie Gleason Show*	CBS	38.1
10.	*Fireside Theatre*	NBC	36.4
11.	*The Colgate Comedy Hour*	NBC	36.2
	This Is Your Life	NBC	36.2
13.	*The Red Buttons Show*	CBS	35.3
14.	*The Life of Riley*	NBC	35.0
15.	*Our Miss Brooks*	CBS	34.2

1954/55

1.	*I Love Lucy*	CBS	49.3
2.	*The Jackie Gleason Show*	CBS	42.4
3.	*Dragnet*	NBC	42.1
4.	*You Bet Your Life*	NBC	41.0
5.	*The Toast of the Town*	CBS	39.6
6.	*Disneyland*	ABC	39.1
7.	*The Chevy Show* (Bob Hope)	NBC	38.5
8.	*The Jack Benny Show*	CBS	38.3
9.	*The Martha Raye Show*	NBC	35.6
10.	*The George Gobel Show*	NBC	35.2
11.	*Ford Theater*	NBC	34.9
12.	*December Bride*	CBS	34.7
13.	*Buick-Berle Show*	NBC	34.6
14.	*This Is Your Life*	NBC	34.5
15.	*I've Got a Secret*	CBS	34.0

1955/56

1.	*The $64,000 Question*	CBS	47.5
2.	*I Love Lucy*	CBS	46.1
3.	*The Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	39.5
4.	*Disneyland*	ABC	37.4
5.	*The Jack Benny Show*	CBS	37.2
6.	*December Bride*	CBS	37.0
7.	*You Bet Your Life*	NBC	35.4
8.	*Dragnet*	NBC	35.0
9.	*The Millionaire*	CBS	33.8
10.	*I've Got a Secret*	CBS	33.5
11.	*General Electric Theater*	CBS	32.9
12.	*Private Secretary*	CBS	32.4
	Ford Theater	NBC	32.4
14.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	32.3
15.	*The George Gobel Show*	NBC	31.9

1956/57

1.	*I Love Lucy*	CBS	43.7
2.	*The Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	38.4
3.	*General Electric Theater*	CBS	36.9
4.	*The $64,000 Question*	CBS	36.4
5.	*December Bride*	CBS	35.2
6.	*Alfred Hitchcock Presents*	CBS	33.9
7.	*I've Got a Secret*	CBS	32.7
	Gunsmoke	CBS	32.7
9.	*The Perry Como Show*	NBC	32.6
10.	*The Jack Benny Show*	CBS	32.3
11.	*Dragnet*	NBC	32.1
12.	*Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*	CBS	31.9
13.	*The Millionaire*	CBS	31.8
	Disneyland	ABC	31.8
15.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	31.4

1957/58

1.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	43.1
2.	*The Danny Thomas Show*	CBS	35.3
3.	*Tales of Wells Fargo*	NBC	35.2
4.	*Have Gun Will Travel*	CBS	33.7
5.	*I've Got a Secret*	CBS	33.4
6.	*The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp*	ABC	32.6
7.	*General Electric Theater*	CBS	31.5
8.	*The Restless Gun*	NBC	31.4
9.	*December Bride*	CBS	30.7
10.	*You Bet Your Life*	NBC	30.6
11.	*The Perry Como Show*	NBC	30.5
12.	*Alfred Hitchcock Presents*	CBS	30.3
	Cheyenne	ABC	30.3
14.	*The Ford Show*	NBC	29.7
15.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	28.9
16.	*The Gale Storm Show*	CBS	28.8
17.	*The Millionaire*	CBS	28.5
18.	*The Lineup*	CBS	28.4
19.	*This is Your life*	NBC	28.1
	The $64,000 Question	CBS	28.1

1958/59

1.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	39.6
2.	*Wagon Train*	NBC	36.1
3.	*Have Gun Will Travel*	CBS	34.3
4.	*The Rifleman*	ABC	33.1
5.	*The Danny Thomas Show*	CBS	32.8
6.	*Maverick*	ABC	30.4
7.	*Tales of Wells Fargo*	NBC	30.2
8.	*The Real McCoys*	ABC	30.1
9.	*I've Got a Secret*	CBS	29.8
10.	*The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp*	ABC	29.1
11.	*The Price Is Right*	NBC	28.6
12.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	28.5
13.	*Zane Grey Theater*	CBS	28.3
	Father Knows Best	CBS	28.3
15.	*The Texan*	CBS	28.2
16.	*Wanted: Dead or Alive*	CBS	28.0
	Peter Gunn	NBC	28.0
18.	*Cheyenne*	ABC	27.9
19.	*Perry Mason*	CBS	27.5
20.	*The Ford Story*	NBC	27.2

1959/60

1.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	40.3
2.	*Wagon Train*	NBC	38.4
3.	*Have Gun Will Travel*	CBS	34.7
4.	*The Danny Thomas Show*	CBS	31.1
5.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	30.8
6.	*Father Knows Best*	CBS	29.7
	77 Sunset Strip	ABC	29.7
8.	*The Price Is Right*	NBC	29.2
9.	*Wanted: Dead or Alive*	CBS	28.7
10.	*Perry Mason*	CBS	28.3
11.	*The Real McCoys*	ABC	28.2
12.	*The Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	28.0
13.	*The Bing Crosby Show*	ABC	27.7
14.	*The Rifleman*	ABC	27.5
15.	*The Ford Show*	NBC	27.4
16.	*The Lawman*	ABC	26.2
17.	*Dennis the Menace*	CBS	26.0
18.	*Cheyenne*	ABC	25.9
19.	*Rawhide*	CBS	25.8
20.	*Maverick*	ABC	25.2

1960/61

1.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	37.3
2.	*Wagon Train*	NBC	34.2
3.	*Have Gun Will Travel*	CBS	30.9
4.	*The Andy Griffith Show*	CBS	27.8
5.	*The Real McCoy*	ABC	27.7
6.	*Rawhide*	CBS	27.5
7.	*Candid Camera*	CBS	27.3
8.	*The Untouchables*	ABC	27.0
	The Price Is Right	NBC	27.0
10.	*The Jack Benny Show*	CBS	26.2
11.	*Dennis the Menace*	CBS	26.1
12.	*The Danny Thomas Show*	CBS	25.9
13.	*My Three Sons*	ABC	25.8
	77 Sunset Strip	ABC	25.8
15.	*The Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	25.0
16.	*Perry Mason*	CBS	24.9
17.	*Bonanza*	NBC	24.8
18.	*The Flintstones*	ABC	24.3
19.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	24.0
20.	*Alfred Hitchcock Presents*	CBS	23.8

1961/62

1.	*Wagon Train*	NBC	32.1
2.	*Bonanza*	NBC	30.0
3.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	28.3
4.	*Hazel*	NBC	27.7
5.	*Perry Mason*	CBS	27.3
6.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	27.1
7.	*The Andy Griffith Show*	CBS	27.0
8.	*The Danny Thomas Show*	CBS	26.1
9.	*Dr. Kildare*	NBC	25.6
10.	*Candid Camera*	CBS	25.5
11.	*My Three Sons*	ABC	24.7
12.	*The Garry Moore Show*	CBS	24.6
13.	*Rawhide*	CBS	24.5
14.	*The Real McCoys*	ABC	24.2
15.	*Lassie*	CBS	24.0
	Sing Along With Mitch	NBC	24.0
17.	*Dennis the Menace*	CBS	23.8
	Gunsmoke	CBS	23.8
19.	*Ben Casey*	ABC	23.7
20.	*The Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	23.5

1962/63

1.	*The Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	36.0
2.	*Candid Camera*	CBS	31.1
	The Red Skelton Show	CBS	31.1
4.	*Bonanza*	NBC	29.8
	The Lucy Show	CBS	29.8
6.	*The Andy Griffith Show*	CBS	29.7
7.	*Ben Casey*	ABC	28.7
	The Danny Thomas Show	CBS	28.7
9.	*The Dick Van Dyke Show*	CBS	27.1
10.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	27.0
11.	*Dr. Kildare*	NBC	26.2
	The Jack Benny Show	CBS	26.2
13.	*What's My Line*	CBS	25.5
14.	*The Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	25.3
15.	*Hazel*	NBC	25.1
16.	*I've Got a Secret*	CBS	24.9
17.	*The Jackie Gleason Show*	CBS	24.1
18.	*The Defenders*	CBS	23.9
19.	*The Garry Moore Show*	CBS	23.3
	To Tell the Truth	CBS	23.3

1963/64

1.	*The Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	39.1
2.	*Bonanza*	NBC	36.9
3.	*The Dick Van Dyke Show*	CBS	33.3
4.	*Petticoat Junction*	CBS	30.3
5.	*The Andy Griffith Show*	CBS	29.4
6.	*The Lucy Show*	CBS	28.1
7.	*Candid Camera*	CBS	27.7
8.	*The Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	27.5

9.	*The Danny Thomas Show*	CBS	26.7
10.	*My Favorite Martian*	CBS	26.3
11.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	25.7
12.	*I've Got a Secret*	CBS	25.0
	Lassie	CBS	25.0
	The Jack Benny Show	CBS	25.0
15.	*The Jackie Gleason Show*	CBS	24.6
16.	*The Donna Reed Show*	ABC	24.5
17.	*The Virginian*	NBC	24.0
18.	*The Patty Duke Show*	ABC	23.9
19.	*Dr. Kildare*	NBC	23.6
20.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	23.5

1964/65

1.	*Bonanza*	NBC	36.3
2.	*Bewitched*	ABC	31.0
3.	*Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.*	CBS	30.7
4.	*The Andy Griffith Show*	CBS	28.3
5.	*The Fugitive*	ABC	27.9
6.	*The Red Skelton Hour*	CBS	27.4
7.	*The Dick Van Dyke Show*	CBS	27.1
8.	*The Lucy Show*	CBS	26.6
9.	*Peyton Place II*	ABC	26.4
10.	*Combat*	ABC	26.1
11.	*Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*	NBC	25.7
12.	*The Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	25.6
13.	*My Three Sons*	ABC	25.5
14.	*Branded*	NBC	25.3
15.	*Petticoat Junction*	CBS	25.2
	The Ed Sullivan Show	CBS	25.2
17.	*Lassie*	CBS	25.1
18.	*The Munsters*	CBS	24.7
	Gilligan's Island	CBS	24.7
20.	*Peyton Place*	ABC	24.6

1965/66

1.	*Bonanza*	NBC	31.8
2.	*Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.*	CBS	27.8
3.	*The Lucy Show*	CBS	27.7
4.	*The Red Skelton Hour*	CBS	27.6
5.	*Batman*	ABC	27.0
6.	*The Andy Griffith Show*	CBS	26.9
7.	*Bewitched*	ABC	25.9
	The Beverly Hillbillies	CBS	25.9
9.	*Hogan's Heroes*	CBS	24.9
10.	*Batman*	ABC	24.7
11.	*Green Acres*	CBS	24.6
12.	*Get Smart*	NBC	24.5
13.	*The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*	NBC	24.0
14.	*Daktari*	CBS	23.9
15.	*My Three Sons*	CBS	23.8
16.	*The Dick Van Dyke Show*	CBS	23.6
17.	*Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*	NBC	23.2
	The Ed Sullivan Show	CBS	23.2
19.	*The Lawrence Welk Show*	ABC	22.4
	I've Got a Secret	CBS	22.4

1966/67

1.	*Bonanza*	NBC	29.1
2.	*The Red Skelton Hour*	CBS	28.2
3.	*The Andy Griffith Hour*	CBS	27.4
4.	*The Lucy Show*	CBS	26.2
5.	*The Jackie Gleason Show*	CBS	25.3
6.	*Green Acres*	CBS	24.6
7.	*Daktari*	CBS	23.4
	Bewitched	ABC	23.4
	The Beverly Hillbillies	CBS	23.4
10.	*Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.*	CBS	22.8
	The Virginian	NBC	22.8
	The Lawrence Welk Show	ABC	22.8
	The Ed Sullivan Show	CBS	22.8
14.	*The Dean Martin Show*	NBC	22.6
	Family Affair	CBS	22.6
16.	*The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*	CBS	22.2
17.	*Friday Night Movies*	CBS	21.8
	Hogan's Heroes	CBS	21.8
19.	*Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*	NBC	21.5
20.	*Saturday Night at the Movies*	NBC	21.4

1967/68

1.	*The Andy Griffith Show*	CBS	27.6
2.	*The Lucy Show*	CBS	27.0
3.	*Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.*	CBS	25.6
4.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	25.5
	Family Affair	CBS	25.5
	Bonanza	NBC	25.5
7.	*The Red Skelton Show*	CBS	25.3
8.	*The Dean Martin Show*	NBC	24.8
9.	*The Jackie Gleason Show*	CBS	23.9
10.	*Saturday Night at the Movies*	NBC	23.6
11.	*Bewitched*	ABC	23.5
12.	*The Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	23.3
13.	*The Ed Sullivan Show*	CBS	23.2
14.	*The Virginian*	NBC	22.9
15.	*Friday Night Movie*	CBS	22.8
	Green Acres	CBS	22.8
17.	*The Lawrence Welk Show*	ABC	21.9
18.	*The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*	CBS	21.7
19.	*Gentle Ben*	CBS	21.5
20.	*Tuesday Night at the Movies*	NBC	21.4

1968/69

1.	*Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*	NBC	31.8
2.	*Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.*	CBS	27.2
3.	*Bonanza*	NBC	26.6
4.	*Mayberry R.F.D.*	CBS	25.4
5.	*Family Affair*	CBS	25.2
6.	*Gunsmoke*	CBS	24.9
7.	*Julia*	NBC	24.6
8.	*The Dean Martin Show*	NBC	24.1
9.	*Here's Lucy*	CBS	23.8
10.	*The Beverly Hillbillies*	CBS	23.5
11.	*Mission: Impossible*	CBS	23.3
	Bewitched	ABC	23.3

	The Red Skelton Hour	CBS	23.3
14.	My Three Sons	CBS	22.8
15.	The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour	CBS	22.5
16.	Ironside	NBC	22.3
17.	The Virginian	NBC	21.8
18.	The F.B.I.	ABC	21.7
19.	Green Acres	CBS	21.6
20.	Dragnet	NBC	21.4

1969/70

1.	Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In	NBC	26.3
2.	Gunsmoke	CBS	25.9
3.	Bonanza	NBC	24.8
4.	Mayberry R.F.D.	CBS	24.4
5.	Family Affair	CBS	24.2
6.	Here's Lucy	CBS	23.9
7.	The Red Skelton Hour	CBS	23.8
8.	Marcus Welby, M.D.	ABC	23.7
9.	Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color	NBC	23.6
10.	The Doris Day Show	CBS	22.8
11.	The Bill Cosby Show	NBC	22.7
12.	The Jim Nabors Hours	CBS	22.4
13.	The Carol Burnett Show	CBS	22.1
14.	The Dean Martin Show	NBC	21.9
15.	My Three Sons	CBS	21.8
	Ironside	NBC	21.8
	The Johnny Cash Show	ABC	21.8
18.	The Beverly Hillbillies	CBS	21.7
19.	Hawaii Five-O	CBS	21.1
20.	The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour	CBS	21.0
	Hee Haw	CBS	21.0

1970/71

1.	Marcus Welby, M.D.	ABC	29.6
2.	The Flip Wilson Show	NBC	27.9
3.	Here's Lucy	CBS	26.1
4.	Ironside	NBC	25.7
5.	Gunsmoke	CBS	25.5
6.	ABC Movie of the Week	ABC	25.1
7.	Hawaii Five-O	CBS	25.0
8.	Medical Center	CBS	24.5
9.	Bonanza	NBC	23.9
10.	The F.B.I.	ABC	23.0
11.	Mod Squad	ABC	22.7
12.	Adam-12	NBC	22.6
13.	Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In	NBC	22.4
	The Wonderful World of Disney	NBC	22.4
15.	Mayberry R.F.D.	CBS	22.3
16.	Hee Haw	CBS	21.4
17.	Mannix	CBS	21.3
18.	The Men from Shiloh	NBC	21.2
19.	My Three Sons	CBS	20.8
20.	The Doris Day Show	CBS	20.7

1971/72

1.	All in the Family	CBS	34.0
2.	The Flip Wilson Show	NBC	28.2
3.	Marcus Welby, M.D.	ABC	27.8
4.	Gunsmoke	CBS	26.0
5.	ABC Movie of the Week	ABC	25.6
6.	Sanford & Son	NBC	25.2
7.	Mannix	CBS	24.8
8.	Funny Face	CBS	23.9
	Adam 12	NBC	23.9
10.	The Mary Tyler Moore Show	CBS	23.7
	Here's Lucy	CBS	23.7
12.	Hawaii Five-O	CBS	23.6
13.	Medical Center	CBS	23.5
14.	The NBC Mystery Movie	NBC	23.2
15.	Ironside	NBC	23.0
16.	The Partridge Family	ABC	22.6
17.	The F.B.I.	ABC	22.4
18.	The New Dick Van Dyke Show	CBS	22.2
19.	The Wonderful World of Disney	NBC	22.0
20.	Bonanza	NBC	21.9

1972/73

1.	All in the Family	CBS	33.3
2.	Sanford & Son	NBC	27.6
3.	Hawaii Five-O	CBS	25.2
4.	Maude	CBS	24.7
5.	Bridget Loves Bernie	CBS	24.2
	Sunday Mystery Movie	NBC	24.2
7.	The Mary Tyler Moore Show	CBS	23.6
	Gunsmoke	CBS	23.6
9.	The Wonderful World of Disney	NBC	23.5
10.	Ironside	NBC	23.4
11.	Adam 12	NBC	23.3
12.	The Flip Wilson Show	NBC	23.1
13.	Marcus Welby, M.D.	ABC	22.9
14.	Cannon	CBS	22.4
15.	Here's Lucy	CBS	21.9
16.	The Bob Newhart Show	CBS	21.8
17.	Tuesday Movie of the Week	ABC	21.5
18.	ABC NFL Football	ABC	21.0
19.	The Partridge Family	ABC	20.6
	The Waltons	CBS	20.6

1973/74

1.	All in the Family	CBS	31.2
2.	The Waltons	CBS	28.1
3.	Sanford & Son	NBC	27.5
4.	M*A*S*H	CBS	25.7
5.	Hawaii Five-O	CBS	24.0
6.	Maude	CBS	23.5
7.	Kojak	CBS	23.3
	The Sonny and Cher Hour	CBS	23.3
9.	The Mary Tyler Moore Show	CBS	23.1
	Cannon	CBS	23.1
11.	The Six Million Dollar Man	ABC	22.7
12.	The Bob Newhart Show	CBS	22.3
	The Wonderful World of Disney	NBC	22.3
14.	The NBC Sunday Mystery Movie	NBC	22.2
15.	Gunsmoke	CBS	22.1
16.	Happy Days	ABC	21.4
	Barnaby Jones	CBS	21.4
19.	ABC Monday Night Football	ABC	21.2
	CBS Friday Night Movie	CBS	21.2

1948

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Harry Didion; Protector of World Leaders

Los Angeles Times Thursday March 28, 1985
Home Edition Metro Part 2 Page 2 Column 3 Metro Desk
9 inches; 318 words
Type of Material: Obituary

Harry Didion, the retired Los Angeles Police Department captain charged with protecting many world leaders when they visited this city, has died in Marina del Rey of leukemia. He was 75 and served with the department from 1936 until his retirement in 1972.

Didion was with the department's robbery detail in 1953 when he was named head of the bunko and fugitive squad with ancillary duties as head of security for visiting dignitaries.

Until 1963, when he was put in charge of the Venice division, he protected the welfare and catered to the eccentricities of such international personalities as Nikita S. Khrushchev, Haile Selassie, Golda Meir, Syngman Rhee and the kings and queens of Belgium and Greece.

Although the late chief William S. Parker assumed personal responsibility for Khrushchev's 1959 visit to Los Angeles, it was Didion who was charged with preparing the 750-page book that mapped and diagrammed every route and building the Soviet leader was to visit.

No Major Trouble

Khrushchev left town unscathed, with only a few tomatoes thrown at his car as it entered a film studio.

Over the years Didion had to delay a meeting because West Germany's Konrad Adenauer had lost his hat and had sent for a replacement; improvised security when President Sukarno of Indonesia decided to make an unscheduled stop for ice cream at a Will Wrights parlor, and encouraged Rhee to cut short a reception line because the Korean leader's wife had whispered to the policeman that "my feet hurt."

The burly Didion came to Los Angeles from his native Ohio when he was 4 and graduated from UCLA with a degree in history. That Depression-era degree didn't offer immediate employment and he took work at a tire company before joining the police force.

Film Technical Adviser

By 1948 he was working the robbery detail and serving as a technical adviser on the film "He Walked by Night," in which Jack Webb had a subordinate role. Didion said he gave Webb one of the first plot lines for his "Dragnet" radio series and continued to serve as an adviser when the shows later moved to television.

Didion, who died Saturday, is survived by his wife, Geraldine, a son, Los Angeles Police Detective Harry E. Didion, and a daughter, Marilynn Kroeker. Five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren also survive.

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The Real McCoy
By John Crosby

(From the New York Herald Tribune, June 13th, 1949. Sent in by television historian MICHAEL J. HAYDE, who is writing a book about Dragnet. Please e-mail him if you have ideas or contacts.)

[When DRAGNET first appeared in June 1949, most NBC execs were aghast. They didn't like the underplaying, nor the lack of gunplay; in fact, they didn't like any of the things which Jack Webb knew would make it unique. Since Webb was unwilling to change his vision, he expected that the show would be canceled within a month. But an influential voice, that of esteemed critic John Crosby, recognized the merit in Webb's program. Webb always credited Crosby's review with saving DRAGNET. Below is Crosby's complete review. -MJH-]

"Dragnet," a new sustaining program on NBC 10pm E.D.T. Fridays, is an astonishing cops-and-robbers job simply because nothing very astonishing happens on it. Each one is built around an actual case taken from the files of the Los Angeles Police Department, about which I know little except that it didn't do very well with the black Dahlia murder.

The show rings with an authenticity that I found absorbing though confirmed mystery addicts may find it just dull. It may have been influenced toward honesty by the great and deserved success of the play "Detective Story," whose author, Sidney Kingsley, took a long hard look at police stations before he started writing about one. Out in Hollywood, McKinlay Kantor, last I heard, was writing a screen play about the cops, and spent months studying their operations before tackling the job. It's a healthy trend. The police have for years been depicted either as utter nincompoops or as Supermen of monstrous brains capable of taking apart four armed thugs single-handed.

In "Dragnet," the two detectives are a couple of attractive, intelligent and vary hard-working young men who operate as a team as detectives usually do. In place of the customary derring-do, these two substitute thoroughness, a minute attention to details, and enormous patience. Their first task on this program was a payroll stick-up. From the outset, they had a pretty good hunch who did it. Picking up the man presented no problem. They knew where he was. The idea wasn't simply to arrest him. It was to convict him once arrested.

The two detectives plodded patiently through the files of the known criminals, selected one who seemed most likely to have been the criminal's partner in this enterprise, tracked him down at his sister's, and then tailed him for weeks. There is no duller sport than this. It means hours, days, sometimes weeks of waiting patiently in a parked car watching a house from which nobody comes out or goes in.

An ex-F.B.I. man told me once about a tailing job he did on a Spanish spy in New Orleans. This spy, a very gay blade, covered just about all the naughtier spots in New Orleans. The F.B.I. man never saw the inside of any of them. He sat outside, night after night, waiting. The only edifice he got inside of was a church where he followed the spy to be sure he didn't slip out a side door. It's monotonous work and it takes the patience of Job.

To get back to "Dragnet," the surveillance produced nothing at all, as frequently it doesn't, and the two detectives had to try something else. They picked up their suspect, lodged him on another charge, a common practice, and finally by questioning got him to turn state's evidence on his pal.

That is just one way to catch a thief. There are lots of other standard practices and, if we have to have whodunits on the air, I greatly prefer the real McCoy to the malarkey that is normally served up. There are also, I'm afraid, a great many dodges used to get convictions which are not at all ethical. I don't expect the Los Angeles Police Department to come clean on this score.

Quite a few crime shows now claim to be based on somebody or other's files. Few of them sound as authentic as "Dragnet." Even "This is Your F.B.I.," which has the official blessing of J. Edgar Hoover, is as tricked up with screeching sirens, chattering tommyguns, teletype noises and filters of all description as to sound no more credible than the "Adventures of the Falcon."

Trouble is, most police work is so methodical it's hard to make it exciting. It's difficult to dramatize a cop searching through 400 photographs to find one likeness. The alternative is to put crime detection in human terms which "Dragnet" seems to be trying to do.

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Detective Story

(from Newsweek, January 14, 1952)

One of the fiascoes of the current TV season was Sound-Off Time, the late and not lamented series that rotated the dissimilar talents of Fred Allen, Jerry Lester, and Bob Hope. Before it was dropped last week, the sponsor slipped in a one-shot film called Dragnet, a whodunit masterminded by its 31-year-old star, Jack Webb. Webb scored the only success of the series.

Last week Dragnet started on a regular basis (NBC-TV, alternate Thursdays, 9-9:30 p.m. EST) and proved conclusively that crime shows, made with professional care, can be literate, authentic, and engrossing. Other video detectives, private and public, could take a few lessons from Dragnet's young boss.

Show for Pros:

The upcoming shows should maintain the standards of writing, directing, and acting that sent the first show to the top of its TV genre, for Webb is taking the same care with his video work that he has been taking with the radio version of Dragnet for two and a half years. Both are documentations of actual Los Angeles Police Department cases. The radio show has been such a success as an authentic account of police work that recordings have been played to police trainees in Sonoma County, Calif.; and such a success as entertainment that it has almost won Webb two Peabody Awards. And he is using only the "cream of the cases" for television.

Webb is careful to change names, dates, and locations for both his shows, especially since be was slapped with a million-dollar suit for invasion of privacy after one too-literal account of a crime. But the bare bones of the original cases are there - and come through stamped with authenticity.

One reason for his successful documentation is the cooperation of the L.A. police, who act as technical advisers (in off-duty hours "so the taxpayers won't worry"). A captain and two sergeants work regularly for the radio Dragnet; and detectives - "working detectives, not men with desk jobs" - from different divisions advise Webb on the video version, the division depending on what type of crime is being filmed.

In return for the police help, Webb pays his advisers, contributes to the Policemen's Benevolent Fund, and always follows three rules. Dragnet can neither vilify nor glorify police officers ("There's always one or so that you'll think is a bum"); it must show policemen as average human beings, and it must stick to the straight facts of a case. All of these cop-enforced rules add up to a realism that Webb then proceeds to intensify.

Webb feels firmly that Dragnet is "a half-hour of motion pictures, not a half-hour of TV films." He feels that, using film facilities and technicians, he can get as much detail and authenticity into each episode as a movie does. "Motion-picture craftsmen shouldn't be prostituted into making junk and trash. Some TV films have skimpy sets, with no depth, that are really just painted backdrops. We build sets. These are documentary cases, and they've got to be believed. We don't use any stock films. Dragnet cameramen are filming shots all over Los Angeles for future exterior scenes."

For his interior scenes, Webb never "doubles": Where some film men have the cast of a serial do scenes from several episodes on one set, Webb one scene on one set. And he never slurs over details. Last week, in the filming of an episode that will be shown next month, a prop man was blowing

artificial cigarette smoke into a party scene - a rare precaution outside a full-length feature.

Webb further refuses to let any of his actors except the women use makeup, and they use only their own makeup. And he doesn't care what his actors look like, preferring to use his radio cast for television whenever possible. "Movies have stereotypes for policemen and bank clerks. What *does* a policeman look like? People look like people.

Busy Star:

Webb is a modest man also a quadruple-threat He is the star (Detective Sergeant Joe Friday), director, and producer ("whatever that means") of the radio Dragnet and, though billed as the star and director on television, he also runs the actual production end. He writes for both mediums whenever he gets the urge, or whenever the credited writer, Jim Mosher, an ex-newspaperman, needs a hand. It's small wonder that Webb labors "all the time" on the two Dragnets.

Six days a week, from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m., he is at the Republic Studios working on the films, and on the seventh he does the radio show. Although Webb has a promising start in movies, his film career is "dead" at the moment. He lives quietly with his wife, Julie London, a former actress, and their daughter, Stacey, 3. He recently bought his first Cadillac, which in Hollywood corresponds to a kid's first pair of roller skates, but hastens to add that "it's an old one."

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Biography

JACK WEBB

PR 62

DIRECTOR-STAR OF "DRAGNET"
ON NBC TELEVISION AND RADIO

-oOo-

One of the most brilliant young men in the television industry today is Jack Webb - the gifted creator, director, and star of NBC's radio and television documentary series - "Dragnet."

As early as June, 1949, when Webb first introduced the "Dragnet" series on radio, he created a sensation among radio listeners with his presentation of authentic, factually documentated radio programs, taken from the files of the Los Angeles police department.

With "Dragnet's" initial appearance on NBC television in January 1952, both the program and Webb continued to win wide acclaim from the nation's critics and viewers. The show has been commended not only for its sheer entertainment value, but also for its realistic approach in depicting the work of police officers in combatting crime - attributes which can be accredited to Webb's insistence on complete authenticity.

"Dragnet" has garnered more awards than any other program of its type in the history of broadcasting and telecasting, and has been cited and commended, time and time again, by civic leaders, safety officials and the general public.

And the dynamic personality responsible for all this - is a handsome, ex-Air Force pilot -- Jack Webb -- who first got his start in radio in San Francisco, following World War II when he originated the title role in "Pat Novak for Hire."

(MORE)

When Webb moved back to Hollywood in 1949, he introduced "Dragnet" on NBC radio and it scored an immediate hit with radio listeners throughout the country. During these years, Jack also had a crack at pictures, some of which included: "The Men," "Halls of Montezuma," "Sunset Boulevard," and "He Walked By Night." "Pete Kelley's Blues," formerly aired on NBC radio, was another Webb production and he still hopes to adapt the series for television.

The talented actor-director sheepishly owns up to having been student body president of Belmont High School in Los Angeles. He won, but did not use, a scholarship to the University of Southern California. He went to work instead.

Watching "Dragnet's" triple theater at work in the Walt Disney studios in Burbank is an experience in itself. For his unusual imagination, ever-alert mind and minute attention to detail can only belong to a perfectionist.

Webb, a man of great modesty, is quick to explain that he is simply trying to present a true dramatization of the police force in action as honestly and factually as possible, and in so doing he holds as closely as possible to the actual case file on each program, stressing maturalism - realism - and, above all, - authenticity.

"Dragnet's" Joe Friday is very conscious of the debt he owes to the public for their overwhelming acceptance of the program and feels that perhaps its success indicates a new trend in viewing preferences. "Today," he says, "people are looking for more realism in television. They want to be entertained, but they also want to learn, to benefit and to become better citizens as a result of it. You might call it entertainment with an ulterior motive."

(MORE)

However, at no time, does "Dragnet" attempt to preach, they simply present the facts.

When Webb isn't working on current or forthcoming programs, he usually can be found relaxing in his early American, rustic, ranch-type home on a three-acre site in Encino. Here he spends all of his free time, which is quite limited these days, with his lovely wife, Julie (former actress, Julie London), and two daughters - Stacy, born in 1950, and Lisa, born in 1952.

He has a large collection of records and also enjoys making repairs around the house, however, his principal hobby is running movies on a sixteen millimeter camera. He says he enjoys watching them not only for the entertainment value but for the techniques used.

Jack tries to budget his time so that he can spend as much of it as possible with the children, for he and Julie feel that the youngsters' formative years are important times for both the children and their parents who guide them.

-o0o-

(X8Y10Z53)

DIRECTOR-STAR OF "DRAGNET"

ON NBC RADIO AND TELEVISION

-oOo-

REAL NAME: Jack Webb

BIRTHPLACE: Santa Monica, Calif.

BIRTHDATE: April 2, 1920

EDUCATION: Los Angeles public schools, Belmont High school in L.A.

FIRST PROFESSIONAL JOB: Staff Announcer, KGO, San Francisco.

CAREER HISTORY: Starred in "Pat Novak for Hire," radio show from San Francisco, 1945. Starred in radio show "Johnny Modero, Pier 23" in 1947. Started "Dragnet," NBC radio, June 1949. Starred "Pete Kelley's Blues," NBC radio series, in summer 1950. Started "Dragnet" on NBC-TV in January, 1952. Featured roles in following films: "The Men," "Halls of Montezuma," "He Walked by Night," "Sunset Boulevard."

MARITAL STATUS: Married to former Julie London.

CHILDREN: Daughter, Stacy, born in 1950; daughter, Lisa, born in 1952.

RESIDENCE: Encino, Calif.

HOBBIES: Painting, collecting jazz records, model car building of early American cars.

WEIGHT: 165 lbs.

HEIGHT: Six feet

COLOR EYES: Brown

COLOR HAIR: Black

Webb Settlement One of Biggest

It was 9:46 a. m.

A beautiful girl takes the witness stand.

She's wearing a mink stole.

"Give us the facts, ma"am," says her attorney, S. S. Hahn.

"Last April my husband left home for work in the normal manner," says the girl.

Her name is Julie London.

An actress.

Age 25.

NOV 26 1953

Her husband is Jack Webb. Age 33. His work is acting and directing. In a television show. It's called "Dragnet."

"I didn't see him again for six weeks," Julie says.

Then Webb told her he was uncertain about their marriage. Wanted time to consider it. Two months later he decided. Wanted a divorce.

"He was arrogant," Julie adds. "Sometimes he'd talk to me like I was three years old. And he'd come home at night and turn on the television set. He wouldn't talk. Just sit and look at it. It made me nervous, all this. Lost 15 pounds."

9:53 a. m. Mrs. Caroline Woods takes the stand. She's Julie's friend and girlhood chum. It's true, she says. Webb was cruel to his wife.

9:56 a. m. Forty-page property settlement agreement introduced.

Julie gets $150,000 in cash, $150,000 in securities of Dragnet productions, $150,000 insurance policy on Webb's life to guarantee alimony payments of $21,000 a year in the event of his death, $50,000 in jewelry, furnishings and a car.

CUSTODY—

It's one of the biggest property settlements in Los Angeles divorce history.

Julie also gets custody of the two children, Stacy, 4, and Lisa, 1.

9:59 a. m. Divorce granted by Superior Judge James G. Whyte, ending the seven-year marriage.

10:01 a. m. In the corridor, Julie is asked, "If you had your choice between half a million dollars and a happy home, which would you take?"

"A happy home."

"With this husband?"

"I guess so."

10:02 a. m. She walks to the elevator looking unhappy.

Dum-de-dum-dum.

37,000,000 Viewers in One Month

By BOB THOMAS

HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 7.—(AP)—The story you are about to read is true. Only the dialogue has been changed to make it sound like "Dragnet."

This is the city. Hollywood, I mean. City of hopes and dreams. City of despair. City where a broke actor can become a millionaire, at least on paper. I cover the city. I work out of AP.

NOV 8 1953

2:30 p. m.—There had been all kinds of rumors about a character named Jack Webb. One that he was going to kill off Joe Friday, his alter ego on the "Dragnet" TV-radio show. This sounded suspicious. Didn't "Dragnet" draw an estimated 37,000,000 viewers in September, the top rating for any TV show until "I Love Lucy" came back?

VISITS STUDIO——

3:15 p. m.—I arrive at Walt Disney Studios, where Webb headquarters his Mark VII productions.

Webb appears. He is 33, six feet tall, 165 pounds. Straight black hair, piercing brown eyes. He wears a casually expensive sport shirt and slacks. He is smiling.

He ushers me into his office, where he is surrounded by every award in the TV field, plus many from peace officers. He settles back in his chair. I begin the questioning.

Q.—What's this about your giving up "Dragnet"?

A.—I can't give it up. I've got a contract to make 75 more of them.

Q.—And then?

A.—Then I'll give it up.

Q.—Why's that?

A.—By that time we'll have 195 films. That should be enough to play for years. An actor can't face doing the same thing indefinitely. He's got to find new things to do. Besides, there's no telling how long "Dragnet" will stay popular.

ON TOP NOW——

Sure, we're on top now, but how long can we stay up there? Now the shows are being re-run under the title of "Badge 714." Will this saturate the public? Nobody can tell. The audience is a funny thing. There's no way to predict it.

Q.—What do you think of the records and comedians lampooning "Dragnet"?

A.—Some people tell me I should be worried. They claim the public won't go for a serious offering after it has been kidded so much. I don't feel that way. Imitation is still the sincerest form of flattery. It's the American way to be able to kid things. If the President of the United States allows himself to be impersonated, who am I to complain?

Q.—Have you changed "Dragnet" because of the ribs?

A.—Yes. We got a lot of complaints about how everybody talked in a monotone on the show. Ordinarily I don't worry too much about individual critics. But it's like this: when four people tell

YOU you're DRUNK, YOU BEGIN

to believe them. Since so many people felt the same way about the show, we've tried to lift it up a little, increase the pace.

MUSICIAN ROLE——

Q.—What's this new show you're going to try?

A.—It's called "Pete Kelly's Blues." I did it as a radio show a few years ago. I play a musician in a Kansas City speakeasy.

Q.—Do you think the public will accept you in that role?

A.—That's another thing you can't figure. I don't know whether they will go for me as a cop on one show and a trumpet player in a speakeasy 20 years ago in another. Movie stars can play different roles. But will the public allow a TV character to change? I don't know.

Q.—What about the "Dragnet" feature movie?

A.—We're working on story ideas now. We'll make it here at Disney's with our own money. We hope to put the same elements of the TV "Dragnet" into a 120-minute film, with story development we can't do on a half-hour show.

Q.—What about the divorce lawyer's claim that you and your wife have community property worth $8,000,000?

A.—I'd sure like to know how they arrive at that figure. Under present tax laws, it would take 50 years to make that much from the "Dragnet" properties. I can't understand it.

SANTA MONICA BOY

More dope on the Jack Webb case: He was born April 2, 1920, in Santa Monica, Calif. A year later, his parents separated. Never heard from his father, an archeologist with the Smithsonian Institution.

Jack grew up in one of the toughest sections of downtown Los Angeles. He never tangled with the law. He at-

attended Belmont High school

and was elected student president. He had to refuse an art scholarship to the University of Southern California in order to support his mother and blind grandmother. He sold clothes and worked in a steel mill.

After World War II served as a B-26 pilot in the Air Force, he landed in San Francisco as a radio announcer during the United Nations conference. He thought it would be exciting.

His announcing chores led to the lead in a hard-bitten private eye show called "Pat Novak For Hire." His flat delivery of the clever lines attracted interest, and he came to Hollywood. Nothing much happened.

FREE-LANCED——

Webb free-lanced in radio and played roles in such films as "Sunset Boulevard," "The Men," "Halls of Montezuma" and "He Walked By Night." In 1949, he got an idea for a radio show based on actual files of the Los Angeles Police Department.

"Dragnet" went TV in January, 1952, and immediately began its climb to the top. Webb explains its success: "We want to appeal to an adult audience. We don't believe the average viewer has a 12-year-old mind. That's a myth. We don't intend to cater to it."

Jack Webb to Wed A

'Married to Work,' Says TV Star

Jack Webb, star, director and owner of television's "Dragnet," yesterday denied reports he and Actress Dorothy Towne will be married as soon as his divorce is final.

On the set where he was filming a new episode on his production, Webb said:

"I'm not marrying anybody. I'm married to my work. I work 14 hours a day and would sleep on the set if I could."

DEC 11 1953

It was this devotion to his work that led to the recent breakup of his seven-year marriage with Actress Julie London, Webb has acknowledged.

DIVORCED—

Miss Landon, 28, obtained a divorce here from Webb, 34, last November 25, plus a $500,000 settlement and custody of their two daughters.

The blonde Miss Towne, 24, whom Webb met when she played a role on one of his programs, was in the news recently when she reported to Hollywood police the theft of a mink stole and jewelry, valued at $7150, from her apartment. She and Webb have been seen frequently together at night clubs.

Reports of their engagement emanated from New York, where Webb, who visited there last week, was quoted as having said his "new romance" had "nothing whatsoever to do" with the breakup of his marriage.

DRIVE FOR WORK—

"Julie is a fine girl and a fine mother," he was quoted as saying, "but she never quite understood my drive for work. She never did recognize my intention to work hardest when I was young, even if it meant being away from home."

WHAT'S WHAT?—(above) will wed Jack Webb we

Of her ex-husband's reported engagement, Miss London, wintering in Palm Springs with the children, commented:

"I don't care what he does. I'm just not interested."

She added that Webb hasn't visited his children since they returned with her from Europe nearly three months ago.

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JACK WEBB'S FACT-FINDER ASKS $9100

James Mosher, radio writer who says he dug up ~~some~~ of the facts Jack Webb uses on his Dragnet programs, yesterday presented Webb with a Superior Court bill for $9100.

Directing the claim also against Michael Meshekoff and Stanley Meyer, identified as Webb's partners, Mosher declared that between June 15, 1949, and July 25, 1952, he wrote 165 scripts for Dragnet radio programs under an oral contract of employment which embodies an existing agreement between producers and the Radio Writers Guild.

DEC 19 1953

The guild pact, Mosher said, provided that radio writers would be paid $325 each time their scripts were used on television networks. He complained that since December, 1951, his scripts were used 47 times but that he was paid for only 19.

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Southern California ex

Webb and Actress Vacation in Hawaii

HONOLULU, Dec. 30 (UP) — Television Stars Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne vacationed in Hawaii today. Webb and Miss Towne, whose names have been romantically linked since Webb's divorce from Actress Julie London, arrived here Monday.

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Acquaintances of Webb, producer and star of "Dragnet," said he has taken a month's lease on a private home where he plans to spend much of his vacation working on future scripts.

DEC 31 1953

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came out of seclusion last week and lunched at Scandia, the place she used to haunt when she was a playgirl.

She is completely changed, but she tells friends she is happy in her new, strange life and plans to return to the retreat and stay there.

* * *

I checked a rumor with the police department that Jack Webb was in bad and wouldn't be allowed to get information for his "Dragnet" show.

Chief of Police Parker said, "To the contrary, we have a man from our department as technical advisor at Warners on Dragnet' and every TV show Webb makes is passed on by us. Naturally, we have seen everything he's made, and we have never seen anything out of order."

* * 5-10-54

At long last, on July 7, "Oklahoma!", Rodgers and Hammerstein's hit musical, goes before the cameras. This is official—

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L.A. Examiner 5/63—

MY PARTNER, JOE FRIDAY

His actor-sidekick gives the facts, ma'am, nothing but the facts about Jack Webb

BY BEN ALEXANDER

MAY 16 1954

Webb (left) and Alexander as Friday and Smith in a recent *Dragnet* show.

MAY 16 195

Hardly a day goes by that somebody doesn't walk into the Los Angeles City Hall asking to see "Sergeant Friday." The knowing watchmen who patrol those halls have the same answer for all:

"This is Sergeant Friday's day off."

The identification of Jack Webb as the detective star of the *Dragnet* series is so strong in the minds of the public that a steady stream of mail comes to the Los Angeles Police Department for Sgt. Joe Friday. Five years ago, on the radio program, he first said, "I'm a cop . . . " For the past two years he's played the same part on television. The popularity of the show and of its musical theme have been amazing, it's true, but when you know Jack Webb, it's easy to understand the reason for the success of the series.

Actually, Jack has had fewer days off than anybody I know or have known. He tells me that he doesn't need them; that he relaxes while he works; that he enjoys what he's doing so much and that he's so grateful for the opportunity to keep on doing it that he doesn't need a rest.

It didn't take two years of working with him to find that out. I sensed it the first time I heard him. That was in 1951 in San Francisco. Jack was the tireless master of ceremonies on a telethon on behalf of cerebral palsy victims. My wife, Lesley, and I were aboard our boat in San Francisco harbor, just returned from an alone-together, two-year boat honeymoon, and Webb's work, his energy, his interest and his voice all impressed me.

Six months later—and by then I was an avid *Dragnet* fan—my wife pointed Jack Webb out to me in the Brown Derby. I met him the simple way: I walked over to his table, introduced myself and congratulated him.

Crazy as I was, semiretired as I was, and 17 years out of touch with motion pictures as I was, I was determined to play a part in *Dragnet*. An old friend, Cliff Arquette, talked to Jack about me and two weeks later I got a call...would I be interested in a role in *Dragnet?*

The bit part I had expected turned into "Officer Frank Smith"—and changed my life.

Webb has caused quite a few changes. Most people talk about the "change" he's brought about in the typical "cops and robbers" program. But he has an innate sense of understanding and taste, and his main changes are wrought in people.

When one of Jack's old high school friends phoned him and told him there was a girl in town just returned from a U.S.O. tour in Korea who couldn't get even a test for a part, Jack called her immediately. He talked to her briefly over coffee one morning, appraised her quickly, and three days later she was back for a part in our next film.

The scene was short. Jack added a few lines, building the part. The script called for a medium shot. Jack brought the camera up close. And finally, when the film was telecast on the local TV station, Jack called or sent wires to every movie and television producer asking them to watch her. It was the best "test" Barbara Stewart could have made.

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the role of Joe Friday, giving him much more scope as actor and director. All it takes is Jack's determination to do both shows—and my "partner" has plenty of determination. ◄◄

Webb is a producer-actor-director who never rests because he enjoys his work and "relaxes" on the job. A perfectionist, he demands the best from all those who work with him.

Jack is one of the few men I've met in this business who reads and is guided by his fan mail. Fifteen letters in one week mentioned, "music too loud" on the radio program. Jack asked Walter Schumann, his musical director, for a more muted background. When Joe Friday kissed Ann, his girl friend, for the first time on the show, fan mail doubled with comments about, "TV's Clark Gable" and "It's okay—it's human." Jack has added the little romantic "human side of the police" to several future films.

What does he do away from the set? He has two hobbies—he collects and listens to jazz records, Dixieland music. And he watches motion pictures.

"Watches" is a weak word for Jack. He *studies* movies. He recalls scenes, bits, actions, angles, movements down to the minutest detail. And all of it is stored up for later use.

He and I play a game of memory-testing on old motion pictures. I can recall the names of pictures and their stars. I should be able to, because I worked with many of them since I was four years old. Jack's recollection is of actual scenes. His familiarity with them comes from watching the pictures from the back seat of a movie house while his mother worked out front selling tickets.

Recently, the Academy-Award-winning director, George Stevens, was on the set to present Jack with a magazine award for the best TV direction in 1953. I mentioned in passing that, in 24 months of production, Webb has directed and starred in 100 completed half-hour motion pictures. Joe Friday's stories are one year ahead of schedule.

Stevens marveled at this. "Amazing," he said. "That boils down to about 33 full-length films. Most directors won't make that many features in a Hollywood lifetime."

The future? Jack is directing a full-length feature motion picture of *Dragnet* which Warner Brothers will release this summer. He's looking to the time when he will be directing only.

A new television series, *Pete Kelly's Blues,* is close to Jack's heart and is custom-made for his talents. But, despite stories that Jack is tired of *Dragnet,* I have no doubt that we'll be together in further TV stories of Sergeant Friday in 1955 and 1956. I'm sure he couldn't be happy with just *one* series going, and Pete Kelly is diametrically opposed to the role of Joe Friday, giving him much more scope as actor and director. All it takes is Jack's determination to do both shows—and my "partner" has plenty of determination. ◄◄

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SGT. JOE FRIDAY—AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS COP

Jack Webb, Who Skyrocketed to Fame and Fortune With 'Dragnet'

JUN 7 1954

'Jack Webb—Tough Softie'

Dashing Hero of 'Dragnet' Is Modest Youth With Idea

Almost anyone who's ever been within sight and sound of a TV set knows Detective Sgt. Joe Friday, the hero of "Dragnet." But this is the story of Joe Friday as he is off-screen when he assumes his own name and identity of Jack Webb. It is the story of a man with an idea, how he got it, stuck with it, made it pay off—and what kind of a man he is. This article is the first of three.

By EMILY BELSER

Jack Webb, poker-faced, gun-totin' cop of "Dragnet," actually is a soft-hearted, gun-shy guy with the soul of an artist.

Logical, determined Webb, who, as Joe Friday spends 30 minutes a week solving real-life crimes for millions of bug-eyed televiewers, admits he hasn't nerve enough to kill a bird.

"I don't even like to fire a gun," he says, "and as a kid, I never killed a bug."

This live-and-let-live philosophy, the keynote of his serious-minded approach to life, is expressed in Webb's complete dedication to his work and in his tolerance for the antics of his fellowmen.

Webb even shrugs that he settled a half-million dollars on his ex-wife, Julie London, simply "because she asked for it," although he built his "Dragnet" dynasty during his marriage to the former actress, and, under California law, she was entitled to a large chunk of it when they parted.

As Webb puts it:

"I don't object to anything people do. I'm interested in them, but what they do is strictly their own business."

Job Takes Up All His Time

It is indicative of Webb's almost 100 per cent concentration on work that he pursues few of the pleasures other men find so fascinating. He is a heavy smoker, but he doesn't play golf, finds no time for poker and knows gambling is a waste of time.

He "relaxes" by working 14 hours a day and then hurrying home to watch other television shows in order to keep abreast of what his competition is up to.

It was this nearly complete elimination of non-professional interests from his life that his former wife cited in severing their marital ties and it is this characteristic that constantly amazes and overawes his business associates.

On one typical working day, the 34-year-old actor was stalking a roomful of stuffed African animals at the Los Angeles County Museum. He was busy directing and starring in a scene for the most ambitious production of his career—a full-length, Warned Brothers color motion picture of "Dragnet."

There were lunging lions to the left of him, man-eating tigers to the right of him and cameras, kleig-lights, power cables, cast and crew all around

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 3)

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Dashing Hero Of 'Dragnet' Is Modest

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him. The scene resembled a filming of Noah's Ark.

Never Saw His Own Father

Webb strode like a ringmaster into the center of it all, calm and undisturbed. Here in this synthetic jungle he recalled the times when, as a starry-eyed youngster, he had visited the museum to dream of glorious far-off lands and thrilling adventure.

"As a kid," he said reflectively, "I used to come here every Saturday afternoon and set out on an imaginary safari through the wilds of Africa. I was only 10 years old, and life was wonderful."

Life was not so rosy for littl Jack at the age of six, however. Double pneumonia left him a asthmatic, and he had to b carried about by his mother, poverty-stricken divorcee whos main source of income was a pittance from the County Relief Board.

It was four years before the wheezing and the pain subsided and Jack could manage to climb the hill unaided to the shabby, one-room apartment in the Los Angeles tenement district where he lived with his mother and grandmother. Eight years later, he was completely cured.

When speaking of his father, Webb's sensitive features tensed, but he said simply:

"I never saw him. I was only eight months old when he and my mother were divorced."

Never Thought of Becoming a Cop

An excellent student, Webb was offered two university scholarships when he completed high school, but he turned them down because he had to go to work to prop up the sagging family fortunes.

"I wrapped packages, worked for a while in a steel mill and as a clothing salesman," he recalled, "and I worked in the cafeteria and sold papers while I was still in high school. It never seemed to be enough."

After a three-year stint in the Army Air Corps, Webb landed a job as part-time radio announcer in San Francisco. At last he was on his way to the big time, but he never has lost his taste for his forst love—art.

"I never once thought of becoming a cop," he said with the famous Webb grin, "but I hated to give up my art wok. I used to do a lot of cartoons, charcoal drawings and portraits in oils."

It was during his radio work in San Francisco that the American public first heard Webb's voice—a voice that was to become familiar to millions.

'Joe Friday' Enjoys Directing

He landed a starring role in radio show titled "Pat Novak—For Hire," a mystery thriller that started as a local show but soon because immensely popular—largely because of Webb's acting and the racy, sarcasm-crammed dialogue written for him.

In 1949, however, he traded San Francisco for Hollywood and radio broadcasting for a crack at motion pictures. His film aspirations met with little success, but it was while working on a documentary-type movie that the idea for "Dragnet" came to him.

Five years and 347 "Dragnets" later, Webb caught his greatest prize—"Dragnet" on a wide screen.

Obviously enjoying his duties as a director, which he prefers to acting, he peered into the African wilderness that was the County Museum and shouted, "action."

Then, jamming both hands into his jacket pockets, he commented soberly:

"I'll never know why 'Dragnet' has been such a success. Honest, I really don't know!"

(Tomorrow — Joe Friday tells about his strange verbal delivery.)

JUN 8 - 1954

HERALD EXPRESS

JACK WEBB AND JULIE LONDON, IN HAPPIER DAYS
She Got One of the Largest Property Settlements in Recent Hollywood History

This is the second of three articles taking a good off-screen look at Jack Webb, the famous Sgt. Joe Friday of TV's "Dragnet."

By EMILY BELSER

One of the mainstays of Jack Webb's preeminence in the crowded ranks of television detectives is the clipped, monotonous voice in which he describes the downfall of hundreds of evil-doers.

Like Arthur Godfrey's cracker-barrel delivery and Tallulah Bankhead's beery baritone, Webb's verbal underplaying is his stock in trade. He calls it "flat rating," but millions of American "Dragnet" fans regard it as a typical policeman's voice.

"It's just the way I like to work," Webb pointed out. "But it isn't anything new. The British do it all the time. Good British movies are always underplayed, especially where there is a lot of monologue."

Webb first used his unusual vocal technique as a radio actor in San Francisco seven years ago, and it went over with audiences so well that he incorporated it into his starring role in the "Dragnet" radio and TV series.

Doesn't Know Why Show Success

The 170-pound actor, who becomes Sgt. Joe Friday once a week, is sorry he didn't think of "Dragnet" years ago.

"I don't know why this show has been such a success," he frankly admitted, "but I do know that you can never second-guess the public, and anybody who tries just might as well get ready for the booby-hatch.

"When we put 'Dragnet' on the air, we were trying for something different. I didn't want to copy anyone else or anything anyone else had ever done. If I had known people would like it so much, I'd have done it 10 years ago!"

Webb said all of this without benefit of his famous on-stage monotone. He spoke just like anyone else.

Demands Perfection From His Actors

As director of all he surveyed, Jack was unperturbed as he stood near a giant camera and watched with keen interest the

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JUN 8 1954

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SGT. JOE FRIDAY IN ACTION
In Private Life, Jack Webb Is a Soft-hearted, G
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"Too many people refer to 'dumb cops,'" he said with obvious resentment.

"They're not dumb. They're plenty smart. Some of them even border on genius. People say they're cold-blooded and brutal, but because of the misery and grief they encounter daily, they are more compassionate than most."

Webb, who has a taste for sport clothes (not too loud), laughed when asked if he had flat feet or ever had been arrested.

"I couldn't have enlisted in the army if I hadn't had high arches—and they wo
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'Joe Friday' Reveals Facts on 'Dragnet'

(Continued From Page 1)

same scene being shot for the twentieth time.

It was a simple scene. An actor merely had to open a door and stride across a room, but Webb, the perfectionist, wanted it just so—and that's the way he got it. He explained:

"I'm often accused of being impossible to work for. I hear stories like that all the time. I disagree. I merely demand the best people have to offer. But I never scream at them. I just jog them a bit."

But apparently Jack's "jogging" is a bit too persistent for some Hollywood performers, for not a few of them regard him as one of the toughest directors in the business. Some who have worked in his "Dragnet" television films have sworn never to toil for him again—and work is far from plentiful for unknown actors in filmland right now.

All who have come under his guidance agree, however, that he knows what he wants and intends to get it—no matter how long it takes.

One of the questions most often aimed at "Dragnet's" chief-of-staff is, "how long can the show keep going?"

Webb's reply:

"I'll keep my TV show going as long as the public wants it. I don't plan to change it. People like it this way, so I think it behooves me to keep it the same. When they tire of it, I won't do it any longer."

"Dragnet," produced on a $28,000 budget, has been cornering a good chunk of the audience market for nearly three years on TV and five years on radio.

'Just the Facts' And No Dames

To pay off a huge divorce settlement with his ex-wife, Actress Julie London, video's famed hum-drug gumshoe recently sold the rights to his show to the Music Corporation of America to the tune of four million dollars, but he still polices the backstage beat.

The darkly attractive actor and his stage cop pals shy clear of romance on the show.

It's not because they are women-haters, but there just isn't time to clutter up the scenery with dames.

"Just the facts, ma'am," is Webb's motto, and he sticks Spartan-like to this theme even in his upcoming movie, "Dragnet." He makes only one concession—a pretty policewoman who searches for a murderer rather than love.

"All my shows are documentaries, you know, and taken from the files of the Los Angeles Police Department," Webb said. "You can't unravel a crime and weave a romance all in a half hour."

"Dragnet" usually employs from four to five major characters, but 50 or more persons will be cavorting around in the hour-and-a-half long feature film.

JUN 8 1954

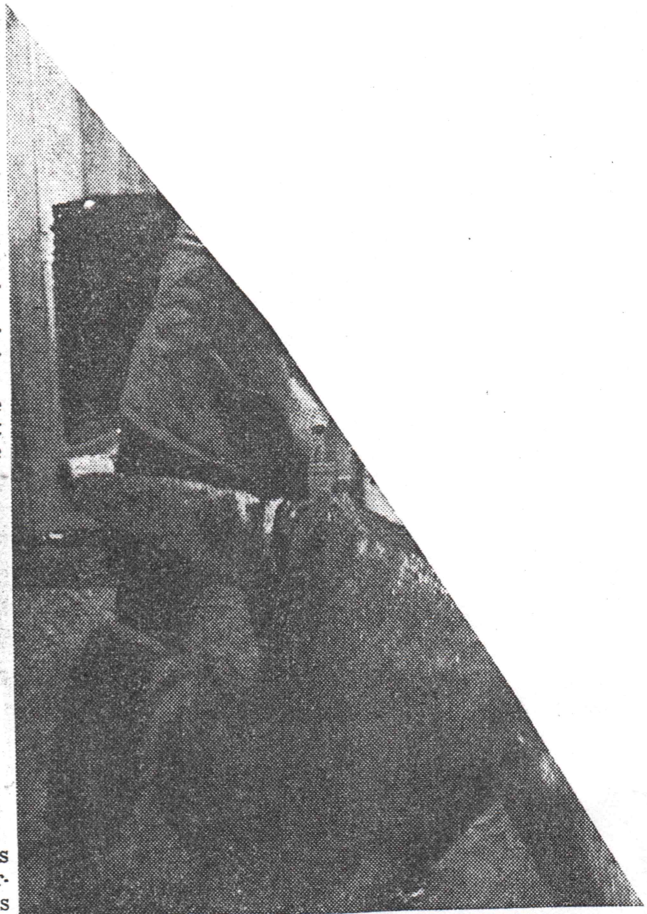
Declares 'Cops Not Dumb, Plenty Smart'

This will not be Webb's first motion picture role. He played an engineering officer in "You're in the Army Now" and a crippled war veteran in "Combat Correspondent," plus a few other minor roles he'd rather forget.

"The most memorable thing about my film career," he grinned, "is that I never had much footage."

Webb feels his film ventures turned out poorly because he never landed the right role—as a cop, that is.

Although he never had any desire to be one—even as a child—cops are his idols.



SGT. JOE FRIDAY IN ACTION

In Private Life, Jack Webb Is a Soft-hearted, Gun-
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(Continued on Page 5, Col. 4)

The Jack Webb Story

'Joe Friday-Tough Softie'

'Dragnet' Maestro Blames Work for Marriage Break-Up

6/9/54

This is the last of three articles on Jack Webb, better known as Sergeant Joe Friday of TV's "Dragnet."

By EMILY BELSER

Sergeant Joe Friday, television's most famous sleuth, can solve almost any crime in less than 30 minutes, but the one marital adventure of his creator, Jack Webb, proved to be the case he couldn't crack.

The reasons behind Actress Julie London's decision to divorce Webb, who, as Joe Friday of "Dragnet" sends chills up the spines of millions of women televiewers, doubtless are many and varied.

But Webb, with his customary taciturnity, sums it up this way:

"Something happened, and suddenly we discovered we were as far apart as the poles.

"It's true that my work had a lot to do with our troubles, but it would only be truthful to add that we had our personal problems, too.

"Julie and I had been kids together. She was 15 and I was 21 and we shared a lot of the same background, even to both our families being on relief together."

Too Busy for Home Life

According to the actress' divorce complaint, most of their troubles stemmed from Webb's preoccupation with television programs, his own and others.

And once, she added, he went out to dinner and didn't return for six weeks.

But whatever he lacked as a husband, he made up for in generosity as an ex-husband. He gave Miss London and his two daughters, Stacy and Lisa, more than a half-million dollars.

His explanation:

"She asked for it. I had it. I gave it to her. I thought she should have it for the protection of herself and the children."

After the divorce, which will become final in eight months, Jack bought a $115,000 mansion complete with 35 millimeter motion picture equipment, barbecue pit and swimming pool, but, he said:

"It worked out badly. I thought I could spend more time at home, but I found I was never there. Besides it was too far from the studio, so six months after I bought it, I sold it for $4000 less than I paid for it."

Has Soft Spot For Musicians

Webb then moved into the modest, five-room Hollywood home of his 54-year-old mother, but he waits on himself and cooks his own breakfast.

Except for his work, Webb's greatest love in life is music, both long-haired and jazz.

In fact, he is so devoted to band musicians that he has threatened to supplant "Dragnet" one day with a TV series about a trumpet player.

The proposed series, "Pete Kelly's Blue," has been in the works in Webb's Mark VII organization for some time, but *so far the public has been given* only an abbreviated whirl at it via radio some time ago.

"I'd like to do the same thing for the musician that 'Dragnet' has done for the cop," Webb said.

"No one has ever given him a fair shake, and I'd like to be the guy to do it. This probably will annoy every producer in Hollywood, but the musician has been disgracefully depicted time after time—just like the newspaperman and the cop."

95 'Dragnets' Still to Make

Jazz-loving Webb, who collects the recordings of Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Les Brown, starred as a horn player, Pete Kelly, in the radio try-out of the show, and some day he would like to play Pete on TV.

But that probably will take time. Under his current contract, Webb has 95 more "Dragnets"—two-and-a-half years of work—to make, and if the public demands it, "Dragnet" will go right on into Jack's old age.

Webb, the perfectionist, the artist, the dreamer, stood straddle-legged in the midst of a busy movie set and recalled what he wanted most as a small boy—a big home with lots of bathrooms, a swimming pool, a projection room.

He got them all, but he admitted that so far he hasn't found the spare time to enjoy them.

THE END

NBC BIOGRAPHY

JACK WEBB

DIRECTOR-STAR OF "DRAGNET"
ON NBC TELEVISION AND RADIO

One of the most brilliant young men in the television industry today is Jack Webb - the gifted creator, director, and star of NBC's Television and Radio documentary series - "Dragnet."

As early as June, 1949, when Webb first introduced the "Dragnet" series on radio, he created a sensation among radio listeners with his presentation of authentic, factually **documented** radio programs, taken from the files of the Los Angeles police department.

With "Dragnet's" initial appearance on NBC television in January 1952, both the program and Webb continued to win wide acclaim from the nation's critics and viewers. The show has been commended not only for its sheer entertainment value, but also for its realistic approach in depicting the work of police officers in combatting crime--attributes which can be accredited to Webb's insistence on complete authenticity.

"Dragnet" has garnered more awards than any other program of its type in the history of broadcasting and telecasting, and has been cited and commended, time and time again, by civic leaders, safety officials and the general public.

(more)

August 17, 1954

The overwhelming success of the "Dragnet" series is a greatly discussed subject not only in radio and TV circles, but in the movie industry as well. For Webb has the honor of being the first person to make a feature length movie based on a radio-TV series. Jack just recently completed the "Dragnet" move, in which he served as star and director, for Warner Brothers. While the picture was in production, Hollywood's top movie producers and directors visited the set so that they might watch the young, "genius" at work.

The handsome, ex-Air Force pilot first got his start in radio in San Francisco, following World War II when he originated the title role in "Pat Novak for Hire."

When Webb moved back to Hollywood in 1949, he introduced "Dragnet" on NBC radio and it scored an immediate hit with radio listeners throughout the country. During these years, Jack also had a crack at pictures, some of which included: "The Men," "Halls of Montezuma," "Sunset Boulevard," and "He Walked by Night." "Pete Kelley's Blues," formerly aired on NBC radio, was another Webb production and he still hopes to adapt the series for television and movies.

The talented actor-director sheepishly owns up to having been student body president of Belmont High School in Los Angeles. He won, but did not use, a scholarship to the University of Southern California. He went to work instead.

Watching "Dragnet's" triple threater at work in the Walt Disney studios in Burbank is an experience in itself. For his unusual imagination, ever-alert mind and minute attention to detail can only belong to a perfectionist.

(more)

Webb, a man of great modesty, is quick to explain that he is simply trying to present a true dramatization of the police force in action as honestly and factually as possible, and in so doing he holds as closely as possible to the actual case file on each program, stressing maturalism - realism - and above all, - authenticity.

"Dragnet's" Joe Friday is very conscious of the debt he owes to the public for their overwhelming acceptance of the program and feels that perhaps its success indicates a new trend in viewing preferences. "Today," he says, "people are looking for more realism in television. They want to be entertained, but they also want to learn, to benefit and to become better citizens as a result of it. You might call it entertainment with an ulterior motive." However, at no time, does "Dragnet" attempt to preach, it simply presents the facts.

Webb is currently living with his mother in Hollywood. He has two daughters by his former marriage, Stacy, age 4, and Lisa who is 2.

An avid music lover, Jack has a very large and fine collection of records and is particularly interested in good jazz music. One of his principal hobbies is running movies on a sixteen millimeter camera. He enjoys watching them not only for the entertainment value but for the techniques used. His tool chest is another prized possession and Jack gets great pleasure out of puttering around the house making any repairs that might be needed.

(more)

VITAL STATISTICS DIRECTOR-STAR OF "DRAGNET" JACK WEBB

oOo

REAL NAME: Jack Webb

BIRTH PLACE Santa Monica, Calif.

BIRTH DATE: April 2, 1920

EDUCATION: Los Angeles public schools, Belmont High School in L.A.

FIRST PROFESSIONAL JOB: Staff Announcer, KGO, San Francisco.

CAREER HISTORY: Starred in "Pat Novak for Hire," radio show from San Francisco, 1945. Starred in radio show "Johnny Modero, Pier 23, in 1947. Started "Dragnet," NBC radio, June 1949. Starred "Pete Kelley's Blues," NBC radio series, in summer 1950. Started "Dragnet" on NBC-TV in January, 1952. Featured roles in following films: " "The Men," "Halls of Montezuma," "He Walked by Night," "Sunset Boulevard."

MARITAL STATUS: Divorced

CHILDREN: Daughter, Stacy, born in 1950; daughter, Lisa, born in 1952.

RESIDENCE: Hollywood Calif,

HOBBIES: Painting, collecting jazz records, model car building of early American cars.

WEIGHT: 165 lbs.

HEIGHT: Six feet

COLOR EYES: Brown

COLOR HAIR: Black

NBC

August 17, 1954

From: Milton Weiss
ROGERS & COWAN
PUBLIC RELATIONS

226 NORTH CANON DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA
CRESTVIEW 5-4581

AUG 18 1954

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE, Please

Jack Webb yesterday received a copy of the Congressional Record containing a speech made by Congressman Samuel Yorty before the House of Representatives, citing the actor for having safeguarded human life and contributed to better law enforcement through his training films.

"Much of the fine public service performed by leaders in the theatrical profession is lost sight of, because it does not make sensational headlines," Representative Yorty's remarks began. "As an example, few people know about the educational films made and distributed free as a public service by Jack Webb."

The Southern California legislator then told his fellow Congressmmen that Webb's films are used constantly as part of the training curriculum for the highly classified Federal intelligence agency, the CIA; the Los Angeles, New York, Boston, Denver, Toledo, Lansing, Wichita and New Orleans police departments, and by such state agencies as the New York and New Jersey State Police. These films, he pointed out, are also used in the United States Army's Military Police training program and by the District of Columbia.

"Jack Webb's character of Sergeant Friday in his TV and radio series, 'Dragnet,' is an unvarnished picture of an ordinary cop," Yorty continued. "It does not glorify police work, but it has taught millions of people a better understanding of law

(MORE)

enforcement and respect for law enforcement's honest agents. I do not know of any better means to combat communism than by promoting a respect for government."

Yorty then told of the thousands of lives these training films have probably saved through their constant and free use by the National Safety Council and its chapters all over the country for screenings before youth groups and Parent-Teacher Associations.

"Thousands of school principals have made it mandatory that students view at least once the Jack Webb documentary, made for juveniles and entitled, 'Big Lay-Off,'" he said. "This is a story of the growing use of narcotics among minors and how the drugs have recked the lives of teen-agers, as well as adults.

"Mr. Webb has done more than repay his public for its loyalties and support of him," Yorty's accolade concluded. "He has done more than help abate crime and disaster and expose dishonesty. He deserves a great deal of credit for his splendid contribution to good citizenship."

* * *

By Louella O. Parsons
Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

OCT 17 1954

STARS have come and gone in my household for these many years without arousing more than passing interest.

But the day Jack Webb paid me a visit, Collins hovered over Sergeant Friday, coming back again and again to ask our guest if he would have some refreshments.

Robert, the son of my Mary Lou, wept when he heard Sergeant Friday had been at the house and he hadn't seen him. Robert waited in line for hours to see the motion picture of "Dragnet" and then begged to go back again.

What is the hold this man has on the public, both adult and child? I suppose it's the fact that he's been in homes via television every week and sometimes more often.

Jack, himself, is amazed at the interest, and yet he fears that "Dragnet" cannot be dragged out too long without losing its hold on the American public.

Watching Jack at a recent premiere, and hearing the yells that went up from the sidewalk fans and the excitement he caused, I again realized the popularity of this man who only a few years ago was a stranger to Hollywood.

So much has been written about his life, I wondered what more I could add. But Jack makes it so easy to interview him.

His first remark was: "My mother has been reading your column for years. I was brought up on it, and every time I see her she asks, 'Have you seen Louella?' "

I wouldn't be a woman not to be flattered by this casual remark, and I was flattered.

I knew that Jack came into TV via radio, but I asked the inane question: "What was your first show?"

He was saved from answering it when Ben Lyon, who was my houseguest, walked into the room and saved him the trouble.

"Why, hello Ben," said Jack. "You were the first to believe I might be good in motion pictures."

Then Jack explained, "I had been playing in San Francisco in a serial called 'Pat Novak For Hire.' I took a tape recording of the show to 20th Century-Fox, and Ben was very enthusiastic. He locked the door and played it for a group of producers and directors, but something went wrong. My agent wouldn't let me leave the recording because another company was interested, and he couldn't sell me to any film company.

"I always had movie aspirations," Jack continued. "I remember the first picture Jimmy Stewart made, and long before that Clara Bow. When I was a youngster my mother took me to see Charlot's Revue and Topsy and Eva, and I acted out all the parts when we came home."

As a child, Sergeant Friday was very delicate. He suffered from asthma, and he spoke about a Dr. Kent who cured him.

A few years ago Jack Webb was a

"Doc wasn't really an M.D.," said Jack. "He was a pharmacist. But he knew the right things to do for a bronchial and asthmatic condition, and he certainly helped me. He is one of the outstanding memories of my childhood."

When he finished talking about Dr. Kent, I asked him if he were going to marry Dorothy Towne.

"I can't afford to get married," he said. "I haven't one penny to my name. That's the reason I work so hard. I gave it all to my ex-wife, Julie, and the kids. But I wouldn't put up a fight. I despise any man who isn't willing to support his children, and I certainly wouldn't do it to my kids."

Jack said that he was studying very hard to get authentic material for "Pete Kelly Blues," which is laid in the '20s.

"I want to have it absolutely correct," he said, "and I want it better than 'Dragnet.' Then I want to make some more motion pictures, because I suppose people will grow tired of my TV show."

Well, from the "Dragnet" rating, it doesn't look as though the public will ever tire of Sergeant Friday and his adventures.

JACK
WEBB

DORIS
DAY

Times are changing. Tuesday Jack Webb goes to UCLA to conduct a jazz seminar on the subject of styles and jazz. He's taking seven men from his "Pete Kelly's Blues" band to illustrate the evolution and the meaning of jazz and he'll also have the professors of music by his side.

MAR 21 1955

Five hundred students have asked for seats, and there'll be 500 more clamoring to get in. Jack has such a great personality that he'll win a lot of new fans, if there are any left who aren't his admirers already.

* * *

When Doris Day and Marty Melcher arrive in New York on

1/22/56

ZIFFREN RAPS DRAGNET PLAY

Protest of last Thursday's TV "Dragnet" program as a "vehicle for editorial position on a matter which has become one of public issue and discussion" was filed yesterday by Paul Ziffren, California's national Democratic committeeman.

The program dealt with the search and seizure law which has been opposed by some law enforcement officials.

The State Supreme Court ruled that evidence obtained through illegal search and seizure is not admissible in court.

Los Angeles Police Chief William H. Parker said yesterday the program was made at his request "to bring to the public the truth on a matter which vitally affects all of the people."

TELEGRAMS———

Ziffren's protest was made in telegrams to actor Jack Webb who stars in the program and the National Broadcasting Company, among others. He further stated:

"Although search and seizure law is now settled in California by Supreme Court Decision in Cahan case your program made direct appeal to influence public opinion against such decision in guise of entertainment.

"Please advise what plans you have for making full and fair presentation of other views on this issue to same audience, according to your responsibility under Federal Communication Law and Regulations. This will serve to offer my cooperation in such presentation."

6/23/56

Facts, Ma'm: Police Get 'Dragnet' $80,000

Police officials acknowledged yesterday that police organizations will realize $80,000 from the various "Dragnet" television productions, and individual officers have received many thousands more as "technical advisers."

The breakdown was released in the face of rumors that the current Attorney General's investigation of law enforcement in Los Angeles might look into financial arrangements between the Police Department and Jack Webb's Mark VII Productions.

These payments were admitted:

1. The privately operated Police Relief Association and the Police Revolver and Athletic Club shortly will have reached a total of $80,000 from Jack Webb and his associates in "donations."

ADVISERS——

2. Two police offices are assigned to each telefilm production as technical advisers, on their days off or vacations, and are paid $150 each for approximately three days work.

3. An officer in the Police Public Relations section receives $25 per script for checking their authenticity.

4. Capt. James Hamilton, head of the Police Intelligence Unit, who was technical adviser on the motion picture "Dragnet," was quoted as saying he received "no big sum" for his services, in the face of rumors that his fee ran well into four figures.

5. Three officers credited with the original idea for the radio show participated in its profits in a small way until it went off the air. They are Capt. Jack Donahoe, Sgt. Marty Wynn and Sgt. Vance Brashear.

6. For a time, officers who suggested story ideas from cases of their knowledge were paid $100 for each accepted.

The big sums to the two police organizations are composed of $30,000 donated by Mark VII Productions from 198 television films, soon to be completed; $25,000 donated from the movie, and $25,000 more to be donated soon since the picture appears to be headed for a $6,000,000 gross.

These funds are earmarked for construction of additional classrooms at the Elysian Park Police Academy.

It was noted there was "no contract or contractual arrangement" between the producers and the Police Department, as such.

(Webb Tells of Donations, Page 3.)

6/23/56

Jack Webb Explains Police 'Dragnet' Funds

"Dragnet" Producer Jack Webb last night issued the following statement regarding contributions by his company, Mark VII Ltd., to the police widows and orphans fund:

"All of us at Mark VII Ltd. have been very proud and very pleased to have donated the monies we have to the widows and orphans fund of the Los Angeles Police Department.

JUN 23 1956

"Any remuneration whatsoever that we have given to the Los Angeles Police Department has been a matter of city record dating back to the administration of Chief of Police Horrall.

"Any other remunerations to officers who have worked in the capacity of technical advisors has also been a matter of city record.

"This in the motion picture business is completely normal and typical of any motion picture or television enterprise that requires the technical assistance of working personnel from any branch of city government.

"Let me repeat, any assistance that we as the producers of 'Dragnet' have been able to offer to the Los Angeles Police Department has been given with great humility and great pride.

"All our records are duplicates of those of the city, and every police officer has signed a waiver, or whatever the form may be, and this has been processed by Chiefs Parker, Worton or Horrall."

(Dragnet story on Page 1.)

Jack Webb Honored by Police Board

Jack Webb, the crime-solving detective of Dragnet fame, was presented with a citation yesterday by the Los Angeles Board of Police Commissioners.

JUN 28 1956

The citation reads: "This is in appreciation to Jack Webb in recognition of the honor and prestige which have been accorded the Los Angeles Police Department through his Dragnet series of radio and television programs over the past seven years.

"Dragnet has engendered increased respect for law enforcement and greatly enhanced public esteem for the police profession."

The award was given to Webb by Emmett C. McGaughey, president of the commission, at a ceremony at the Los Angeles Police Academy.

Webb creates, produces and directs the Dragnet series.

Times

KTTV BULLETIN LOS ANGELES TIMES TELEVISION • CHANNEL 11

BIOGRAPHY

MAR 2 - 1957

JACK WEBB

(Creator, Producer and Star of "BADGE 714" Film Series
seen Saturday Evenings at 7:30 PM on KTTV)

One of the most successful young men in the television industry is Jack Webb -- the gifted creator, director and star of the film series "BADGE 714," seen on KTTV's The Big Saturday programming line-up starting October 24.

As early as June, 1949, when Webb first introduced the "Dragnet" series on radio, he created a sensation among radio audiences with his presentation of authentic, factually-documented radio programs, taken from the files of the Los Angeles Police Department.

With "Dragnet's" initial appearance on television in January, 1952, both the program and Webb continuted to win wide acclaim from the nation's critics and viewers. The show has been commended not only for its sheer entertainment value, but also for its realistic approach in depicting the work of police officers in combating crime -- attributes which can be accredited to Webb's insistence on complete authenticity.

"Dragnet," had garnered more awards than any other program of its type in the history of broadcasting and telecasting, and has been cited and commended, time and time again, by civic leaders, safety officials and the general public.

(CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE)

The dynamic personality responsible for all this is handsome, Jack Webb, ex-Air Force pilot who hails from Santa Monica, Calif., where he was born April 2, 1920. He got his start in radio in San Francisco, following World War II when he originated the title role in "Pat Novak for Hire."

When Webb moved back to Hollywood in 1949, he introduced "Dragnet" on network radio and it scored an immediate hit with radio listeners throughout the country. During these years, Jack also had a crack at pictures, some of which included: "The Men," "Halls of Montezuma," "Sunset Boulevard," and "He Walked by Night." "Pete Kelly's Blues," formerly aired on radio, was another Webb production and he still hopes to adapt the series for television.

The talented actor-director sheepishly owns up to having been student body president of Belmont High School in Los Angeles. He won, but did not use, a scholarship to the University of Southern California. He went to work instead.

Watching "Dragnet's" triple-threat man at work in the Walt Disney studios in Burbank is an experience in itself. For his unusual imagination, ever-alert mind and minute attention to detail can only belong to a perfectionist.

Webb, a man of great modesty, is quick to explain that he is simply trying to present a true dramatization of the police force in action as honestly and factually as possible, and in so doing he holds as closely as possible to the actual case file on each program, stressing naturalism, realism, and -- above all -- authenticity.

"Dragnet's" Joe Friday is very conscious of the debt he owes to the public for overwhelming acceptance of the program and feels that perhaps its success indicates a new trend in viewing preferences. "Today," he says, "people are looking for more realism in television. They want to be entertained, but they also want to learn,

(CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE)

to benefit and to become better citizens as a result of it. You might call it entertainment with an ulterior motive. However, at no time, does 'Dragnet' attempt to preach, it simply presents the facts."

Webb has a large collection of records. His principal hobby is 16 mm movies. He says he enjoys watching them not only for the entertainment value, but for the techniques used.

He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has brown eyes and black hair.

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Down loaded from Web
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How to Live on TV

(from Newsweek, May 27, 1957)

Frantic scrabbling for new material and hectic shifting of format have been the rule for American TV for many, drawn-out months. Despite the desperate attempts of networks and individual show packagers, the season of 1956-57 would go into the records "as the most cancellation-happy year in the medium's history," according to Variety. Boxscore to date: 55 shows canceled or approximately 45 per cent of all network programming - including such seemingly indestructible veterans as Jackie Gleason and Sid Caesar.

Standing firm in the midst of all alarms and excursions was the 30-minute cops-and-robbers series, "Dragnet." In five seasons on television it had done little to change its appearance, boasted two happy sponsors, approximately 35 million remarkably faithful fans, and a supercharged producer, director, and leading man, Jack Webb, who was quite confident of a boundless future.

The Secret:

What was the secret of "Dragnet's" durability? "I work hard but not as hard as they used to say," said Webb. "When we began on TV I put in a sixteen- to eighteen-hour day and spent as much as five days on a single half-hour show. Now we put out a show in two days and I've cut my day down to 12 hours. Everyone works a 12-hour day in TV."

Besides energy, Webb uses his shrewd ear. "The public dictates and you listen to them. You give them, not approximately, but *exactly* what they want."

Over the years, the public's dictates to "Dragnet" have varied little. "The audience wanted less underplaying, so the acting has gotten more exuberant," Webb said. "They wanted the music toned down, so we lowered the sound level. They wanted humor; we added it. Sergeant Friday's romance lasted only about eight or ten weeks, and there are no plans to renew it." In Webb's view, monotony is a definite advantage: "For a regular half-hour show, stylization and a consistent format are desperately needed. Once you get them they should be treasured. In 30 minutes you can't tell a real story. You're lucky if you can stumble through a vignette."

To the Suburbs:

A year ago, Webb panicked briefly at the thought that he might be running out of suitable vignettes after having culled the files of the Los Angeles Police Department for more than 300 radio and TV scripts. He asked for official help and was told to branch out into the outlying divisions of Los Angeles' sprawling suburbs and enlist the help of retired as well as active police officers. After a half-dozen hearty dinners with ex-cops and a little digging in police division offices from Venice to the San Fernando Valley, he had enough ideas for two more years' worth of shows.

"I used to think every year was the end," Webb admitted. "Now I'm convinced we can go on indefinitely, it that's what the public wants."

Back to the Dragnet Page

NOW THEY'RE CAUGHT IN WEBB OF LOVE
Jack Webb and Jackie Loughrey shown in film scene.

Jack Webb to Wed Jackie Loughery

JUN - 6 1958

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS

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Within a matter of just a few days, Jack (Dragnet) Webb and pretty Jackie Loughery will be married—and if this isn't another big surprise in a whole season of romantic surprises in Hollywood, I'll turn in my private crystal ball!

When Jack called me a few days ago saying he wished to see me on a personal matter, I was sure it was about his new TV and film plans. Instead, at the appointed hour he arrived at my house, hand in hand with Jackie — and with just one look at the happy pair, I knew what this "personal" news was about. Like all Hollywood, I knew Jackie and Jack had been dating, but I hadn't suspected it was this serious.

MET ON SET—

They had "bride" and "bridegroom" written all over their beaming faces—and of course, I wanted to learn all about their romance. They met when Jackie went to the studio to be tested for Webb's "Pete Kelly's Blues."

"It was on Valentine's Day over a year ago," said Jackie, looking so attractive in a blue summer dress. "And, you might say I got the role — and the man. But I am giving up my career and will make my life as Mrs. Webb a full time job."

Jack had steadfastly said after two divorces, first from Julie London, the second from Dorothy Towne, both getting whopping alimony — that he would never marry again! He meant it — before he met Miss Loughery.

But Webb was quite serious as he told me, "But I'm not going to work as hard as I have in the past. I

Turn to Page 11, Cols. 3-6

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JUN - 6 1958

Jack Webb, Bride-to-Be Met on Valentine's Day

From Page One

don't mean by this that I'm not going to give my Warner Brothers contract my best effort. But I'm not going to work nights as I did formerly. I'm not going to act in every picture I make, films or TV, as I did in the past. I'm going to work hard—but I'll take some enjoyment from life, too.

"Jackie and I have similar tastes. We are not going to have a big house but will live comfortably in a small home. It will be near the studio, too, so I'm not tied up in traffic for hours and hours."

Jackie Loughery is as eager as Webb to protect her new-found happiness. She, too, has been divorced. Formerly wed to singer Guy Mitchell, it was a short and unhappy marriage for her. There were no children.

Webb has two daughters by his marriage to Julie London, Stacy, age 8, and Liza, who is 5. "We will always have room for my two daughters," said Jack, who has custody of the girls each year during July and August.

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Turn to Page 11, Cols. 3-6

15 SIDEWALK CAFES

JUN 18 1958 LA Herald

Jack Webb, Bride, Will Live Temporarily on Studio Lot

By HARRISON CARROLL

Red-headed Jackie Loughery wasn't kidding when she said she didn't want the fancy kind of a house such as Jack Webb gave his other brides.

After their marriage, I hear that she and Jack temporarily will set up housekeeping in his apartment on the Republic lot. It's on the top floor of the building which houses Jack's Mark VII Productions.

For Jackie's convenience, a fancy dressing room will be added.

The New York honeymoon is out. Jack probably won't go east now until he shoots the pilot of another TV "D. A.'s Man."

* * *

Los Angeles Herald & Express A-3
Wednesday, June 25, 1958 ★

Miss U. S. Bride

'Dragnet' Star Weds

Jackie Loughery, former Miss U. S. A., is Mrs. Jack Webb today.

The beauty queen and the television cop of "Dragnet" fame were married last night in a quiet double-ring cere- performed by Municipal Judge Byron J. Walters at the Van Nuys home of Webb's best man, television casting director, Herman Saunders.

The couple gave a reception for some 50 friends at a Sunset Strip restaurant before leaving on a one-day honeymoon. They plan to take an extended honeymoon to New York after Webb completes work on a TV series now in the making.

Present at the ceremony were Mrs. Sylvia Postey, a former schoolmate of Miss Loughery's, who was maid of honor, and writer Jim Bishop.

Among those present at the post-wedding reception were Webb's television partner, Ben Alexander, and Capt. James Hamilton, head of the Los Angeles Police Department's Intelligence Squad.

The Webbs plan to reside in his apartment on the Republic Studios lot where his television and motion picture films are shot.

It was the third marriage for Webb, who is 32. He was formerly married to singer Julie London and actress Dorothy Towne. Miss Loughery, 28, was once married to singer Guy Mitchell.

JOE FRIDAY IN PRINT

Exciting Tales in 'The Badge'

NOV 16 1958

If you're a crime buff (and most of us are) you'll find Jack Webb's "The Badge" (Prentice-Hall, Inc., $4.95) exciting reading. Television's Lt. Joe Friday has put between covers an introduction to the Los Angeles Police Department and the men who make it work.

Webb takes the reader behind the scenes of a police investigation to show that painstaking routine work rather than the Sherlock Holmes type of deduction solves crimes.

An example is the Donald Bashore case. Bashore was the boudoir burglar who killed two of his victims and was subsequently put to death in the gas chamber at San Quentin. A palm print found by police fingerprint experts tripped up Bashore.

You will also meet Stephen Nash, the grinning monster who stabbed a little boy to death under an ocean pier and who later bragged of four other murders.

Webb also tells the story of the "Black Dahlia" murder, which was one that the LAPD never cracked.

In his account of this fantastic case, Webb let one slip by him and we would like to correct the record.

Webb writes that the victim, Elizabeth Short, was identified after Sgt. Phineas Brown conceived the idea of sending her fingerprints to the FBI in Washington over a newspaper device for transmitting photographs by wire.

That idea originated with Warden Woolard, editor of The Examiner, and resulted in prompt identification of the "Black Dahlia."

THE BOOK REPORT

BY ROBERT R. KIRSCH

OCT 31 1958

One of the by-products of the radio and television show "Dragnet" is that the Los Angeles Police Department has become one of the most widely publicized law - enforcement ~~agencies in~~ the country. Jack Webb, the originator ~~and star of~~ the program, is a stickler for realism and in the course of his research has learned about as much on police operations as any civilian can.

Now he has written THE BADGE (Prentice-Hall: $4.95), which tells the inside story of LAPD, enhanced by a number of detailed cases which, for one reason or another, could not be used as the basis for television presentation.

It is an exciting book and an honest book. One might expect from Webb, who owes so much to the Los Angeles Police Department for its co-operation and assistance in his series, a series of flackish accolades. But this is not the case. He is sympathetic to police problems but he does not lose sight of the areas of controversy.

This is especially evident in his chapter on Chief of Police William Parker, who has never sat back and let things take their course. "Whether his views are asked or not," Webb writes, "he expresses them bluntly on any controversial subject involving law enforcement which may range from proposed legalized gambling to the increasing legal restraints on police activity."

★

But there is no question that under Parker's leadership the Police Department has made enormous strides and is in many ways one of the best in the United States. Webb shows the nature of the department not by abstract statistics or tables of organization but through the day-to-day personal experiences of the men and women in its ranks.

The realities of a policeman's lot are far from romantic, no cops-and-robbers game. Webb says today's policeman is under-paid and overworked; he is in constant peril. His function ranges from referee to psychologist, from soldier to scientist. In a day's work he may be called upon to deliver a baby, rescue a drunk, persuade a would-be suicide that life is worth living, remove an obstruction on a railroad track or go up against a well-armed and desperate escaped convict.

There are victories and defeats: the LAPD managed to catch Donald Keith Bashor who killed two women and terrorized a whole section of the city; the department never managed to catch the killer of the Black Dahlia even though after 10 years it has not yet closed the book on that murder.

* * *

Webb takes us through the training period and the typical work of the force, introducing us to the individuals who make it up, occasionally taking a case which illustrates police work and its good and bad breaks.

You will also meet the enemies of society in this continuing war between law and crime: Steven Nash, the self-styled king of killers; Homer Cecil Mills, mining stock swindler; Brenda Allen, the call girl madam, and a rogue's gallery of others from marijuana pushers to big-time gamblers.

Tom Tully's TREASURY AGENT (Simon & Schuster: $4.95) is yet another "inside story" on the law enforcement agencies operating under the Treasury Department: the Internal Revenue Service, the Bureau of Narcotics, the Bureau of Customs and the Secret Service.

Tully was given access to the closed files of the Treasury Department and he has come up with some excellent true-crime pieces and a fairly good insight into the operations of the agencies which sent Al Capone and Frank Costello to jail, carry on a continuing war against smuggling and narcotics, counterfeiters and tax violators. This is just right for the true-crime fan.

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Dum-De-Dum-Dum Revisited

By Richard C. Neuweiler

In the course of years of shameless television viewing, I have indulged myself in a variety of fantasies about the medium, some of which probably indicate that my grip on reality isn't what it should be. (However, I still think it will be-some time before I show up in the Tournament of Roses Parade.) The unfortunate thing about these fantasies is that they are almost always based on some commercial or program series and when cancellation time comes (as it must to all that lives on television my carefully nurtured dreams are canceled along with them.

For example, there used to be a. public service commercial for Radio Free Europe that prompted one of my more enduring obsessions. For years I sat around hoping that sonic night-just once- the announcer would finish by saying: "...and remember: Your dollar can buy one minute of truth-and fifty-nine minutes of lies!"

Then there were the seasons with "Naked City." A lot of those evenings were spent wondering about the possibility of their announcer, closing out the program with: "There are over ten millions stories in this city - and some day we might even tell one of them."

Naturally, none of these things ever came to pass. But the point is that they might have - and that was enough. As the saying goes, hope is the mother of folly (or whatever.) Anyway, the subsequent removal from the airwaves of these items, and any other TV fare that helped keep my fantasy life relatively wholesome, has long been a source of growing personal concern. Until last fall, that is. Because that's when things started looking up.

Back in the famous "Golden Age of Television"- that was the one right after the Iron Age and just before. our current Stone Age - few programs rivaled the popularity of "Dragnet." A weekly half-hour drama about law and order in Los Angeles, "Dragnet" always opened with a weighty statement from the producers guaranteeing the story's authenticity. And it was this statement - repeated week after week --that eventually. triggered my first TV-inspired experience in wishful thinking. On that occasion, in fact, I actually thought for a moment that I had really heard the announcer say: "The story you are about to see is true. Only the facts have been changed to protect the innocent."

I was wrong, of course, but the possibilities were so fascinating that it didn't seem to matter. There would be another episode the next week, and maybe then.... And so it went. Only after the last program did I begin to see the apparent futility of the whole thing Not that it made any difference "After all," I told myself, what are a few nagging doubts next to a great vision! It could still happen. 'Dragnet' might be back on television some day."

To which another inner voice added: "Yes. And some day Chiang might return to the mainland."

Well, I don't know what Chiang Kai-shek's plans are at the moment, but if you happen to tune in NBC this Thursday night at 9:30 be reassured: That isn't a deja vu, that's the return of "Dragnet."

Yes, America, that hero of routine law enforcement ("My name's Friday. I'm a cop.") and champion of terse dialogue ("Just give us the facts, Ma'm") is back. And, in an increasingly uncertain world, it's nice to be able to report that some vectors still remain constant. Jack Webb, for instance. He's returning with "Dragnet" as both its star and producer, just as in the old days.

And once again, the series will be based on the files of the Los Angeles Police Department.

And realism. There's going to be lots of that again, too. At least that's what one network release said and they should know because if there's anything television networks are big on, it's realism. Not reality, just realism.

"Dragnet" in fact was one of the pioneers in the field of TV realism. Today any dramatic show that wants to create a "documentary" atmosphere will often employ. one or more of the techniques that were initially identified in the public mind with the "Dragnet" series.

Realism" on "Dragnet" was dum-de-dum-dum, a dramatic musical overture coupled with a style that meant underplay, understate and frequently underlight. Any character uttering a sentence containing more than one idea usually turned out to be a mental case.

There will, of course, be some differences between this latter-day "Dragnet" and its forerunner. For one thing, Friday's been busted. That's right, he's back to sergeant again. We only mention this in case you may have forgotten about his promotion to lieutenant just as the old series was drawing to a close. (A faulty memory would be your only possible excuse. In this trivia-oriented age, it's inconceivable that anyone just wouldn't care about a thing like that.)

Webb thinks that making Friday a lieutenant was a mistake, so he's demoted him back to sergeant. He's also had to provide him with a new sidekick. Ben Alexander, Friday's old alter ego, is pulling duty on another series - and Harry Morgan has been picked as his replacement.

And obviously there will also be other changes wrought more by time and circumstance than by design. For example as I recall, Friday used to he pretty impressive during pre-trial cross-examinations of suspects. Last year's Supreme Court ruling on that subject however, would seem to have just about eliminated *those* scenes.

But the important question is: What will happen if "Dragnet's" return proves a success? What then about all those other hit shows from that era? Could it mean that "Big Town," "Medic," and "Howdy Doody" will soon be with us again?

Ah, it beggars the imagination.

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Happiness Is a Return to the Good Old Days. At 48, Jack Webb Has Turned the Trick.

by Richard Warren Lewis

(from TV Guide, October 19, 1968. Sent in by television historian MICHAEL J. HAYDE, who is writing a book about Dragnet. Please e-mail him if you have ideas or contacts.)

His midriff has visibly broadened at age 48, despite a determined daily ritual of 20 push-ups and 20 sit-ups before breakfast. Tired eyes peer from the deep hollows of a jowly face, still incongruously thatched by a youthful haircut. A recently diagnosed astigmatism requires him to utilize prescription glasses for reading scripts and referring to the large-faced Odamar Piguet wrist watch by which his manifold activities are regulated.

"I used to be able to accomplish twice as much in a given day," admits Jack Webb, lighting a filter tip from his daily ration of three packs. "I no longer have much spiz left. Age slows me down."

He speaks in the resonant voice at once phlegmatic and decisive, known to two decades of television viewers who often endow the documentary-coated Dragnet series with greater probity than the legitimate police agencies it glorifies. An anachronism in the age of McLuhan, Webb's slick cops-and-robbers format has remained virtually intact since January 1952, when the initial episode wound up with the arms of a blacksmith slamming a Mark VII Ltd. die marker into a slab of softer metal.

Besides starring as dead-pan Sgt. Joe Friday. Webb produced, directed, cast, rewrote and edited most of the teleplays seen during Dragnet's original 278- program life span in the Fifties. The three Emmys awarded the show were a tribute to his versatility as well as his reputation as an innovator. He was the first to bring to the small screen the revealing camera close-up techniques pioneered by D.W. Griffith in motion pictures.

Webb was immortalized on the cover of Time magazine and well on his way to becoming a millionaire by the time he was 33. But only six years later, he found himself facing eclipse. A desperate attempt to revitalize faltering ratings by promoting Friday to a lieutenancy failed miserably. Dragnet finally expired in 1959. Badge 714, the mythical shield worn by Friday, was respectfully buried in the cornerstone of a new Police Academy classroom building under construction in Los Angeles.

Three subsequent series produced by Webb - *Noah's Ark; Pete Kelly's Blues; and G.E. True* - did not do well. A $50,000 pilot film he created and produced wound up on the cutting-room floor. He developed a distracting peptic disorder, whose only remedy - then and now - is wholesale quantities of Alka- Seltzer kept within easy reach.

Today, 20 years after its 1949 radio debut, the posthumous edition of Dragnet exemplifies a trend reflected in various other elements of contemporary society. "Gone with the Wind" is back in the theaters. Joe DiMaggio has returned to the ball park. And the resilient Dragnet has settled into what apparently will be another lengthy tenure. Love is lovelier the second time around.

The surprising renaissance of 'Dragnet, 1969' - as it is now labeled - illustrates the prescience of several nostalgic executives at Universal Pictures who three years ago recommissioned Dragnet as a quick-dividend, two-hour movie for television. Impressed with the results, Universal temporarily shelved the film in favor of potentially greater profits.

The new skein of half-hour Dragnets hastily added to the NBC schedule as a midseason replacement in January 1967 offered few surprises. Story lines were streamlined to confront such contemporary issues as LSD, marijuana, and racial turbulence, but the staccato dialogue still sounded as though it belonged on the Morton Salt boxes from which Webb learned to read as a child.

Friday was demoted to the rank of sergeant and allied with a new partner, veteran straight man Harry Morgan. "Just give us the facts, ma'am" - the "Would you believe...?" of another generation - was restored to its previous status as a regular catch phrase. To accommodate a switch to color, the show's pretentious finale was reshot. The arms of the blacksmith now were those of the protean Webb.

Forty episodes later, just before production for the fall season was ready to resume last June, he settled into a swivel chair in his three-room suite at the Universal City Studios in North Hollywood. His usual hangdog visage had lately assumed an uncanny resemblance to the physiognomy of one of his pets, a harlequin Great Dane guilelessly named Friday.

A framed color photograph of the 190-pound animal occupied a preferred position adjacent to its master's L-shaped desk, only several yards distant from a miniature American flag. Wearing a monogrammed sport shirt and alpaca sweater, Webb leaned back and fondled the catechism of his calling -- a blue-and-white ratings brochure delivered semimonthly.

"We're 14th in the latest Nielsen book," he exulted last spring, grinding out his cigarette in an ashtray presented to him by the U.S. Marine Corps for past accomplishments. "A couple of weeks ago we were the eighth show in the country. Ratings are like checking accounts. We're happy to have them high and we don't believe them when they're low."

For Webb, happiness meant a return to the good old days. With obvious relish, he maneuvered around the lot in an electric golf cart emblazoned with an "SGT 714" license plate, fielded phone calls on office extension 714, and offered visitors miniature replicas of Badge 714 -- along with helpings of homily and hyperbole befitting his stature.

"The timing was right in putting Dragnet back on the air," he explained. "It's almost as if people were looking for this type of program. Judging by our ratings and our mail there must be an enormous segment of the public which believes it's time that policemen no longer be misunderstood and maligned."

Tangible proof was the stacks of correspondence piled near a wall decorated with Treasury Department steel engravings of the 35 American Presidents. Fittingly, the mail contained a request for a kinescope from Dwight D. Eisenhower's military aide. The former President was eager to view a past program dealing with a group of juveniles who decided to establish their own country on an island off the Pacific Coast.

Many of the letters praised Webb for an impassioned, three-minute monologue concerning the problems facing a rookie patrolman made by Friday on one of last year's shows. Later entitled "What Is a Cop?" the recitation was introduced into the Congressional Record by one senator and four representatives.

Mail reaction of a different nature protested the use of so-called "profanity" in the early segments of the new series. To add more realism, Webb had lapsed into such on-camera expletives as: "That's a hell of a note!" and "It's a damn good thing you didn't!"

Those remarks seemed excessively graphic to more than a thousand writers of cards and letters who threatened to boycott the show if such language persisted. Four-letter words more controversial than "love" or "flag" were excised following the fifth show.

Virtually every piece of fan mail received in the offices of Mark VII Ltd., Webb's production company, is Xeroxed and tabulated by scientific methods. The duplication does not end there. Beginning in September, NBC unveiled Adam-12 - an ostensibly new police show produced by Webb - which easily could have been dubbed Son of Dragnet.

"Television should be a medium of infinite variety," Webb once stated during the depressing days after the original Dragnet was canceled. "Instead, it is a medium of carbon-copying. It's much worse than it ever was in motion pictures."

No longer the innovator, he now stands guilty of the very repetition he previously castigated. Adam-12 directs itself to the duties of two uniformed patrolmen, while Dragnet focuses on the activities of two plain-clothes detectives. That is the only discernible difference between the two.

Freckle-faced Marty Milner, formerly known for his peripatetic adventures on Route 66, plays a sardonic, eight-year veteran of the force. He shares a black-and-white squad car designated "A-12" with Kent McCord, a callow rookie patrolman blessed with a Dentyne smile and a cleft chin. Their dialogue is replete with the "Yes, ma'am"s treasured by followers of Dragnet, plus the identical underplayed repartee and revelations of off-duty lives that long have been a staple element of its progenitor.

If the public chooses not to bite the same old apples served up by Adam-12, viewers can expect to see television cross-pollination in its most calculated form. Plans are already being formulated for Milner and McCord to uncover a crime, turn it over to Webb and Morgan at the conclusion of an Adam-12 segment and force the audience to await the cliff-hanger solution, and thereby enhance the ratings on a subsequent Dragnet show.

In typical whirlwind fashion, Webb directed the Adam-12 pilot and also wrote it, using the pseudonym of John Randolph -- his actual first and middle names. He claims that modesty prevented him from having "Jack Webb" flash across the screen one more time. To complete an orderly transition from the old guard to the new, Harry Morgan was dragooned to direct several of the succeeding episodes.

Since the sale of the pilot, Webb has edged into the background, content to merely make suggestions for future story developments. Instinctively, he focuses most of his attention on Dragnet -- scribbling black felt-pen notations on scripts needing revision and conceiving unusual story angles.

As Webb finds it easier to delegate authority, he spends substantial hours pursuing altruistic endeavors closely related to his Dragnet image. Largely because of personal radio and television endorsements, California voters recently affirmed an otherwise obscure $25,000,000 bond issue which will provide funds for building new police stations and refurbishing existing facilities.

His unmistakable voice can be heard as often as used-car pitchmen, narrating television recruiting propaganda in behalf of the Los Angeles Police Department. During all of 1967, the L.A.P.D. was able to hire only 11 new patrolmen. In the first six months of 1968, since the blitzing of Webb's public service messages, more than 350 rookies have joined the force.

"The voice of Jack Webb and the contributions of Dragnet have been one of the greatest assets to the reputation of the Los Angeles Police Department," said Chief Thomas Reddin at ceremonies held on the Dragnet sound stage last July. On that occasion, Reddin formally presented Webb with his original badge 714, exhumed from the cornerstone of the Police Academy classroom building.

Privately, Webb offers a practical explanation for his extracurricular endeavors. "If you can keep that publicity going and your name in the front part of the paper," he says, "it sure helps you at the box office."

Never known for his reticence, Webb is likely to articulate his most provocative opinions at the end of a workday. He characteristically turns down the dimmer switch in his office, closes the louvered shutters, unlocks a liquor cabinet and pours himself a glass of 80-proof rye and water. At the drop of an ice cube, he pontificates to those assembled on a multitude of subjects. Some items:

Patriotism: "Flag has become the dirtiest four-letter word in our language. Our world image has shrunk to virtually Lilliputian size because we don't seem to voice pride in flag and country. We seem to have lost all the Cohanisms. We feel our flag is corny, and that's why we're in trouble."

Violence on television: "When you look at the aggregate of one night's television fare, it's pretty strong, particularly as far as the young viewer is concerned. But let's not put all the blame on the television industry. We would have a little more normalcy in our programming if many of the more violent old movies were eliminated."

Gun-control legislation: "All weapons should be banned from sale on an interstate basis. All new gun purchases should be registered. Whatever must be done to stem the flow of weapons, we damn well ought to try it. This nation is bleeding openly and profusely from a valve it never knew it had. If nothing else, regulation will be a significant psychological aid."

Contemporary society: "There's a hell of a parallel between this generation and the decay of Roman civilization, the absolute crumbling of Pompeii just before they went under. The very foundations of our culture come from the very people that went under. What makes us think that we are better equipped than they were?"

That rhetorical question remains unanswered as Webb leaves his office, wistfully glancing at silver-framed photographs of the two teen-age daughters borne him by sultry singer Julie London, one of his three ex-wives. Webb has been divorced for four years, the longest matrimonial respite since his 20's.

"What hurts most is that moment when you're shaving by yourself, looking just at you," he sighs, reflecting on the three incompatible marriages that cost him nearly a million dollars in alimony and financial settlements. "But it's always nice to place them back in circulation a little better than you found them."

Barbecued spareribs cooked by a white-jacketed Filipino manservant who once worked for the late aviatrix Amelia Earhart await Webb's arrival at his Early American ranch-style home. He eases into a 1968 Cadillac convertible equipped with a magnetic St. Christopher's medal blessed by the Pope.

"I'm nearing 50, I'm unmarried and my eyesight is failing," he laments, gunning the engine. "Yet I'm not even being referred to as one of television's elder statesmen. I fully expect that to happen within two years."

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How to Write TV for Fun, Profit, and a Nervous Breakdown
By Burt Prelutsky

(From TV Guide, September 20, 1969. Sent in by television historian MICHAEL J. HAYDE, who is writing a book about Dragnet. Please e-mail him if you have ideas or contacts.)

When people ask me how to break into TV writing, I advise them to stay home and wait for Jack Webb to call. I can't claim that's the only way to do it, but it happens to be the way I did it.

I got the call one day last summer. Webb, it seems, had been reading - and enjoying - a weekly column I write for a Los Angeles newspaper supplement. He had a hunch I could write scripts for Dragnet. Frankly, I had a hunch that he had rocks in his head. For one thing, I had never written a script. For another thing, my approach to subject matter is tongue-in-cheek; hardly in the straightforward tradition of Dragnet.

Nevertheless, a couple of days later I drove out to Universal City Studios, where Webb's Mark VII production company is located. Webb was busy but his associate, Bob Cinader, filled me in. What they had in mind was a segment in which Sgt. Joe Friday and Officer Bill Gannon would appear as panelists on a TV talk show. It was a format that would allow them ample opportunity to answer those complaints most often lodged against the Los Angeles Police Department (i.e.. bigotry, brutality, etc.).

After careful deliberation (four seconds by the clock), I agreed to give it a try. I was curious to find out if I could cut the mustard.

Once I started working on the script, I found that one of the hardest things to do was name my characters. I'd be sitting there, scribbling away, when I'd come to a new character - and invariably my mind went blank. Blanker, if you insist. I'd look around my room in desperation, seeking inspiration. Half a dozen times I had to fight off such panic-inspired solutions as Charlie Chair, Larry Linoleum and Betty Bookcase.

Aside from that, I found the writing of a TV script to be an easy and enjoyable experience. As very nearly the entire episode was devoted to the talk show itself, I didn't have to concern myself too much with cuts, dissolves, and the setting of scenes. And, as we were basically doing a show within a show, Dragnet and the talk show broke for commercials at the same time.

Webb was happy with my script, and a couple of weeks later I was notified they were shooting it. Full of beans I went out to oversee the production. I was in for a terrific letdown. It was this: there is no one quite so useless as a writer on a TV set. All you do is keep getting in the way of people who are *working*. I kept wanting to explain things like motivation and character development, but no one wanted to listen. I considered getting a broom to make myself useful and help tidy up, but I knew the sweepers union would have me blackballed.

The show opened the 1968 season for Dragnet, on Sept. 19. On Sept. 20 I was awakened by a phone call. It was a friend calling to let me know that until the night before, he had been unaware that I was a fascist. I turned over and went back to sleep.

By this time Webb had offered me a second assignment. It had to do with a group called Smarteens, which is composed of teenagers dedicated to stamping out harmful drugs.

It was at this juncture that I began to set a pattern of writing 16-minute scripts. A pattern that,

before it ran its depressing course, almost drove everyone at Mark VII Productions up the wall and me to an early grave.

The problem is that I can't compose at the typewriter. I write everything longhand in stenography notebooks. Well, as almost all of my magazine articles fall into the 750-1500 word category, and, as I know that I get 150 words to the page, it has always been an easy thing for me to determine the length of my articles. However, I had no idea whatsoever how to gauge the length of a script. Sheer dumb luck had seen me through the first assignment. I can't begin to describe the horror I felt when I got my Smarteens script back from the typist. Instead of the 40 pages, about the usual length, it was as I recall, 25.

I read it through. The way I figured, if Webb would only learn to pause in his delivery like Jack Benny, and if Harry Morgan would develop a stutter for this particular episode, we were OK.

I delivered the script. Jack picked it up in a hand that knows to the gram how much a script should weigh. "Where's the rest of it?" he asked by way of reassurance.

Somehow we succeeded in getting it up to length. but I vowed never to go through that ordeal again. And, by gum, I didn't. Until next time. And the time after that. And still again. It began to be a running gag. Someone suggested they pay me only half price because I was writing only half-scripts. I could understand their point of view, but I was in no mood to joke about money. Because I was beginning to think that my TV earnings would just about cover an extended holiday at a local sanitarium.

I really began to think my brain was dissolving into cornmeal mush when I had to rewrite one of my 16-minute epics about a computer fraud case. Jack had decided, after reading my first draft, that the script could be best improved (lengthened) by having a computer expert at one point explain the workings of the complicated machinery to Friday and Gannon. It seemed like a good idea to me, too.

So I made an appointment with the gentleman in charge of the computers lodged in the basement of the Universal tower. He was very kind, very patient and very thorough. Unfortunately, I couldn't make any sense out of the ton of stuff he was throwing my way. Understand, please, that can openers confuse me, as do the principles that govern such things as skate keys, zippers and Venetian blinds. So, this guy who knows exactly how and why computers work is trying to explain it to me. I in turn am expected to turn around and explain it to *you.* Picture Einstein explaining his Theory of Relativity to an Eskimo. Picture Einstein explaining it to me, cornmeal mush seeping out of my ears.

Somehow, by the grace of whichever saint it is who looks out for children and idiots, I went back to my script and managed to bluff my way through five minutes of computer jargon. For all I know, I may have wound up describing the intricacies of boiling a carburetor.

When I turned in that script I had already decided it would be my last. I hadn't counted on how powerful an incentive greed can be. Sure enough, I left Webb's office with yet another assignment. I should note here that even in the darkest hours, my admiration for Webb never waned. It wasn't simply his professionalism (acting, producing, directing and rewriting undernourished scripts) that impressed me, but the fact that he had taken a gamble (an expensive one, at that) on a fellow who had never written a script - and was willing to keep gambling, 16-minute script after 16-minute script - marks him as an extraordinary guy. Except where nepotism is concerned, you don't often find that sort of kindness and charity in the world of television. Or anywhere else.

In any case, with a heart-load of dread, I sent my sixth Dragnet script off to the typist. The next day I went by to pick it up. "This is the best one yet," she said, handing it to me. "Don't set me up with lot of sweet talk - how long is it?"

"It's 42 pages."

I nearly fainted.

When I took the script out to Universal, I almost danced a jig into Webb's office. He couldn't believe it. "It's too long - we'll have to cut a minute out of it."

Unless Mr. Anthony rings my doorbell one day to offer me a check for a million dollars, *"It's too long - we'll have to cut a minute out of it,"* may just be the sweetest dozen words I'll ever hear.

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CREATORS OF DRAGNET

The Webb, Moser Story

WED MAY 13 1970

BY LAWRENCE LAURENT

Exclusive to The Times from the Washington Post

WASHINGTON — Sing no sad songs to Jack Webb over the cancellation of Dragnet. Yes, he said on a recent trip, the show's ratings are high, "but there's been some slippage this season." 4-18-1

"Never cry or bellyache about being canceled," he said in that trademarked, rich monotone. "Go and find something else to do."

Webb has never had trouble finding something to do. He made the transition, easily, from actor to director to producer and back to actor. He's ready to change, again, back this time to producer of a World Premiere motion picture about the law enforcement activities of the Treasury Department — and it could become another TV series.

With Webb during his visit was his old and new partner, James Moser. They were together, along with the late Richard Breen, at the creation of Dragnet for radio in 1949.

They created a whole new radio form, a brand-new style for police drama. The language was terse and technical police talk that Webb had picked up riding around Los Angeles at night in police prowl cars. Breen usually is credited with adding the "tags," the short, often harsh, philosophical summations that ended each case.

Immediate Hit

Dragnet was an immediate hit and flowed smoothly to television in 1952 for a seven-year run. Webb voluntarily retired Dragnet from radio. By 1959, he had been through the first of three wives and had broken with Moser. Webb concentrated on feature films, but found time to turn out a succession of TV series.

Moser did all right, too. He took the Dragnet technique and applied it to a medical practitioner named Dr. Konrad Styner (Richard Boone). The result was Medic.

Medic got fine reviews but was placed opposite the ratings champion, I Love Lucy, and died after two seasons. "So," said Moser, "I elevated the doctor from general practice to neurosurgery. The result was Ben Casey."

Moser thinks another parallel suggests itself in his planned project with Webb. In 1964, Moser turned his interest in politics into a series about the minority leader of a state legislature. The series was called Slattery's People, starring Richard Crenna. It was a critical success and a ratings failure and was canceled after the second season.

Now, just as he turned a failing general practitioner into a successful neurosurgeon, Moser wants to shift his unsuccessful state legislator to a series about a United States senator.

Webb agrees with Moser, for once, because this is a most curious partnership.

"Yeah," cracked Webb, "they call us 'the odd couple.'" The designation fits. The two are complete opposites. They didn't speak for years following the angry bust-up of the first Dragnet team. Webb said their reunion was like the old story about the Hollywood producer who fired a man and screamed at the secretary: "I never want to see that (obscenity) in my office, ever again. Unless, of course, I happen to need him."

Snaps Off Answers

After the death of Richard Breen, Webb needed someone to give zest to Adam-12, which Webb owns. The more Webb searched, the more he decided that he needed James Moser. The Dragnet revival, which began in 1967, was on its way to a run of 96 episodes, and Webb was busy.

Webb is beefy, snaps off his answers and confines his dress to shades of gray and blue. The trousers have no back pockets.

Moser is lean, speaks seldom and slowly. He likes bright shades of brown, tailored in the mod look.

Webb has often been accused of being "the most ambitious man in Hollywood," and the designation doesn't trouble him.

"If," he said, "by that, they mean that I like to make money, they're right."

Webb spent his poverty-scarred childhood dreaming about being a radio announcer, and he made it as the first step toward becoming a millionaire. Moser's early ambition was to become a newspaperman, which he accomplished on newspapers in San Francisco and Sacramento.

"We don't interfere with each other," Webb said. "I take care of production, he takes care of the writing." Webb looked over at Moser and snarled: "Have I ever tried to tell you what you have to write?"

Moser took a long pull at his drink, stared thoughtfully at the ceiling and turned his gaze on Webb: "Not more than a dozen times a day," he said.

GO WEST, TV

Webb Takes Cops to Boot Hill

SAT SEP 6 1975

BY ROBERT L. ROSE
Chicago Daily News

Jack Webb, the man who gave you Adam-12, O'Hara, U.S. Treasury, Emergency!, and Dragnet twice agrees with nearly everybody that there are too many cop shows on the tube.

Not only that, but he has an answer: "Bring back the Western."

2-3-2

Does he just happen to have a Western of his own, in his hip pocket, ready to launch, by any chance?

"Well, hell yes. Why do you think I brought it up?" Webb grinned. "But I'm absolutely serious. We did the same thing with Westerns we're now doing with police shows. We did too many of them, primarily because they were cheap. But we overdid it.

"Now it's police shows. There are far too many. But a few should survive because it's one of the great entertainment commodities in this country."

Series on Newsman

Webb is now turning out one alternative to the cop show for the new season, Mobile One, starring Jackie Cooper on ABC. It's all about a dried-out alky newsman who's back working again as a mobile reporter for a television station. Webb admits the news format is tough because a reporter's life can get dull.

"But if you don't tell anybody, I won't," he promised. "I want the show to be exciting."

He also hopes to inject some humor, not exactly a Webb trademark, into the show. He is relying on his producer, William Bowers, who turned out such funnies as "Support Your Local Sheriff," and some characters like an offbeat weatherman, "a drama critic who hates everything," and a stylish anchorman.

Somebody tried to draw Webb into a response to policeman-author Joseph Wambaugh, who has continually rapped Webb's cop shows as wooden and unrealistic, while his own Police Story and Blue Knight shows told it like it really is. Webb wasn't having any.

"I don't want to dignify his comments. We had our day in court. Let him have his," he said.

But he couldn't resist being a little defensive.

"We told it like we thought it was, like we believed it to be. But people watch these new things. They seem to enjoy them. I don't, but others can. I don't think these shows present a totally true picture.

"But perhaps Dragnet and Adam-12 didn't either. We like to believe they did."

Telling it like it is in the new situation also is very difficult.

"It's very difficult to take a piece like this Mobile One and keep your leading man involved without becoming unbelievable. He can't be 'Morris the Observer' but he can pull it off," he said.

"Of course, we CAN make it dull."

Concentrate on Characters

Webb believes in keeping his casts small so writers and viewers can concentrate on what's going on.

"I don't believe in a cast of thousands. I don't think you should have to have a program book to know who you're looking at," he explained. "Writers sometimes forget that the more people you have, the fewer lines you have for the people you want to have lines. People suffer if you have a lot of running characters."

But how about Emergency!, run by producer Robert Cinader, which seems to have a swollen cast these days?

"Bob is doing a good job. But I think he's overpopulated. I've been meaning to talk to him about that. We had two doctors, a nurse and two paramedics going in. Now we've got 154 doctors and 60 paramedics and I don't know how many nurses.

"I think it's confused."

But back to the Western.

"I've got one written by a man who does a lot of the John Wayne pictures. It's about the cavalry and we think it's a little different. You know, we're really relegated to three basic elements in mass entertainment, the man in the white hat, the mystery and the comedy. Now I think it's the Western's turn again."

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'Dragnet' set stage for genre

Today's crime show producers say Jack Webb was more than maestro of monotone

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By R.D. Heldenfels
Beacon Journal television writer

March 16, 1997

Five actors co-starred with Webb in 'Dragnet'

Dragnet premiered on the radio on June 3, 1949, with Jack Webb as Joe Friday and Barton Yarborough as his partner Ben Romero.

The series added telecasts with a special presentation in 1951 and weekly telecasts beginning early in 1952. Yarborough continued as Romero but died suddenly of a heart attack -- prompting Webb to have Romero's death written into the show. Barney Phillips played Friday's new partner, Ed Jacobs, and then Herb Ellis as Frank Smith joined Webb for the rest of 1952. Ellis was succeeded by Ben Alexander as Smith until the show ended its first run in 1959.

Dragnet was heard on radio and seen on TV on different nights until the radio show ended in 1956. There was also a big-screen movie of *Dragnet* in 1954.

The series returned to television in January 1967 after a *Dragnet* TV movie made in 1966 was well-received. This time, Friday teamed with Bill Gannon, played by Harry Morgan, because Ben Alexander was tied up with another series, Felony Squad. The new series ran until 1970.

Sources: Filmfax magazine, *The Complete Directory to Prime Time Network and Cable TV Shows, The Smithsonian Collection: Old Time Radio Detectives and Crime Fighters.*

TV has more crime shows than you can shake a billy club at. Feds and Prince Street, Law & Order and NYPD Blue, New York Undercover and EZ Streets, Profiler and Millennium and Homicide: Life on the Street.

But in considering such shows, remember the words of producer Dick Wolf: "If you don't recognize Jack Webb's contribution, you've got to be out of your mind."

Dragnet, the weekly half-hour drama that Webb oversaw, "is the father of us all," said Wolf.

People think they know Jack Webb because they know Joe Friday, the somber Los Angeles police detective he played on Dragnet in radio, TV and the movies over four decades.

So deeply ingrained are the image and the voice, Dan Aykroyd revived the Joe Friday style for a Dragnet comedy 17 years after the show left prime time -- and it was still familiar. Now, 27 years after Dragnet ended, and 14 years after Webb's death, you can still see his computerized image in commercials.

But Joe Friday wasn't Jack Webb. The TV detective, Webb once said, had "no personal side at all." Webb loved jazz, strong drink and beautiful women, with three divorces to show for it.

He could be like "a grumpy old football coach," actor and friend Mark Harmon once said. At the same time, he is remembered for acts of great kindness. Harmon and producer Aaron Spelling are among those who credit Webb with starting their careers.

Like Orson Welles -- to whom Webb has sometimes been compared -- Webb's reputation may have suffered from his public recognition. Welles came to be known as a commercial pitchman more than as the director of Citizen Kane. Webb was known as Joe Friday, when he was also the ground-breaking producer and director who brought Dragnet to TV week after week.

Webb admired by many

In the TV industry, Law & Order's Dick Wolf is one of many Webb admirers. Steven Bochco, the writer-producer behind Hill Street Blues and NYPD Blue, and Stephen J. Cannell, writer-producer for The Rockford Files and other series, have noted their debt to Webb. Cannell also got an early break writing for the Dragnet spinoff Adam-12, which aired from 1968-75 on NBC.

And Adam-12 helped inspire producer-director Steven Spielberg's High Incident series. "I always loved Adam-12, " he said. "I thought that was a cool show."

Cooler still was Dragnet. With its dum-de-dum-dum theme, catch phrases and jargon, its deadpan detectives walking through a world of eccentrics and criminals, Dragnet hit radio in 1949 and TV in 1952, spending 7 seasons on the small screen and returning for 3 more in 1967.

For four seasons it was the most popular drama on TV, finally surrendering the title to

Gunsmoke, which one critic had called "Dragnet- on-the-range." And in its early years Dragnet was acclaimed by critics and won major awards, including three successive Emmys for best mystery series.

"I think people really forget," said Spelling. "It was not only a popular show, it was good."

The show's success was not Webb's alone. He credited his inspiration for Dragnet to a Los Angeles police detective named Marty Wynn, who told Webb someone should make a show about real police work -- and police case files were available to whoever did.

The crime film He Walked by Night, in which Webb had a small role, is seen by some critics as setting the tone for Dragnet. Writers such as James Moser made essential contributions to the series, and the stock company of radio-trained character actors were crucial to making it work.

But the driving, and often driven, force behind Dragnet was Webb, the poor, sickly kid born in Santa Monica, Calif., in 1920, who before Dragnet seemed on track for minor success in radio or as a movie actor.

Webb played villains, too

Even as Dragnet was beginning to make him a public hero, Webb was playing villains in movies such as Dark City and Appointment With Danger, the latter including a scene where he beats to death his '60s Dragnet co-star, Harry Morgan.

Morgan, later known as Sherman Potter on M*A*S*H, said of Webb the actor, "I thought he was pretty good.

"You couldn't really tell from Dragnet, and over the years he didn't do all that much. But like in Sunset Boulevard, or that thing he did with Brando (The Men), and the thing he directed about the Marines -- The D.I. -- I thought he was terrific."

But Webb had also been studying how movies and radio were made, preparing for a day when he would have his own show. And when Dragnet was born, Webb took any flair out of Friday to move Dragnet from conventional radio melodrama toward realism.

In the first telecast of Dragnet, the police have 26 real minutes -- just about the length of the show -- to prevent a bombing. Another episode not only includes an interrogation scene as breathtaking as those in Homicide: Life on the Street, but a sly jab at movie cops, shown to be as absurd as Dragnet's are meant to be real. The near-monotone of dialogue, on radio and TV, focuses the audience on the details of the story rather than the flash of the storyteller.

At the same time, Dragnet's oft-stated claim of realism is misleading. It had authenticity, down to the use of real policemen's cigarette butts. At the same time, Dragnet had its own, artificial style, both visually and verbally, once summed up as "clipped dialogue, large close-ups and a semi-documentary presentation." Though much parodied, the style suited Webb and he stuck with it.

Unfortunately, Columbo creators Richard Levinson and William Link have cited Dragnet as an example of "the eventual feeling that enough is enough. ... What was originally a fresh and inventive style of storytelling became, through endless repetition, virtual self-parody." The '60s Dragnet, when it aired on Nick at Nite into the mid-'90s, was treated as campy humor.

Weekly themes timely

Still, the series worked, often as a downbeat social drama. Even in the '50s, Dragnet had episodes about pornography in schools, drug abuse and child molestation. Joe Friday was sometimes the only protector people had, and there were times he failed.

In one '50s Dragnet, Friday arrives at the scene of a just-concluded shootout between a crook, now dead, and a wounded police officer. Through idle chat with Friday, we learn the officer's been on the job four years and wants to be a detective, that he has a wife, and they've moved into a new home. The officer can't remember his new phone number, so Friday searches for it in the officer's wallet. Still talking, he finds the card -- only to see the policeman we've come to know has died during Friday's search.

In these violence-conscious times, it's also worth remembering Dragnet was seen as relatively peaceful.

"I've been on the job for 12 years," Friday says in a 1968 episode. "In that time, I've drawn my gun eight times and I've fired it twice."

Even more important, whether dealing with violence or drugs or other ills of society, was that Dragnet showed the consequences of its characters' actions.

Webb could be ruthlessly efficient -- some Dragnet episodes were shot, start to finish, in less than two days -- but he delivered a good product.

But before his death from a heart attack in 1982, he had become frustrated that his kind of show no longer seemed sellable.

Series like Police Story and Hill Street Blues stressed realism as Dragnet had, but they went deeper into their cops' personal demons. Webb acknowledged problems but generally supported a positive image for the police.

Still, crime shows since Dragnet have been able to put their cops on their mean streets because Joe Friday had walked there ahead of them.

Episodes of Dragnet from the '50s air at 9:30 a.m. Friday and 1:30 a.m. on WAOH (Channel 29), and can be found on home video. The '60s Dragnets are also on home video in a "collector's edition" series available through the Columbia House mail-order service.

R.D. Heldenfels writes about television for the Beacon Journal. He can be reached at 330-996-3582.

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"I don't believe it," said the sus-

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both parties, and most legislators

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12-24-82

Actor, 62, Stricken at West Hollywood Home

Jack Webb, Sgt. Friday of TV, Dies

By ERIC MALNIC, *Times Staff Writer*

Jack Webb, whose tight-lipped portrayal of Sgt. Joe Friday on the radio and television series "Dragnet" set the tone for a generation of police dramas, died early Thursday at his West Hollywood home after an apparent heart attack. He was 62.

Los Angeles County Fire Department paramedics were summoned by Webb's wife, Opal, after the actor awoke about 3 a.m., complained of severe stomach pains and lapsed into unconsciousness. He was pronounced dead at 3:23 a.m.

Over the years, Webb had achieved considerable success as the producer of such television shows as "Emergency" and "Adam-12," and as the star of such motion pictures as "Pete Kelly's Blues" and "The D.I."

But he remained best known to the public as the stone-faced Los Angeles police detective of the 1950s and 1960s who greeted audiences each week with a terse:

"My name's Friday . . . . I'm a cop."

The show's theme music—based on a simple, four-note motif—became so familiar that a tuneless recitation of the words, "Dum, da dum-dum," brought instant recognition.

During the shows, Friday and a succession of partners—one of them played by Harry Morgan, now the crusty Col. Sherman Potter of television's "MASH"—labored through investigative interviews frequently cut short by the request, "Just the facts, ma'am."

The immensely popular shows, which strove more for authenticity than melodrama, followed real police cases with scrupulous attention to detail. Calendars shown on television matched those in Los Angeles police stations and telephones carried the same numbers as extensions on real officers' desks.

Charles Champlin remembers Jack Webb. Calendar, Page 1.

Like Real Officers

Webb patterned Friday after actual officers as he saw them—calm, ordinary human beings working long and hard at often unglamorous jobs, engaging in violence only as a last, and unwelcome, resort.

"I see Friday as a composite of many officers," he told The Times in 1967.

"He actually is a neutral character. He has no religion, he's had no childhood, no educational background, no war record, no personal side at all."

But to Webb and his audiences, Friday was a real person all the same, just like the other characters—officers, victims, witnesses and culprits—who appeared on the weekly half-hour shows.

As the announcer intoned at the opening of each program:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about to see is true. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent."

Webb's respect for the department was reciprocated.

Chief Daryl F. Gates, describing Webb's death "as like it was a member of the family passing," ordered all departmental flags flown at half-staff Thursday.

"He was able to project the kind of image we all wish we could project," Gates said.

Lt. Dan Cooke of the department's press relations staff, who was a liaison for the shows, said Webb's radio and television programs—and his book, "The Badge," an account of the LAPD's accomplishments—"improved the image of the department immeasurably.

Webb in 'Pete Kelly's Blues'

Webb in 'Dragnet'

"No public relations campaign could ever have been so successful as his shows were for us," Cooke said.

Born in Santa Monica on April 3, 1920, Webb grew up with a widowed mother and grandmother in a Los Angeles neighborhood he described as "too poor to steal in."

"My mother and grandmother worked when they could find it," he recalled later, "but most of the time we were on relief. So was everyone else.

"I remember the sacks labeled 'beans' and the sacks labeled 'rice,' and the day-old bread the county gave out. . . ."

President of his senior class at Belmont High School, Webb often appeared in school plays and, despite jobs in a men's clothing store and a steel mill to help support his

Please see WEBB, Page 12

RANCHER: Deukmejian Appointee On

Continued from First Page

James Watt) and serve those special interests as their emissary."

In a second Cabinet appointment Thursday, the governor-elect chose a Brown appointee to the state Board of Prison Terms, N. A. Chaderjian, 55, of Fresno, as secretary of the Youth and Adult Correctional Agency.

There had been speculation that Deukmejian might ask the current Brown-appointed agency head, former state Sen. Howard Way, to stay on the job because he and Way, a fellow Republican, once were seatmates in the Senate.

But the Deukmejian transition office had no comment on that rumor Thursday, and vacationing Way was unavailable.

Deukmejian's choice of Van Vleck as resources secretary continued to indicate that the governor-elect intends to give a strongly pro-business tint to his incoming administration.

Earlier in the week, he chose the current state Chamber of Commerce president, Shirley R. Chilton, as secretary of state and consumer services, an appointment that triggered outrage from consumer activist groups.

Harry Snyder, director of the West Coast regio the Consumer Union, said that to have Chilton headi consumer agency is like "the fox guarding the h house" because the Chamber of Commerce "has vig ously opposed every piece of consumer legislation has sponsored legislation that has been vigorously posed by consumers in the past."

Conservative Views

Van Vleck is best known for his strongly conser tive views, which he expressed two years ago at a S ramento breakfast after listening to Brown call f "cooperative spirit" between government and busine

Following the governor to the podium, Van Vlec former head of both the California Cattleman's A and the American National Cattleman's Assn., said America "would be best served if government go our backs. And if they don't, the day will come whe necessity, they are thrown off."

He said an "anarchy of regulation" is causing smothering web of confusion, disorder and cross-p pose" that is to blame for inflation and the nation's clining economy.

In 1981, Van Vleck joined an independent political

WEBB: Veteran Actor Dies at Home at 6

Continued from Third Page

family during the latter years of the Depression, he found time for a few bit appearances on local radio shows.

After Army service in World War II, Webb got a job with the American Broadcasting Co., covering some of the initial meetings of the fledgling United Nations in San Francisco.

He worked as a disc jockey on a wake-up show called "The Coffee Club," then landed a 26-week role as a tough waterfront private detective on a short-lived radio show called "Pat Novak for Hire."

Moving to Hollywood in 1949, Webb got bit parts in a series of movies that included "Sunset Boulevard" and "The Men" before being cast in the role of a police forensic chemist in a semi-documentary called "He Walked by Night." That role changed the young actor's life.

Webb dedicated himself to the part, studying police techniques and terminology, accompanying detectives and patrolmen on their assigned calls and attending classes at the Police Academy in Elysian Park.

One of the men he worked with was Sgt. Marty Wynn, who was a technical adviser on the film. It was Wynn who suggested that someone develop a radio series based on actual police cases.

On June 3, 1949, "Dragnet" made its radio debut as a summer replacement on KFI. Within two years, it was the nations top-rated radio show.

But Webb recognized television as the coming medium, and by the fall of 1951, he was ready to augment sound with sight.

On Oct. 12, 1951, as a camera rolled, Sgt. Joe Friday walked briskly across Spring Street to the steps of City Hall, flipped away a cigarette, glanced briefly at his wristwatch, and strode inside.

The first scene for a television series that was to run, with one major interruption, until 1970, was in the can.

During his television career, the wearer of Badge 714 —the badge was retired in Webb's honor several years ago—had a total of four partners.

The first two, Sgt. Ben Romero and "Sgt. Jac were played by actors Barton Yarborough and Ba Phillips and lasted less than a year. The third, of Frank Smith, who was Friday's sidekick from 1952 the show went off the air in 1959, was played by the Ben Alexander.

When Webb revived the show in 1967, his new p ner was Bill Gannon. Veteran character actor H Morgan was chosen for the part.

Morgan remembered Webb on Thursday as a gr rious, congenial associate—"big on refreshments throwing parties"—who always took time to relax a day on the set.

"Jack had kind of a dour expression and la speech and did not appear to be a terribly affecti man on 'Dragnet,' " Morgan said. "In reality, he wa the opposite. . . .

"He was a man of great warmth, generosity an fection. . . ."

As head of Mark VII Productions, Webb, for w funeral services are pending, was executive produ more than a half-dozen shows. In addition to his major successes —"Adam-12," the saga of two pa men, and "Emergency," the story of paramedics— included "Mobile One," "Hec Ramsey," "The D "The Rangers," and "O'Hara, U.S. Treasury."

Webb's previous wives included actress-singer London, to whom he was wed in 1947. They ha daughters, Stacy and Lisa. Their marriage ended vorce in 1953.

Webb married actress Dorothy Towne in 1955 was divorced two years later. His third marria beauty contest winner Jackie Loughery in 1958 ended in divorce in 1964.

Despite his many successes as an actor, Webb sa never had any illusions about his place in the sche things.

"I was an itinerant radio actor and I got lucky told one interviewer. "I enjoyed acting . . . but I a enamored of it. . . .

"I was no threat to Gregory Peck or Jack Lemm

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Isabelle Huppert and Philippe Noiret in "Coup de Torchon."

entrusted to the river by their survivors, as targets for pistol practice, Noiret mildly protests their lack of respect—and proceeds to pocket a bribe. And when his young mistress (Isabelle Huppert) is publicly beaten by her ornery old husband, he ignores her shrieks and instead complains to his barber that he has water in his ears, going to comfort her only when her husband is safely through with his thrashing. An object of constant ridicule and humiliation, Noiret is perceived as slow-witted, naive and cowardly.

That's exactly the way Noiret wants it. Tavernier is far too subtle an artist to give us a scene in which Noiret has finally had it and loses his temper. But at last he does turn the tables, shockingly. Yet, as droll as it is, "Coup de Torchon" is far from the classic Alastair Sim revenge comedy "The Green Man" but rather evolves into a philosophical discourse but with no loss of pace or humor.

The previous Tavernier-Aurenche collaboration that "Coup de Torchon" most quickly brings to mind is "Let Joy Reign Supreme" ("Que la fete commence!"), that rich, acute study of Philippe d'Orle-

Please see 'TORCHON,' Page 8

JUST THE FACTS ABOUT JACK WEBB

By CHARLES CHAMPLIN,
Times Arts Editor

My memory is of the later Jack Webb, holding lunchtime court at his table in a niche at the Cock 'n Bull restaurant, or at a comparable table, also in a niche where nobody could sit behind you, at Scandia.

He loved both places and, not coincidentally, lived in a floorwide apartment in a high-rise building not five minutes' walk away across Sunset. He was a local boy who had made very good in a very hard business, and he wore it with ease and charm.

Jack Webb loved a lot of things, and his own fame and success never made it hard for him to say it and to praise others. (It is a trait in many places, but in Hollywood more than most, that some people find their perch on success so shaky they can't afford to grant success to anybody else. Webb was never like that.)

Webb loved writers and writing, good acting, good friends, good eating, good memories, singing, jazz, excellence wherever he found it. Once, years ago, I went to a birthday bash he hosted for his daughter. Just that day he'd gotten the original cast album of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and he commandeered all the adult guests to listen to it while he, a one-man Greek chorus, murmured "Wow" at almost every line.

There's already a generation that can't fully appreciate (but accepts as a prime item of our cultural history) the phenomenon that "Dragnet" became overnight when it hit radio in 1949 and remained to the end of its days on television.

The extent to which the show's musical stinger, "Dum-de-DUM-dum," and Webb's laconic "Just the facts, ma'am" went into the whole country's conversation was a measure not least of Webb's originality.

There had been plenty of crime

Please see JUST, Page 21

JOEL P. LUGAVERE / Los Angeles Times

Dan Rather

Lesley Stahl

goofily oblique way that participants have a hard time getting a grip on them. Nesson appears much too delighted with the fact that he is appearing on television.

At one point in his hypothetical game-playing, he jokingly says of CBS News vice president Roger Colloff: "He's young, he's good-looking, he's expendble." This is ironic, because soon after the taping, Colloff was expended—transferred from CBS News to the CBS TV stations division.

Colloff signed off on the documentary, "The Uncounted Enemy, A Vietnam Deception," which earned CBS a $120-million lawsuit. So some within CBS News predicted Colloff would be demoted as punishment. Colloff himself insists the documentary had "absolutely nothing" to do with the change in jobs. "I'm very pleased with the new job, and it affords me a wider horizon at CBS," he says from New York. Others within the network say the job change is not a demotion and not related to the embattled documentary.

As for "Eye on the Media," it's a valuable contribution, albeit a belated one. ABC News has been a leader in holding up its own practices to public scrutiny with the imperfect but worthwhile "Viewpoint" specials and with "Nightline" editions devoted to media issues.

Told CBS is a Johnny-come-lately, Benjamin says, "I think all the networks have been behind on this. I agree with what Hewitt says on the program—that what we need is an Op-Ed page like newspapers have."

Another seminar, on TV coverage of terrorist activities, was also taped in November and is now being edited. But CBS brass have yet to decide just where on the air they're going to bury that one.

EDGE ON INFLATION

Strand said, but she said she did not earn enough money on her "day gig" as a secretary to save up the money to pay for production of the tape.

A former skeptic, Strand recently put the final touches on her first demo tape at Sunswept Studio in Studio City.

More than a dozen musicians and technicians—all of them members of the exchange—participated in the project. Strand says their services would have cost her at least $700 in cash.

Stepping away from the microphone in the dimly lit recording studio, Strand said, "The final product will be like taking an unpolished item and making it gorgeous with the help of many people I'd never known before."

To repay a credit debt to Execucard equivalent to $1,000, Strand's arranger/manager, Bruce Garnitz, 30, of Santa Monica, offered the use of his band, Moe Money,

AM

KABC	790	[illegible]	[illegible]	KTNQ	1020
KALI	1430	KHJ	930	KTYM	1460
[illegible]	[illegible]	KIEV	870	[illegible]	[illegible]
KDAY	1580	[illegible]	1230	[illegible]	1300
KEZY	1190	KLAC	570	[illegible]	[illegible]
KFAC	1330	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1370
KFI	640	KMPC	710	KZLA	1540
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KACE	103.9	KJLH	102.3	KPFK	90.7
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KCRW	89.9	KLON	88.1	KRTH	101.1
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[illegible]	97.5	KLVE	107.5	KSBR	88.5
KEZY	95.9	KMAX	107.1	KSPC	88.7
KFAC	92.3	KMET	94.7	[illegible]	103.1
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[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	93.5	[illegible]	98.7
KHTZ	97.1	KNX	93.1	[illegible]	105.9
KIK	94.3	KOCM	103.1	KWVE	107.9
KIIS	102.7	KOST	103.5	KXLU	88.9
KIQQ	100.3	KPCC	89.3	KYMS	106.3
				KZLA	93.9

[illegible]

11:30 a.m.—Morning Reading, "Miss Lonelyhearts" by Nathanael West, KPFK-FM (90.7).

3 p.m.—Nightfall, "They Bite," KCRW FM (89.9).

9:30 p.m.—CBS Radio Mystery Theater, "Fly Swatter," KNX (1070).

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Continuous—KALI, KLVE-FM, KNSE, KTNQ, KWKW (Spanish).

INTERVIEW

Noon—Luncheon at the Music Center, guest is composer Al Allen, KFAC (1330 AM, 92.3 FM).

1:30 p.m.—Community Speakeasy, guest evangelist Ralph Moore, KMAX-FM (107.1).

CLASSICAL MUSIC

9 a.m.—"Christmas at the Music Center," 12-hour program simul-

Music for Christmas," KCRW FM (89.9).

8 p.m.—Evening Concert, Herbert "March of the Toys," KFAC (1330 AM, 92.3 FM).

9 p.m.—The Night Before Christmas: Tchaikovsky, "The Nutcracker," KUSC FM (91.5).

11 p.m.—Handel, "The Messiah," KSBR FM (88.5).

11 p.m.—"A Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols," KUSC FM (91.5).

MUSIC: POP

5 p.m.—features Motley Crue in concert, KMET FM (94.7).

6:30 p.m.—Strictly Jazz, features Mahalia Jackson, KLON FM (88.1).

8 p.m.—Jazz With Mitch, features John McLaughlin, KCSN FM (88.5).

9 p.m.—"[illegible] Morgan in Concert," KPFK-FM (90.7).

Midnight—"The Jazz Hour Christmas Special," KFAC (1330 AM, 92.3 FM).

NEWS

3 a.m.—Morning Edition, KCRW FM (89.9), 4 a.m., KUSC FM (91.5), 5 a.m., KCSN FM (88.5), KLON FM (88.1), KPCC FM (89.3), KSBR FM (88.5).

2:30 p.m.—All Things Considered, KCRW FM (89.9), 4 p.m., KCSN FM (88.5), KPCC FM (89.3), 4:30 p.m., KUSC FM (91.5), 5 p.m., KLON FM (88.1), KSBR FM (88.5).

6 p.m.—Evening News, KPFK FM (90.7).

6 p.m.—As It Happens, KUSC FM (91.5).

Continuous—KFWB, KNX.

SPORTS

4 p.m.—Sportstalk, KABC (790).

5:30 p.m.—Jim Healy, KLAC (570).

6 p.m.—Sports at Six, KMPC (710).

TALK

1:30 p.m.—Sid Barlowe features a special Christmas show, KIEV (870).

JUST THE FACTS

Continued from First Page

shows on radio, including "Gangbusters." Webb gave the form a new style and a new kind of credibility. The flat-voiced attack of Webb and his partners, Ben Alexander and then Harry Morgan, and the seemingly tape-recorded colloquial sound of their witnesses, might even have needed more variety than it got.

Yet Webb and "Dragnet" are the spiritual direct ancestors of "Hill Street Blues," which seems to have evolved directly from the quest for authenticity Webb sought in the original show and its descendants, "Adam 12" and "Emergency."

Webb at that was after more than style. His motivation, not least, was to dramatize his admiration for good, brave men doing good work in tough circumstances.

He had no illusions about his limits as an actor, and no wish to try "Hamlet." He preferred directing, producing, getting things moving. His curiosity never flagged, as his last series on UFOs made clear. It was a writer's curiosity, in fact, wildly different from the actor's self-absorption. It made Jack Webb an invigorating lunch companion, and it was why he made a more-than-symbolic mark on the world.

'DUKES OF HAZZARD'

Continued from First Page

name not be used, said Cherry and Mayer would take secondary roles. It was also speculated by sources close to the matter that the settlement went beyond granting a piece of the merchandising revenues to Wopat and Schneider and that the two original Dukes would

Tune in Yesterday

The Ultimate Encyclopedia of Old-Time Radio 1925-1976

JOHN DUNNING

Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

The network ordered all its West Coast affiliates (which transcribed
the show for broadcast in different time slots) to cancel it and destroy
the transcriptions. For whatever reason, *Double or Nothing* was drop-
ped by CBS in 1947; it was picked up by NBC, still in daily form, for
Campbell, until 1952.

Dragnet

Dragnet, offering police dramas of unprecedented realism, came to
NBC July 7, 1949. For its first two years it was heard Thursdays for
Fatima Cigarettes. Jack Webb had been active in radio for about four
years before finding the series that finally shot him to fame. *Dragnet*
did that, but it also stereotyped Webb, stamped him indelibly into his
hardboiled role, Sergeant Joe Friday of the Los Angeles Police Department.

But if the stamp has been bad for Webb, it doesn't show. In the 1970's, a middle-aged Webb could still be seen cavorting with Harry Morgan in a revamped, modern version of *Dragnet* on television. Yeah, still Joe Friday. Still a cop, after more than twenty years.

With its first broadcast, *Dragnet* was a trend-setter. Friday was a
cop's cop; his world unfolded every week in painstaking detail.
Designed to show the cop's day-by-day routine and the tedious
double-checking that leads to an arrest, *Dragnet* still managed to
come alive and grab listener interest in its first five minutes. The
listeners were totally in the dark; they didn't know any more than the
cops. There is a crime. A woman is missing and her husband suspects
foul play. Your job: find her.

The cases developed clue by clue. Suspects were identified only
after careful questioning and checking. The evidence had to be
strong, not merely circumstantial. Strong enough, perhaps, to con-
vince a real jury of the suspect's guilt. Slowly it is gathered by listener
and cop alike, as Friday takes us minute by minute through his day:

> It was Tuesday, June 17th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of burglary. My partner's Ben Romero. The boss is Ed Backstrand, chief of detectives. My name's Friday. I was on my way to work that morning, and it was 7:53 A.M. when I got to Room 45. Burglary Detail.

From that first immortal DUM-DE-DUM-DUM of Walter Schumann's theme, *Dragnet* was something special. Announcer Hal Gibney virtually commanded attention when—after those opening bars—he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about to hear is true. Only the names have been changed to protect the innocent."

That phrase in itself would become a classic. The voices of Gibney and George Fenneman, tossed back and forth between story and commercial, kept the show moving at an intense pace.

> For the next thirty minutes, in cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department, you will travel step by step on the side of the law, through an actual case, transcribed from official police cases. From beginning to end, from crime to punishment, *Dragnet* is the story of your police force in action.

Dragnet became one of the first radio shows to effectively break the unwritten taboo against dramatizing sex crimes. It was the first show to effectively introduce the jargon of cops to the world. Through *Dragnet*, such terms as "MO" (method of operation) and "R and I" (records and identification) became known to people who had never seen the inside of a police station. Webb and company were helped by W. H. Parker, Los Angeles chief of police, who provided up to three cops as technical advisors and got a credit on the show. As director, (Bill Rousseau directed early episodes) Webb followed the paths of journalist and dramatist; his demand for detail and accuracy called for as many as 300 sound effects by five sound men in a single episode.

As *Dragnet* developed, the characters of Friday and partner Romero were expanded. Character-building quirks were incorporated into story lines. Friday was a bachelor who lived at home with his mother; his partner was a family man with family problems. Ben Romero was played by Barton Yarborough, well known to radio addicts as Cliff in *One Man's Family* and Doc Long on the original *I Love a Mystery*. When Yarborough died in 1951 the character Joe Friday went through a succession of partners before settling on Frank Smith.

Frank, a genial worrywart, was played to perfection both on radio and TV by Ben Alexander. Alexander was a veteran entertainer by the time his *Dragnet* slot opened, having learned the ropes as a child working in films under Cecil B. DeMille and D. W. Griffith. As Frank, he brought the show decided comic relief. When he wasn't playing cupid for Joe, he was fretting over some minor problem with his wife Fay, or worrying over the fact that she had packed his brown bag with tuna sandwiches for the third day in a row. Frank became the most human member of the small cast.

But it was Webb's show all the way. *Dragnet* bore the strong Webb stamp that would follow him through his professional life. When the banter with Frank was finished, there were still criminals to catch, still justice to be met. And they were. And it was. The *Dragnet* closing was pure Webb. Trial and punishment, summarized in a few brief sentences. DUMMMM-DE-DUM-DUM,and out. In 1951–52 Chesterfield sponsored the show on Thursdays, on Sundays from 1952 until 1953, Tuesdays 1953 to 1956. *Dragnet* ran until 1956, was televised with great success, and was the basis for a full-length *Dragnet* movie in 1954.

Dramas of Youth

Dramas of Youth was a Mutual show, starting in 1933 with dramatizations of the lives of famous people when they were young. It also employed the talents of the young, using teenage actors and actresses for its Saturday shows. A regular company of young talent worked on *Dramas of Youth*, including Louise Erickson, Rolland Morris, Peter Rankin, Barbara Eiler, Helen Thomas, Geraldine Nolan, Jean Lang, Don Chapman, and Charles West. It was produced and directed by Marion Ward until her death in 1940. Then the emphasis was changed slightly to include adaptations of classics and original plays.

The Dreft Star Playhouse

The Dreft Star Playhouse came to NBC June 28,1943, as an experiment
to see if daytime radio could support a show of nighttime quality. It
was first called *Hollywood Theatre of the Air*, but the name was
changed in October 1943 to avoid confusion with other shows using
the "Hollywood" angle. *The Dreft Star Playhouse* was an ambitious
undertaking, spending up to $3,000 a week for "name" talent. It
adapted romantic movies for the air, using the 15-minute serial for-
mat, broadcasting five times a week for Procter & Gamble. Producer
was Les Mitchel; musical director was Dick Aurandt. The show's
opener was "Bachelor Mother" with Jane Wyman. Among the other
productions were "The Magnificent Ambersons" with Agnes
Moorehead, "Hold Back The Dawn" with Maureen O'Sullivan, "Take
a Letter, Darling" with Mary Astor, and "Suspicion" with Margo. The
stories were usually wrapped up in five or ten episodes, but "DarkVic-
tory" with Gail Patrick ran for about two months. A noble experiment,
Dreft Star Playhouse nevertheless vanished from the air after the
show of March 30, 1945.

Duffy's Tavern

Duffy's Tavern really began when Ed Gardner created the voice of Archie, the Brooklyn barkeep, for an obscure CBS show *This Is New York* in 1939.

Archie was the making of Gardner. Before the show came along, Gardner was strictly a third-string actor, though he had had long experience writing, directing, and producing for some of the networks' biggest shows.

For Gardner, success hadn't come without a struggle. Born Edward Poggenberg June 29, 1905, in Astoria, Long Island, he had dropped out of school at 16 to begin a wild decade of odd jobs. Ironically, his first job was playing piano in a saloon of the early 1920's. By 1929, he was selling pianos. That was the year he met Shirley Booth. She too had dropped out of school, striking out at 14 for New York's theatre district and a distinguished career behind the footlights. Late that year—on November 23, 1929—she and Gardner were married.

Miss Booth had already achieved a toehold for herself in the theatre, having appeared on Broadway as early as 1925. Her star rose much faster than Gardner's. Gradually he worked into radio as a writer-director. By 1940, he had done *Believe-It-or-Not, The Rudy Vallee Show, Burns and Allen,* and *Good News of 1939.*

He was in Hollywood, working on *The Texaco Star Theatre* when he began putting *Duffy's Tavern* together as a viable package. Gardner had created Archie while he was director of the CBS sustaining show, *This Is New York.* In one segment, Gardner wanted the voice of a "typical New York mug," and he couldn't find an actor to fill the bill. Twenty-eight minutes before air time, he was still auditioning actors for the part. In frustration, he took the microphone himself, to demonstrate how the lines should be read. Out of his mouth popped Archie. Archie was first heard in full dress July 29, 1940, on the CBS audition series *Forecast.* Then all the obscurity melted into ether when Gardner donned his apron and battered fedora and welcomed Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Gertrude Niesen as the first guests of *Duffy's Tavern.*

Duffy's Tavern was a fly-infested dive on New York's Third Avenue. The food was horrible, the service lousy, and the atmosphere dank. The one thing that was kept at a consistently high level at Duffy's was the insanity. When the format premièred on *Forecast,* it was quickly stamped as the most original new comedy of the year.

On March 1, 1941, *Duffy's Tavern* became part of the regular CBS lineup. It ran on CBS for Schick, Thursday nights through 1941. As a regular part of the 1941 lineup, Gardner surrounded himself with a small group of talented regulars, each a zany character in his own right. *Duffy's* was simply a state of mind, a showcase for the talents of Ed Gardner, Shirley Booth, Eddie Green, Charlie Cantor, and anyone who wanted to drop in. That's the illusion the show promoted—that anyone could (and probably would) drop in within the next half-hour—though the guest list was prepared as carefully as that on any

The Jack Smith Show

The Jack Smith Show was a popular CBS program of light music. Smith started in show business as a student of Hollywood High School in 1931. There he formed a student trio and auditioned for the job just vacated at the Coconut Grove by Bing Crosby, Al Rinker, and Harry Barris. It was a big ambition, but they got the job and held it for almost a year while going to school during the daytime. After graduation, Smith sang on *The Kate Smith Show*, *The Prudential Family Hour*, and later became a regular on Kenny Baker's *Glamor Manor*. His own show was first heard on CBS in 1943. His long-running nightly show for Procter & Gamble, produced by Bill Brennan and arranged by Earle Sheldon, ran from 1945 until 1951 on CBS; it highlighted Smith with popular tunes of the day and great hits of Broadway. Later the music was by Frank De Vol's orchestra, and Smith was joined by Margaret Whiting and Dinah Shore.

Jane Arden

Jane Arden had a short life on the air, running on the Blue Network from June 19, 1938, to June 23, 1939. Sponsored by Ward Baking, this show was about a "fearless girl reporter, the most beautiful woman in the newspaper world—Jane Arden, star reporter for the *Bulletin*, important newspaper of a big American city." Based on the comic strip by Monte Barrett, it was a five-a-week serial, employing most of the qualities of soap opera and juvenile adventure. Jane, her city editor Eddie Dunn, and a cub reporter named Delaney who wanted more than anything in the world to be a male Jane Arden, were among the principals. Jane was played by Ruth Yorke.

In the end, serials like this seldom made it. Kids didn't like them because of their soap elements; women didn't listen because the adult qualities weren't strong enough. The notable exception was *Front Page Farrell*, but *Jane Arden* wasn't a *Farrell*. It wasn't around long enough.

Jason and the Golden Fleece

Jason and the Golden Fleece was an NBC adventure series of 1952–53 that starred Macdonald Carey as Jason, owner of a café-bar in the French Quarter section of New Orleans. Jason also owned the boat known as the *Golden Fleece*, which frequently was chartered by people on the lam, adventurers, and emotional dropouts. The strange characters who hired Jason's boat made up the bulk of the stories, creating no end of problems for Jason and his bartender-sidekick Louis Dumont. William Conrad played Louis. Music was by Frank Worth; scripting by Herb Ellis and Cleve Herman.

Jeff Regan, Investigator

Jeff Regan, Investigator, began as a CBS summer series in 1948, and is notable mainly as a Jack Webb vehicle. Webb had a couple of seasons of hardboiled drama behind him as *Pat Novak* and *Johnny Madero*, and here he played the same kind of tough private gumshoe: "My name's Jeff Regan. I get ten a day and expenses from a detective bureau run by a guy named Lyon—Anthony J. Lyon. They call me 'The Lion's Eye.' " A bit corny, but there you have it. As Regan, Webb constantly referred to his boss (Wilms Herbert) as "the Lion." The show was written by E. Jack Neuman. Sterling Tracy produced, and organ music was by Dick Aurandt. Webb played the role into 1949, when he left for *Dragnet* and much bigger things. *Jeff Regan* continued into 1950 with Frank Graham in the title role and Frank Nelson as the Lion. William Froug and William Fifield were the writers in the Graham period. With the departure of both Webb and Neuman, the Regan character underwent a drastic change. The chip on the shoulder disappeared, and Regan became a staunch champion of the underdog.

The Jimmy Durante Show

The Jimmy Durante Show evolved out of years of hard work and experience. Although he had been a top show business headliner as early as 1923, Jimmy Durante did not have a regular, continuing radio show until the spring of 1943. Durante had appeared in an NBC summer show Sunday nights in 1934, then he starred in the brief series *Jumbo* for NBC in 1935. *Jumbo* was a lavish production by Billy Rose; Durante played a press agent for two feuding circus owners. But the main thrust of his career during radio's early years was in film and stage work.

Durante was born February 10,1893, and spent much of his youth lathering faces in his father's New York barbershop. Somewhere between the sixth and seventh grades, he quit school and began selling newspapers. He learned to play piano, and at 17 began his

John Charles Thomas

John Charles Thomas, "America's beloved baritone" and longtime star of the Metropolitan Opera, came to NBC January 10, 1943, with a Sunday-afternoon show of popular music and Americana. Thomas, whose theme was "Home on the Range," sang such songs as "Erie Canal" and "All the Things You Are" for Westinghouse. He was backed by the music of Mark Warnow and the Lyn Murray Chorus, later by the Victor Young Orchestra and the Ken Darby Chorus. Intermingled with the songs were stories by John Nesbitt from his "Passing Parade." The show ran in its 2:30 P.M. EST Sunday 30-minute format until 1946.

John Steele, Adventurer

John Steele, Adventurer, was first heard on Mutual April 26, 1949, and was carried as a sustained show through 1956. It featured Don Douglas as Steele, who told tales of adventure and intrigue, and was another solid show that just came along too late. Steele's stories were often set in exotic back country, in the jungles of the Amazon, or on a remote island where the only building was a lonely lighthouse. *John Steele* was written and produced by Robert Monroe. Musical score was by Sylvan Levin.

Johnny Madero, Pier 23

Johnny Madero, Pier 23 ran Thursday nights on Mutual between April 24 and September 4, 1947. It is notable as Jack Webb's first significant appearance with his now-famous staccato style, and has direct ties to Webb's other hardboiled role, *Pat Novak, For Hire*.

Madero and *Novak* were both a light-year away from the Webb characterization that would emerge as Joe Friday on *Dragnet* two years later. *Johnny Madero* was a refugee from the street wars, virtually a copy of *Novak*, which had begun on a limited West Coast network in 1946. *Novak* originated in San Francisco, and within months of its première had built up a strong local audience, all connoisseurs of Webb's smartmouthed delivery. But by 1947, *Novak* writer Dick Breen and star Webb had left San Francisco for the greener pastures of Hollywood, and Webb was replaced as Novak by Ben Morris. Morris never really did the part justice, and faced a terrible disadvantage after the months of Webb. The inevitable happened; Webb's fans began to clamor for a return to the originals, and it wasn't long before Breen and Webb teamed up in Hollywood for *Johnny Madero*.

To call *Madero* similar to *Novak* is like casually describing the similarities of Siamese twins. Like Novak, Madero rented boats in San Francisco, and did "anything else you can blame on your environment." That often meant tailing someone, usually a dame; it led through a tangled mass of clients, bad guys, waterfront double-talk, and inevitably, to murder.

Johnny Madero took it in stride. We saw the world through his eyes, with a vivid opening set to the deceptively gentle sounds of water lapping against the pier. Webb's monologue was typical: "You know, the only time San Francisco really gets hot is when a tourist calls it Frisco, and then it gets warm enough to give a sleigh dog a Southern accent. Down around the waterfront, they don't care so much, and for a buck you can insult anybody but Joe DiMaggio. The piers stretch out like a big yawn, from south of the ferry building clear to the China docks. And pushed over on one side so you won't notice, about the same spot you'll find dust in a bride's parlor, you find Pier 23. From there it's a short skip to Johnny Madero's boat shop—my place. The sign outside looks honest, but down here the only sign people pay any attention to is rigor mortis . . ."

The regular characters on *Madero* were few; the series turned more on Webb's hardboiled quips than on any significant innovation of plot. Madero led with his tongue, wisecracking his way through even the grimmest scenes. He worked alone, taking time out for just a quick consultation with Father Leahy, the waterfront priest. Father Leahy was a bit unscrupulous for a man of the cloth, but he could always be counted on in a pinch. Like Jocko Madigan of *Pat Novak*, Father Leahy served chiefly as the hero's legman. Somehow he had developed some excellent underworld contacts, and through his grapevine he kept a sensitive finger on the pulse of the waterfront. Between them, Madero and Leahy managed to keep one step ahead of the menacing cop Warchek, well-played by William Conrad.

In something of a departure from his comic roles, Gale Gordon took the part of Father Leahy. Dick Breen created the character, and the snappy dialogue was put together by Herb Margolis and Lou Markheim; the show was directed by Nat Wolff. Music was by Harry Zimmerman; announcer was Tony La Frano.

Although it was on the air only during the summer of 1947, *Johnny Madero* led ultimately to a reinstatement of *Pat Novak* in 1948—again starring Webb and this time on a coast-to-coast ABC hookup.

along with him. But Jack survived, returning to the study of law and eventually becoming a junior partner in the law firm of Henry's old friend, Judge Glenn Hunter.

These were the principal characters of *One Man's Family*. It ran 3,256 chapters wrapped into 134 "books." When Standard Brands dropped the show in 1949, the mere hint that NBC might also drop it brought 75,000 letters of protest from the faithful. It continued for a time as a Sunday-night sustained serial. On June 5, 1950, *One Man's Family* went into a 15-minute nightly format for Miles Laboratories. On July 4, 1955, it was moved into a daily matinee slot.

Although the series officially ended May 8, 1959, some eager affiliates chopped it off two weeks earlier. It just stopped there one April day, and the people who followed the Barbours for 27 years were left hanging. Father Barbour was left brooding over the problems of grandson Pinky. The show should have had a "family gathering" ending—one last grand splash, with all surviving members present and accounted for. There would be a letter from Cliff in Scotland. Father Barbour would read it aloud, pausing for editorial comment with every other sentence. Finally Fanny would tire of Henry's mutterings, and would ask Paul to read the letter. Henry would grumble under his breath as always. Then there would be time for family reminiscences. Memories would be long and fluid. Claudia would recall the horrors of her wartime experiences; Henry and Fanny would philosophize and talk about how it all began. Finally there would be a family projection for the future. It would all be shamelessly sentimental, but lifetime listeners deserved no less. What they got was a snuffed-out finish to a 27-year slice of life.

One Out of Seven

One Out of Seven provided early experience for Jack Webb and was a very strong opponent of racial injustice. The show was broadcast on a partial ABC hookup from San Francisco early in 1946, and featured Webb as a narrator and in many character roles. Often his was the only voice heard in the documentary-drama, an assignment that called for a variety of dialects from black to Jew. Webb brought them off in good form. The material used on *One Out of Seven* was taken from the news of the past week, "from authoritative files" and from the dispatches of Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service. "From these past seven days, the editors in our San Francisco newsroom have chosen the one story they have judged worthy of re-telling. This is one out of seven!" The stories were usually tough attacks against bigots and merchants of hate. Webb emphasized that the material was first used by the wire services, and the network "assumes no responsibility for the attitude such statements reflect." But, oh, the arrangement! The show of February 6, 1946, was a prime example—Webb and company took on Mississippi Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, arch foe of minorities. Bilbo's own words were read back to him in the most damning style imaginable, and the narrative was continuously punctuated by Webb's inserts: "Senator Bilbo is an honorable man, and we do not intend to prove otherwise."

Truly a gutsy show for radio of the era, *One Out of Seven* was written by James Edward Moser and directed by Gil Doud.

The O'Neills

The O'Neills was a soap opera giant during the turbulent 1930's. Beginning as a three-a-week nighttime serial, it told the story of a close-knit family in the small town of Royalton.

It was first heard June 11, 1934, on Mutual and went to CBS December 10, 1934. On October 8, 1935, the O'Neills moved into a late-afternoon slot on NBC for Ivory Soap. By the late 1930's, its Hooper rating had approached 10 points, almost a phenomenon for afternoon radio, and the show was carried on both NBC and CBS. The two networks jockeyed with *The O'Neills* through the last three years of its run, and it passed quietly from the scene June 18, 1943.

Mother O'Neill, a widow, had been left to her own resources in the raising of her children Danny and Peggy. She was the matriarch in the grand tradition, a 60-ish woman whose stock in trade was wisdom and understanding. Her children grew into fine citizens, though Peggy was a bit impetuous and Danny sank into one long period of depression after the childbirth death of his young wife Sally. Peggy married Monte Kayden, an ambitious entrepreneur whose intentions were often better than his judgment. They had three children. Monte's chief goal in life was to make a fortune, and for a time he pursued that end so ruthlessly that it almost cost him his family.

Two adopted members of the family were Janice and Eddie Collins, taken in by the O'Neills after the death of their father in an accident. Janice came to the family full of growing pains and teenage curiosity, which Mother O'Neill helped ease with love and kindness. Almost members of the family were Morris Levy and Mrs. Trudy Bailey. Morris ran a hardware store in Royalton; he was Mother O'Neill's closest friend and confidante. He was the show's philosopher, the inevitable shirt-sleever who was never too busy to listen, who took up the slack and provided Peggy and Danny a strong male figure after the death of their father.

and an actor early in life, broke into radio announcing for a station in Spokane. The idea for this program came with the death of his father, who left a trunk containing news clippings and papers telling of strange happenings around the world. Nesbitt began to investigate some of these accounts, and the result was *The Passing Parade*, which was picked up by the networks and ultimately found its way to the screen in a series of short subjects which Nesbitt also wrote and produced.

The show didn't attain a solid, continuing status on the networks, but was shifted into various times and formats. *Passing Parade* was heard as early as July 24, 1938, serving as a summer substitute for Phil Baker. On June 29, 1943, it became the summer replacement for *Fibber McGee and Molly*. During that same period, Nesbitt became part of John Charles Thomas' Sunday NBC Westinghouse show. In 1944, he did three shows a week for CBS, in addition to his Sunday Westinghouse stint at NBC. In 1948, he was signed by Mutual for a daily 15-minute afternoon show. Nesbitt told his stories "straight" without sound effects or music—a major difference between his show and Ripley's *Believe-It-Or-Not*. Occasionally, when the situation demanded, Nesbitt would slip into dialect. Usually he told two stories in each program, with an intermission for some band music by such as Victor Young's orchestra. Nesbitt's stories often contained unexplainable elements, heightening their interest. He told adventure tales, stories of daring prison breaks, of the man who lived for four years in a cupboard. A prolific, fast writer, he often waited until the last few minutes to begin preparing his script. But a staff of up to fourteen people helped him with research.

Passport for Adams

Passport for Adams was Norman Corwin's wartime globe-trotting adventure series, first heard on CBS August 17, 1943. It starred Robert Young as Doug Adams, "the country editor who's been sent on a trip around the world to visit the cities and talk to the people of the United Nations." The series, fully dramatized, was nevertheless semi-documentary in nature, explaining the customs and people of our fighting Allies as seen through the eyes of Adams. Accompanying Adams on his jaunt was "Quiz" Quisinberry, a slang-ridden, girl-hungry New York photographer. *Passport for Adams* maintained Corwin's high standard and reflected his intense interest in world affairs. His sixth script, telling of the state of Israel during a visit to Tel Aviv, was later used as a single story in his *Columbia Presents Corwin* series. Music for *Adams* was composed by Lucien Moraweck and conducted by Lud Gluskin. Scripts were also written by Ranald MacDougall.

Pat Novak, For Hire

Pat Novak, For Hire—"That's what the sign outside my office says. Down on the waterfront in San Francisco, you don't get prizes for being subtle. You want to make a living down here, you got to get your hand in the till any way you can. You rob Peter to pay Paul, and then you put it on the cuff.

"So I rent boats and tell a few white lies if the price is right. It's a happy life, if you don't mind looking up at a headstone, because sooner or later you draw trouble a size too big."

Thus spoke Pat Novak, first cousin of *Johnny Madero* and the character who propelled Jack Webb to national prominence as radio's prime toughguy. The only things that separated Novak from Madero were the names and a little distance. *Pat Novak* was first heard in 1946, broadcasting from San Francisco and reaching a limited West Coast ABC network. After playing the part for several months, Webb left for Hollywood; *Novak* was continued by Ben Morris, but his portrayal was dull compared with Webb's. An outcry arose from Webb fans, and the result was *Johnny Madero*, a Mutual summer series of 1947 that reunited Webb and *Novak* writer Richard Breen in almost an exact copy of the *Novak* format.

Johnny Madero disappeared at the end of summer. The Ben Morris versions of *Pat Novak* continued through the 1946 season, broadcasting from KGO, San Francisco. That show featured Jack Lewis as Novak's pal Jocko Madigan and John Galbraith as Inspector Hellman, Novak's enemy with a badge. A steady demand persisted on the West Coast for a return of Webb as Novak, and it finally happened. By February 1949 the series had been picked up by ABC as a coast-to-coast show, and was billed for a time as the network's "most unusual" crime-detective series. The new series picked up where the original left off, Webb filling the air with hilarious clichés and purple dialogue: "The street was as deserted as a warm bottle of beer . . . a car started up down the street and the old man couldn't have made it with a pocketful of aces . . . I caught a glimpse of the license plate in a dull, surprised way, the way you grab a feather out of an angel's wing. . . ." Webb and Novak kept them coming, half a dozen per minute. Their style was what made this series go.

Like most private sleuths, Novak had an assistant—Jocko Madigan, wharf bum, "an ex-doctor and boozer—to him a hangover is the price of being sober—but an honest guy." The stories all went in the same direction. Novak would be hired to do something simple—tail a blonde, deliver a package. Inevitably, it led to murder. Along the way, he got slugged, and awoke with the room full of coppers. The only way to clear himself was to find the real murderer, fast. Jocko would be dragged out of some bar to do the legwork, while Novak waded into the enemy den with his fists and mouth working overtime. Week after week the same plot was used, and Novak was known by Jocko and others as "Patsy"—everybody's patsy.

He was especially Hellman's patsy. Hellman was the brutish police inspector who hated Novak enough to throw the switch on a jaywalking charge. He thought nothing of beating Novak occasionally, just for the hell of it. Novak responded with more smartmouth, and on it went. The series was simply a showcase for Webb's quips. He was the ultimate radio hardboiler, so distinctive that he was even parodied on a rival show. In 1949, the producers of *Richard Diamond* gave their hero a funny-rude rival, containing many of the Webb-Novak mannerisms and named, not coincidentally, Pat Cosak.

Tudor Owen, a British actor whose career spanned London stage, movies, and television, played Jocko Madigan in the Webb network version. Raymond Burr was perfect as Hellman. The show was produced and directed by William Rousseau, and music was by Basil Adlam. George Fenneman was announcer. It ran through the 1949 season.

Paul Whiteman Presents

Paul Whiteman Presents was a 30-minute NBC replacement for Edgar Bergen in the summer of 1943, bringing together Whiteman's thirty-five-piece orchestra and hostess Dinah Shore in the smash hit of vacation time. The show was a high-budget variety hour, carried by Bergen's sponsor, Chase & Sanborn and featuring songs, jokes, and top guest stars. The high point came on July 4, when Bing Crosby got together with his old partners Harry Barris and Al Rinker to form the first professional reunion of the Rhythm Boys since their beginnings with Whiteman's band in 1930. Among the other guests over the thirteen-week run were Eddie Cantor, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Red Skelton, Ed "Archie" Gardner, and Jimmy Durante. *Paul Whiteman Presents* premièred June 6 and went off August 29. The format called for one major guest star and a member of the "Whiteman Alumni Association" to appear each week. The "Alumni" were such old Whiteman associates as Ferde Grofé, Johnny Mercer, and Matty Malneck. Bill Goodwin was announcer, and the theme was (what else?) "Rhapsody in Blue."

Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney

Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney came to Mutual November 29, 1943, in a Monday-night variety show that featured singer Imogene Carpenter and the Russell Bennett Orchestra. Winchell was a ventriloquist, riding the crest of the Charlie McCarthy wave, and publicity shots of his dummy Jerry Mahoney bore a startling likeness to Edgar Bergen's Charlie. Winchell was a better ventriloquist too, as TV later proved. But on radio people didn't care how badly your lips moved, and in 1943 he was trodding old turf. There was just one Charlie.

The Pause That Refreshes on the Air

The Pause That Refreshes on the Air was a title used several times by Coca-Cola. One early *Pause* show, running on NBC in 1934–35, featured Frank Black, "sixty-five musicians and twenty-five vocalists." On December 1, 1940, a new *Pause* opened on CBS. It was a distinctive program of concert music under direction of Russian-American conductor Andŕe Kostelanetz. Kostelanetz had been with CBS since 1933, broadcasting for Chesterfield with such headliners as Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett and later for Ethyl Gas as *Tune-Up Time*. Now came Coca-Cola, searching for a Sunday-afternoon format that would best fit its "pause that refreshes" slogan. After listening to several maestros of the swing school, Coke settled on the Kostelanetz forty-five-member orchestra. Violinist Albert Spalding was tapped as the show's narrator, John Charles Thomas was featured singer, and guest soloists were booked from the opera world. The show immediately picked up a respectable audience, and the orchestra was praised by *Newsweek* for the "distinctive shimmering effect" of its sixteen violins. It ran in its 30-minute, Sunday-at-4:30 time slot until 1944, when Coke moved its advertising dollar elsewhere. Kostelanetz turned up again in 1946, doing his thing for Chrysler.

In 1947 Coke reinstated the *Pause that Refreshes* format, complete with the Kostelanetz orchestra. By 1948, Percy Faith was broadcasting under that banner Fridays on CBS, in a format that co-starred singer Jane Froman.

The Penny Singleton Show

The Penny Singleton Show was heard on NBC in the summer of 1950. Miss Singleton, best known as the Blondie of radio and movies, now

As the serial grew, so did its characters. Pepper became a reporter for the *Free Press,* a local newspaper. He married Linda and settled down to raise their "Button." Peggy and Carter were married, but dark days lay in store for them. Late in the run, after serving for more than fifteen years as a leading *Pepper Young* character, Carter went off the deep end, ran away, and died a broken man.

It all came about with a huge oil strike on the Young property, where Pepper and Linda had retired to live the farm life. The oil well caught fire, burned out half the town, and killed Sam Young's best friend, Curt Bradley. Carter, asleep at the site when the fire broke out, blamed himself. Unable to face his family, he disappeared for more than a year, "moving from city to city" and living as a forgotten man.

Curtis Arnall, who had played Buck Rogers a few years before, played Red Davis from 1934 on, and initiated the role of Pepper Young. Lawson Zerbe took over after the first *Pepper* year, leaving in 1945. Then Mason Adams was Pepper until the end in 1959.

In other long-running performances, Betty Wragge went all the way as Peggy, and Marion Barney played the ever-patient Mrs. Young. The part of Sam Young was initiated by Jack Roseleigh, but was played for many years by Thomas Chalmers. Eunice Howard was Linda, and Curt Bradley was played by Edwin Wolfe. Chick Vincent was longtime director.

The success of *Pepper Young's Family* led Elaine Carrington to take on two new serials in the late 1930's. She dictated her scripts, playing out each role like Irna Phillips. She continued writing each episode, giving it that personal touch, until her death in 1958. In the final year, her children Bob and Pat wrote the scripts.

Perry Mason

Perry Mason came to CBS October 18, 1943, in a script written especially for radio by Erle Stanley Gardner. Gardner, a Southern California lawyer, had created Mason (a fictional alter-ego) in a series of mystery novels read by millions. So Perry Mason had a built-in audience when he made the jump to radio. Along with him came all the other Gardner regulars—secretary Della Street, legman Paul Drake, and crusty old Lieutenant Tragg of homicide. Mason trod heavily in the footsteps of *Mr. District Attorney;* he was billed as "defender of human rights, champion of all those who seek justice." But this was sheer soap opera, which ran in prime afternoon time, five days a week, 15 minutes per chapter, for Procter & Gamble. In one 1949 sequence, Mason and Tragg had a murderer pinned down in a ratty hotel. They argue like schoolboys over who should go in first. (TRAGG: It's my job. MASON: Yeah, but you're the family man. TRAGG: Let me . . . MASON: No, let me . . .) While they're discussing it, the killer escapes through a window and takes a fire escape to the roof. Mason and Tragg finally push each other out of the way and stumble into the room, then begin arguing over who should go up the fire escape after Barker. Tragg wins ("We'll both go, but *I'll* go first"). Tragg takes a bullet in the leg and says the radio version of damn, double damn and hell; *now Mason will get all the credit!*

Bartlett Robinson played Mason when the series opened. Subsequent lead actors were Santos Ortega and Donald Briggs. By 1949, John Larkin was giving a short-tempered interpretation of the Gardner hero. Della was originated by Gertrude Warner, and was subsequently played by Jan Miner and Joan Alexander. Matt Crowley was Drake and Mandel Kramer was Tragg. Although Gardner started the scripting, he soon left it to Ruth Borden and Irving Vendig. The series ran until 1955, carried all the way on CBS for Procter & Gamble.

The Personal Column of the Air

The Personal Column of the Air was devised by Octavus Roy Cohen, a magazine writer, in 1935 London. Fascinated by the personals columns of *The London Times,* Cohen thought a radio show built around the same situations would have tremendous human interest. He wrote a script and the following year had an audition record made of the proposed show. It simply invited listeners to send in "messages you wish broadcast to people whom you have lost track of—friends or relatives and dear ones who have disappeared from your life." Cohen's faith was immediately justified: the show sold to Procter & Gamble for $4,000 a week, and soon was running 15 minutes a day, five times a week, on both NBC Red and Blue. It premièred nationally on November 16, 1936, after a short trail in selected cities. Inez Lopez (Mrs. Cohen) produced the show, sifting through hundreds of letters weekly to find the few to be dramatized by paid actors. It opened to the theme "L'Amour, Toujours L'Amour," and one of its first stories was of a long-lost turn-of-the-century love affair. After that, listeners were hooked, and *The Personal Column of the Air* had an extremely profitable, though brief year.

Pete Kelly's Blues

Pete Kelly's Blues took listeners to a smoke-filled Kansas City speakeasy of the 1920's. Prohibition was in, booze out, except at

George Lupo's place, 417 Cherry Street. There it was still tough to get a clear gin, but a lady liked the idea of a drink to match the color of her dress. "We start every night about 10 and play till the customers get that first frightening look at each other in the early light . . ."

Pete Kelly played cornet in Lupo's place, where bootlegged rotgut flowed freely and the customers came with personal hangups of all kinds. For Jack Webb, fresh from his first two years as Joe Friday of *Dragnet*, *Pete Kelly's Blues* was a half-step back to the tempo and pitch of *Pat Novak*. But only a half-step. Never again was Webb quite as hardboiled as Novak; as Pete Kelly of the Roaring Twenties he took on the Establishment and still managed to come out ahead.

Kelly's boss was a "fat, friendly little guy who wouldn't harm a fly—there's no money in harming flies." Under Lupo's watchful eye, Kelly headed a small combo (Pete Kelly's Big Seven) and belted out a brand of jazz that almost competed with the story.

Thirty musicians were auditioned before Webb picked Dick Cathcart to head up the combo on cornet. Other members of the Big Seven were Matty Matlock, clarinet; Elmer Schneider, trombone; Ray Schneider, piano; Bill Newman, guitar; Marty Carb, bass; and Nick Fatool, drums. Blues singer Meredith Howard played the part of Maggie Jackson, a speakeasy entertainer. The regular company of actors included William Conrad, Peggy Webber, Whitfield Connor, Vic Perrin, Herb Butterfield, and Jack Kruschen. The characters were created by Richard Breen of Webb's *Pat Novak* days. The writing by Jo Eisinger and James Moser was again a return to the *Novak* theme. Kelly's involvement with customers and show people of the era led quickly and surely to trouble, often to murder, and usually Pete Kelly was on the hook until he got himself off.

The program premièred on NBC July 4, 1951, and ran through the summer. It was one of Webb's best showings, and was the foundation for his 1955 movie of the same name.

ANNOUNCER: This one's about Pete Kelly . . .
(Music up, blues note, played in brass)
ANNOUNCER (Over music): It's about the world he goes around in . . .
It's about the big music . . .
And the big trouble . . .
In the big Twenties . . .
So when they ask you, tell them this one's about the blues . . .
Pete Kelly's Blues . . .

The Phil Baker Show

The Phil Baker Show was a comedy-variety series, long before Baker became quizmaster on *Take It or Leave It*. Backed by the Frank Shields orchestra and the singing of the Neil Sisters, Baker came to the Blue Network as *The Armour Jester* on March 17, 1933, for Armour Packing. In 1935, *The Phil Baker Show* moved to CBS for Gulf Oil and a Sunday format; in 1938 he took over a CBS Saturday time slot for Dole Pineapple, a show that co-starred the Andrews Sisters.

Baker's long career had begun on the stage of a neighborhood movie house, progressed through a variety of vaudeville acts, and culminated in his network radio show, which soon climbed into the magical top 10. An accomplished accordionist, he had toured in vaudeville with Ben Bernie, working up an accordion-violin act that was one of the headliners of the era. His show, written by Hal Block (at 21, Baker's head writer), Arthur Phillips, and Sam Perrin, featured skits with his butler, Bottle, a "veddy-veddy English chap" played by Harry McNaughton, and Beetle, a ghost who haunted, harassed, and goaded Baker unmercifully. Beetle was never seen, even by the studio audience; he spoke his lines from a loudspeaker offstage and posed for publicity stills in a mask. His intrusion into the first program was promoted by such ads in *The New York Times* as: MYSTERY RADIO VOICE BAFFLES PHIL BAKER. During the half-hour, Baker would do an accordion solo and the Seven G's offered a musical number; Baker then spent the rest of the show being persecuted by the persistent Beetle. Hank Ladd was the first Beetle; Ward Wilson and Sid Silvers also played the part. By 1939, Baker had thoroughly tired of this format, and so had the public. He dropped out of radio for two years, and re-emerged as *Take It Or Leave It* emcee in December 1941.

The Phil Harris–Alice Faye Show

The Phil Harris–Alice Faye Show grew out of the *Fitch Bandwagon*, premièring on the *Bandwagon* show of September 29, 1946.

Bandleader Phil Harris and his movie star wife Alice Faye met late in 1933, when she was singing with Rudy Vallee and Harris was leading his orchestra at New York's Lafayette. It wasn't a very memorable meeting: because of an accident, her face was wrapped in bandages, and conversation was limited to a few polite words. During the

S.E. POST 9/26/53

The Cops' Favorite Make-Believe Cop

By RICHARD TREGASKIS

Big-eared Detective Joe Friday isn't brilliant, doesn't always get his man, talks little and seldom smiles. But this dead-pan character—as played by Jack Webb on a frighteningly realistic TV show called Dragnet—is one of the few fictitious policemen who do not make real cops jeer.

EVERY Thursday evening, by TV's eerie light, millions of Americans watch their favorite detective get his man. On Sunday nights, about one fourth as many people flip a radio switch to listen in on a similar adventure of the same detective. More popular than Sherlock Holmes ever was, at least in terms of circulation, this new legal beagle is also a very different type, both physically and mentally. And yet in his streamlined way, he is the Sherlock Holmes of the atom era.

This modern gumshoe, by name Sgt. Joe Friday, has rapidly achieved the status of a great American hero—outshone only by the sponsor-spoofing Arthur Godfrey and Lucy's ebullient husband Desi. For Dragnet, Sergeant Friday's program, trails only these two leaders in current audience polls. Indeed the sergeant's standing as a hero is probably even higher than Godfrey's and Arnez's, because they are comedians, while Joe, in the grim TV course of tracking down the criminal, rarely cracks even a slight smile. When this wonderful event does occur, female viewers from Maine to California write in and ask why he can't smile just a little more often, the effect is so charming.

In between smiles, Sergeant Friday gets letters admiring such widely diverse personal qualities as his deep, rich voice, his mild crew haircut, his button-down-collar shirts, his dark brown eyes, even his ears, which all but the most blindly enamored fans will agree are of a size more suitable for flying than for listening.

Sergeant Friday is not, of course, the real name of the slim, dark Los Angeles police officer with the short pants, sports jacket and—for a cop—sympathetic manner. He is Jack Webb, a thirty-three-year-old actor with a home in fashionable Encino, California, that no honest detective sergeant could afford.

Until recently, neither could Webb. As a penniless kid in Los Angeles' commercial Bunker Hill section, Jack knew well the color of the paper sacks in which dried beans were dispensed by relief authorities. He knew the art of folding National Geographic covers to insulate thin places in the soles of his shoes. And he remembers years of struggling to make good as an actor—until 1950, in fact—before the coming of his present affluence.

Now he makes more than $100,000 a year for his impersonation, direction and general management of the character known as Sergeant Friday, of Dragnet. Yet he refuses to consider his success as anything but temporary, subject to possible reverses of fortune. "In this business," he says, speaking with an intensity unknown to the laconic cop he plays on the air, "you can't get yourself cemented in a social group. It's so dependent on public acceptance."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SID AVERY

Webb (seated) between takes at the Walt Disney studio where Dragnet is filmed. Jack is star and director of the radio and TV versions.

Jack and Julie Webb with daughter Lisa during a brief reconciliation this June. Success (his salary now tops $100,000 a year) has failed to save their marriage.

To keep from losing that acceptance Webb works with fierce energy, for twelve or fourteen hours a day, at maintaining the quality and popularity of Dragnet. In the movie world he is becoming known as an *enfant terrible* of productivity, a sort of cinematic Balzac. He confounds his competition by such feats as organizing, directing, acting in—and sometimes writing—fifty high-quality TV films a year, and running off twenty pages of script and 8000 to 10,000 feet of slickly handled celluloid in a day—to say nothing of a corresponding achievement in the world of radio.

But it is the quality of lifelikeness—the reality and humanity of the character Joe Friday and the accurate picture of police life afforded by the program Dragnet—that has made Jack Webb rich and famous, and he is grimly determined to perpetuate them just as he invented them.

Diametrically opposite in character to Sherlock Holmes or the private eyes which have followed in practically endless train, Jack Webb's hero Friday is not a lone-wolf supersleuth reaching brilliant deductions with lightning rapidity and a minimum of effort. He has none of Sherlock's hauteur, nor the crudity and sadism of more recent stock private eyes. He is a hard-working professional detective on a big-city police force. Therefore he always operates with a partner and he always works in league with many highly trained specialists, like the people in the crime lab and the Records and Identification section. He and his partner do plenty of leg work to come to their conclusions, and Friday usually looks tired, not to say undernourished.

"We're trying to play fact and not fiction," Webb says. "We try to make cops human beings, guys doing a job for low pay, but we're trying to get away from the 'dumb-cop' idea. They aren't dumb; they're pretty smart. The average law officer has a handful of law books in the back of his car. The officer's job is not to make an arrest, but get a conviction. We try to combine the best qualities of the men I've seen downtown (at the police station) . . . try to incorporate the way of speaking, make a composite."

According to these precepts, Jack Webb has Friday and Friday's partner, Frank Smith, talk an authentic-sounding, if sometimes puzzling, technical police lingo, salted with such slangy abbreviations as "R. & I." (Records and Identification), "the mamma sheet" (index to a criminal's file), "the moniker file" (list of nicknames), "stats office" (statistics), and "MO" (technique, or *modus operandi* of the criminal).

But perhaps more important in the success of Dragnet and Sergeant Friday than these consciously applied touches and deliberate story objectives are the elements in the character of Sergeant Friday automatically supplied by Jack Webb: his intent, earnest look, the gleam of understanding in his level gaze and the deep, vibrant voice trained by years of radio announcing and bit acting. These, at least, are the qualities which endear him to the women listeners and viewers, who are astoundingly numerous for a program in which there is never any romance.

Joe Friday's partner-in-crime-prevention, Frank Smith, is portrayed by Ben Alexander (at left).

Women, in fact, write more letters to Sergeant Friday than men do. Most of them, according to the girls who handle Webb's fan mail, rave about his soft, resonant voice, but other attributes come in for their share of attention too. "You're serving a very important function in the community by making policemen so human and attractive and intelligent," an admiring female wrote recently. "The compassion you show sometimes, too (your eyes look so wonderful then), is wonderful."

Webb's attraction for women of all ages may well stem from the fact that he grew up in a manless family. Jack's father, Samuel Webb, was divorced by Margaret Smith Webb when the boy was less than two years old, and Jack can't remember ever having seen him. So Jack, an only child, was brought up by two women, his mother and his maternal grandmother, Emma S. Smith.

The home which Jack remembers as a child was a room in a three-story

(Continued on Page 106)

THE COPS' FAVORITE MAKE-BELIEVE COP

(Continued from Page 25)

stucco structure more tenement than apartment building. The two women clerked in cafeterias or department stores when they could get jobs, but for a couple of years they were depression-struck, on relief. When Jack had a dangerous case of double pneumonia at the age of eleven, Margaret and Emma tended him at home. The illness left the boy with asthma, and they treated him as a semi-invalid, carrying him up steep hills to save his heart and lungs.

So Jack lived a life removed from most of the neighborhood kids. He was encouraged to spend time at the Los Angeles Library, and there he adventured vicariously through several favorite books, among them two on World War I air combat, Eddie Rickenbacker's Fighting the Flying Circus and Nordhoff and Hall's Falcons of France. These books the women of the house viewed with some disquiet, but they approved of Jack's interest in the murals then being painted at the library by Henry Clive, and regarded it as a yearning toward artistic self-expression. They encouraged the frail boy to study art; his idols were Norman Rockwell and N. C. Wyeth, the photographic school of painting. He did well at caricature. The two women also encouraged Jack's interest in dramatic art. He was too spindly for football, but he could play parts in the Belmont High School comedy skits put on by students for the benefit of the team.

When Jack was sixteen, his grandmother's eyesight began to fail. She could no longer work, and Jack took on some of the financial burden of the family. He washed dishes in the school cafeteria and, during the summers, clerked in a plumbing-supply house. The work and responsibility seemed to spur him to local success: he became president of the student body at the high school, and he won a scholarship in art at the University of Southern California. But Jack declined the scholarship; he owed financial support to the two women who had worked so hard to keep him in school thus far. Instead of going on with his studies, he took a job as a salesman in a big clothing store, where his industry shortly won him a promotion to manager of the firm's University Shop in the fashionable Westwood district of Los Angeles.

Even during World War II, when Webb became an Army Air Forces pilot, he sent a healthy allotment to the two women, and his subsequent discharge from the service was given on the ground of dependency; he wanted to provide still better for mother and grandmother.

So while Webb is no oil painting—he says that he has "big ears, and no face"—there is still a *simpatico* air about him that appeals to the female of the species. Teen-agers write and ask for autographed photographs. The fan letters which please Webb most, however, are those from policemen and their families, attesting to the accuracy of his portrayal. "I admire your shows because they are realistic and authentic appearing. I also greatly admire the swell cop known as Friday."—this from a Council Bluffs, Iowa, policeman of fifteen years' experience.

A cop from Pascoag, Rhode Island, wrote: "It is the most realistic police program on television. . . . Most programs of this type feature tough, hard-punching, quick-on-the-trigger, either-too-smart-or-too-dumb cops or private eyes. They don't picture police work as it really is. But your program does a fine job of showing the public just how most cases are solved, by plenty of hard, routine leg work and questioning, gathering the facts and putting them together to make the story."

This authenticity stems from the fact that the yarns are based on actual police cases, and that every Dragnet film and radio program is checked in detail by a man from the appropriate section of the Los Angeles Police Department. There is no official connection between Dragnet and the Los Angeles police, but unofficially the force has played a vital role in developing the program. Indeed, the idea originated with a policeman.

After World War II, Webb did bit work on radio and in movies, determined to be an actor or bust, and nearly achieving the latter. In 1948 he won a job doing a heavy in a motion picture called He Walked by Night. The play had been fashioned on an actual case—the murder of a highway patrolman on the California coast—and a Los Angeles policeman had been given time off to be technical adviser. He was Sgt. Marty Wynn, a detective from the robbery squad, and being a friendly fellow, he fell to talking one day with one of the villains, Webb. They discussed crime and crime plays, and Wynn said that detective fiction should be closer to the truth. Finding out that Webb doubled in brass as a radio actor between movie jobs, Wynn suggested a crime show with a documentary flavor, based on actual cases. He could supply some true stories and be technical adviser. Police work could be presented without phony glamour, without jazzing up.

Jack Webb agreed that it would be nice to put on such a program, but neither he nor Wynn made another move in the direction for six months after that. Then Jack, what with unemployment and other personal difficulties, found he had time on his hands. He sought out Wynn in the Los Angeles City Hall Police Headquarters and met Wynn's detective partner, Vance Brasher. With some additional help from detective captain Jack Donohoe, they worked out a sample crime story. Webb thought of calling it The Cop or The Sergeant. And, offering an innovation which was to make the story different from other crime documentaries, Webb proposed that they use a central character who would continue, like Sherlock Holmes, through the series. This character was Sgt. Joe Friday, and his partner was Ben Romero, later changed to Frank Smith.

The title Dragnet came after the boys had kicked around several of Jack's ideas for a name, and Jack swears today that Dragnet was his suggestion. He also supplied a sort of prologue stating that the case about to be dramatized was true—and so the format of the fabulously successful program was shaped. From here, the considerable job of getting the program on the air had to be tackled.

At this time, in 1948, Jack's theatrical agent was George Rosenberg, in Hollywood. Rosenberg was a big-shot agent, and in those days Webb seemed, to be a little-shot client. Jack approached Rosenberg and one of Rosenberg's assistants named Mike Meshekoff, and presented his Dragnet idea.

"They said, 'You need a Sam Spade character,'" Jack remembers. "'Besides, you'd get sued for libel on every program.' I went to ~~NBC~~ with the idea
CBS
and they said, 'Give us an audition.' I said, 'Give me three hundred dollars for the script.' They said no. I went to Homer Canfield at NBC he liked it, and we ran some (recording) strips."

Canfield came up with an offer of a sustaining contract—unsponsored, with the expenses paid by the network. Jack was bowled over by his unexpected success—and a little panic-stricken about the elaborate business of setting up the show. "I had to worry about casting, directing, writing; it was a big responsibility. I talked to Rosenberg, and he said he would handle everything—and the show was in his name."

Rosenberg indeed set up the show, agreed to pay Jack Webb a salary of $300 a week, and also lent Jack $300 to pay off a note on the actor's broken-down jalopy.

The whole deal seemed a real windfall to Jack, depressed as he had been by the difficulty of making a living in acting, and by his separation from his bride of less than two years, Julie London. Jack had met her in a jazz joint when he'd been a clothing salesman before World War II, and they had worshiped at the shrine of Bix Beiderbecke, Billy Butterfield, Johnny Hodges, Benny Goodman, *et al.* During the war years Julie had become a movie starlet and pinup girl, one of the favorite bits of GI barracks-wall art being an Esquire shot of Julie prone in a wet metallic drape. Once, when stationed at Laughlin Field, Del Rio, Texas, Jack had seen that thumbtacked work of art and told the boys he knew her. They had said, "Sure you do, bud." To prove it, he had written her, she had answered, and in 1947 they had been married. But being married to a struggling bit actor as intense and ambitious as Webb involved some difficult psychological problems, and the separation had seemed to both of them to be the best solution.

So Webb had many good reasons for wanting to throw himself into something as promising and exciting as Dragnet seemed to be at that moment. First, however, there remained a slight detail which had so far been postponed: getting the official O.K. of the Los Angeles Police Department. If police officers like Sergeant Wynn and Vance Brasher were to supply true stories and technical advice, then the high brass of the department must have an audition—and must approve.

Marty Wynn arranged to play the record for Deputy Chief Joseph F. Reid. In Reid's office in the towering Los Angeles City Hall, the Dragnet crew of Webb, Mike Meshekoff—representing the Rosenberg agency—and policemen Wynn and Brasher watched anxiously while the disk of the show's prologue and a selection of sample dialogue were played. Deputy Chief Reid didn't help the state of their nerves at all by continuing to peruse and sign a stack of official papers during the audition.

When it was over, however, Reid said that Dragnet seemed O.K. He referred to particular parts, which proved he had been listening, after all, and added that the boys should keep it accurate.

Now the principal job of Webb and his associates began: to interest the public in their program. In those days of April, 1949, Webb spent considerable time gathering color at Police HQ. In the language of a member of the detective division, "He'd come down and they'd get a hot-shot call (robbery in progress), and he'd roll with them."

Webb, with his usual intense flow of verbiage, recalls this type of experience in the more vivid terms which have since made his program famous: "There was always something going on, like robbery, a hot detail. A cop would come in: 'Those —— just knocked off the Western Union at 7th and Flower.' The same gang had knocked over three places in the last few hours. . . . They (the detectives) start checking for the pattern, to see if they can figure where the gang will hit next. . . . But they're very calm; they don't shriek and yell. It's a business. That's what we try to do in Dragnet."

Yet, in those early days, despite Webb's good intentions, someone of the Dragnet crew was always wanting to throw a little hoke into the program. The writers seemed to be the principal offenders in this regard, Detective Vance Brasher remembers.

"It was pretty hard to get the point over to them that it (crime detection) was hard work—that it wasn't done with a crystal ball. . . . They wanted to go all out for big gun battles. But it doesn't go that way."

Webb had two writers the first year of Dragnet; the first scribe dropped from the payroll after the first three programs hit the public with a small wet thud. With the scripts of the second writer, Jim Mosher, the shows started to go better. A little audience mail began to arrive. In their time off from police duties, Brasher, Sergeant Wynn or Captain Donohoe visited the studios one day each week to check over the Dragnet program. Then, after catching inaccuracies, the detectives would sit up with the writer, sometimes with Webb, too, drinking coffee to stay awake and going over the rough draft of the next week's show. For this extracurricular service the officers each received twenty-five dollars a week.

The things which the three policemen usually changed, according to Captain Donohoe, were "mostly expression—a word here or there. Sometimes the procedure was wrong." Sometimes slight compromises were made in the interest of dramatic effectiveness, and of course names and places and occasionally vocations were altered to prevent libel suits—or, in the elegant language of the Dragnet prologue, "to protect the innocent."

Meanwhile, just as Webb and Mosher learned the intricacies of police phraseology and procedure, Wynn, Brasher and Donohoe picked up more than a passing acquaintance with such radio matters as middle breaks, *segues* and tags. "The first year was pretty rough," Brasher says. "We didn't know what they wanted, they didn't know what we wanted."

And within the internal structure o Dragnet, Jack Webb was having hi own private battle—with agency hea Rosenberg. Jack protested that Dragnet was his show, that he owned it, bu the title to the program actually lay i Rosenberg's name. Rosenberg fough hard for possession. By this time th show had caught the public fancy an was always among the first ten in national popularity, according to th

(Continued on Page 109)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A woman's idea of a good cry is one that gets the intended result.
—O. A. BATTISTA.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In Mexico: Muebleria Frey, S.A., Ave. Insurgentes 216, I City.

(Continued from Page 107)

Hooper-rating. The two men eventually compromised, not without hard feelings. Ownership of the show went to Webb, with Rosenberg to receive a healthy percentage of the Dragnet profits for the life of the program.

The Dragnet formula had jelled by the end of the first year, the summer of 1950. Radio listeners liked the underplaying of the show, its emphasis on the human stories of the people caught up in the circle of a crime. Even the absence of bang-bang and shoot-'em-up and the concentration on rather unspectacular crimes seemed to be popular, possibly because it was novel. Mike Meshekoff, who by this time had quit the Rosenberg agency to become producer of Dragnet, summed up the subject matter of the program: "It doesn't have to be a $500,000 robbery—fifteen dollars is all right if it has human interest."

But along with the program's human interest and realism, its new kind of detective character, Sergeant Friday, had caught on too. When Jack Webb was pinched for going through a traffic light in Los Angeles, the motorcycle cop recognized his voice immediately and warned him that Sergeant Friday should know better than that—and also gave him a ticket.

Fame had come to Webb—just as the world of radio was beginning to sing the television blues. A man of Webb's acumen, however, could read the handwriting on the TV tube; it spelled out a message in which he was greatly interested: money. Also, he had always wanted to direct motion pictures, and Dragnet, filmed for TV, would give him the chance. With Meshekoff, he laid plans to make a sample film, based on a radio script. He had 100 such scripts to draw on.

Jack's radio success had begun to show in his bank statements at last. Besides being able to pay for good medical attention for his ailing mother and grandmother, for the first time in his life he was able to move into a house, a conventional white stucco and frame house in Hollywood. He had become reconciled with Julie. Since then, their married life has followed an on-again off-again pattern. As we go to press, it is off-again. Maybe for good, Julie having filed suit for divorce last month. They have two small daughters.

Now that Jack was well enough fixed so that he could gamble some time and money, he and Meshekoff agreed not to draw any salary for the first thirteen weeks of the TV effort. Fortunately, the radio sponsor, the Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company, put up enough money to cover everything else.

To save money on sets for the pilot film, much of the shooting was done in and around the City Hall and Police Headquarters there. This gave the story a strong documentary flavor, and Webb's firm direction amazed the movie experts. He fell naturally into a good, practical TV pattern; plenty of close-ups of the actors registering appropriate emotional reaction, plainly visible on the small screen. "The average viewer looks at a ten-inch or twelve-inch set," Webb sums it up. "I cut 'em (the actors) off here (at the chest). I try to get fairly close two-shots (close-ups of two players). I like the actor's face."

In keeping with the high standards of accuracy set in the radio series, the TV stories were carefully checked over by the Los Angeles Police Department. Under Chief W. H. Parker a new system of using different technical advisers for each new story was started. Like the radio programs, the TV yarns concentrated on presenting the law officer as a hard-working, intelligent man. As the series soared to almost immediate success, the detectives around the Police Headquarters kidded Wynn and Brasher and Captain Donohoe, the original advisers on the radio show, about their work. "You guys were supposed to prove cops are smart," was the line. "But you only showed that they must be dumb after all—because you didn't get a piece of Dragnet." By 1952, however, Wynn, Brasher and Donohoe were getting $100 a week each, for their extracurricular technical advice on the radio program, instead of the original twenty-five dollars.

With TV success, of course, Sergeant Friday became a new kind of matinee idol; his unusual face, eyes and ears grew to be as well known as his voice had been in radio. The TV series brought a much heavier influx of mail than the radio show—which incidentally continued to hold a place in the nation's top ten.

Most of the television-inspired letters have been more violently approving or disapproving than the radio reactions; pictures and sound seem to be more stirring than sound alone. Some of the Dragnet programs, like the shows on traffic safety, narcotics and firearms accidents, provoked floods of mail verging on the maudlin. After the story called A .22 Rifle for Christmas, which told how a twelve-year-old boy was given a gun, then shot his friend accidentally, many degrees of sentiment, almost all favorable, appeared in the Dragnet mail. One housewife wrote that, after the program, she had gone upstairs "to cover my ten-year-old, only to discover him wide awake and softly crying. He hadn't seen the program, but he heard it in his room. I put my arms around him and he just kept saying over and over, 'I don't ever want a gun, I don't ever want a gun.' . . . God bless you in your work."

At the same time, of course, Webb received a beef from the National Rifle Association, which favors the education of youngsters in the correct use of rifles. And one listener complained about representing the dead boy on TV after he had been shot: "It is against the law, as I understand it, to show a person that is supposed to be dead on television or on the motion-picture screen. It is positively *barbaric* and *unscrupulous* to let a dead person be seen (three exclamation points). How morbid and uncouth (four exclamation points). It wouldn't surprise me if you were taken off television for this ruthless showing of that dead little boy." The letter was signed "Unanimous."

Webb's film on traffic safety, telling how Sergeant Friday and his partner, Frank Smith, discipline the parent of a hot-rodder after an accident, provoked comment from kids and grown-ups alike, and requests for prints of the film from a score of insurance, trucking, military and police organizations. Webb had extra prints of this film run off, at a cost of about thirty-five dollars each, provided the organizations paid the shipping charges.

Now, with Dragnet so near the top of the TV and radio heap, Jack Webb has little time for anything but work, and an occasional charity telethon for cerebral palsy. Ordinarily, he gets up at about seven, has a hearty breakfast, takes a quick look at the papers, and drives to the studio—a sublet on the Walt Disney lot—in his flashy car. He works at a feverish pace and seems most nearly relaxed on the sound stage during shooting. On the sets, where a detailed replica of the Los Angeles detective division office has been built, he seems to manage his cast with calm efficiency. Actually, Webb's friends know that a tempest of energy is raging within him, but he realizes that time wasted on temper or friction with the actors is only squandered money. The fierce rush of television waits for no man.

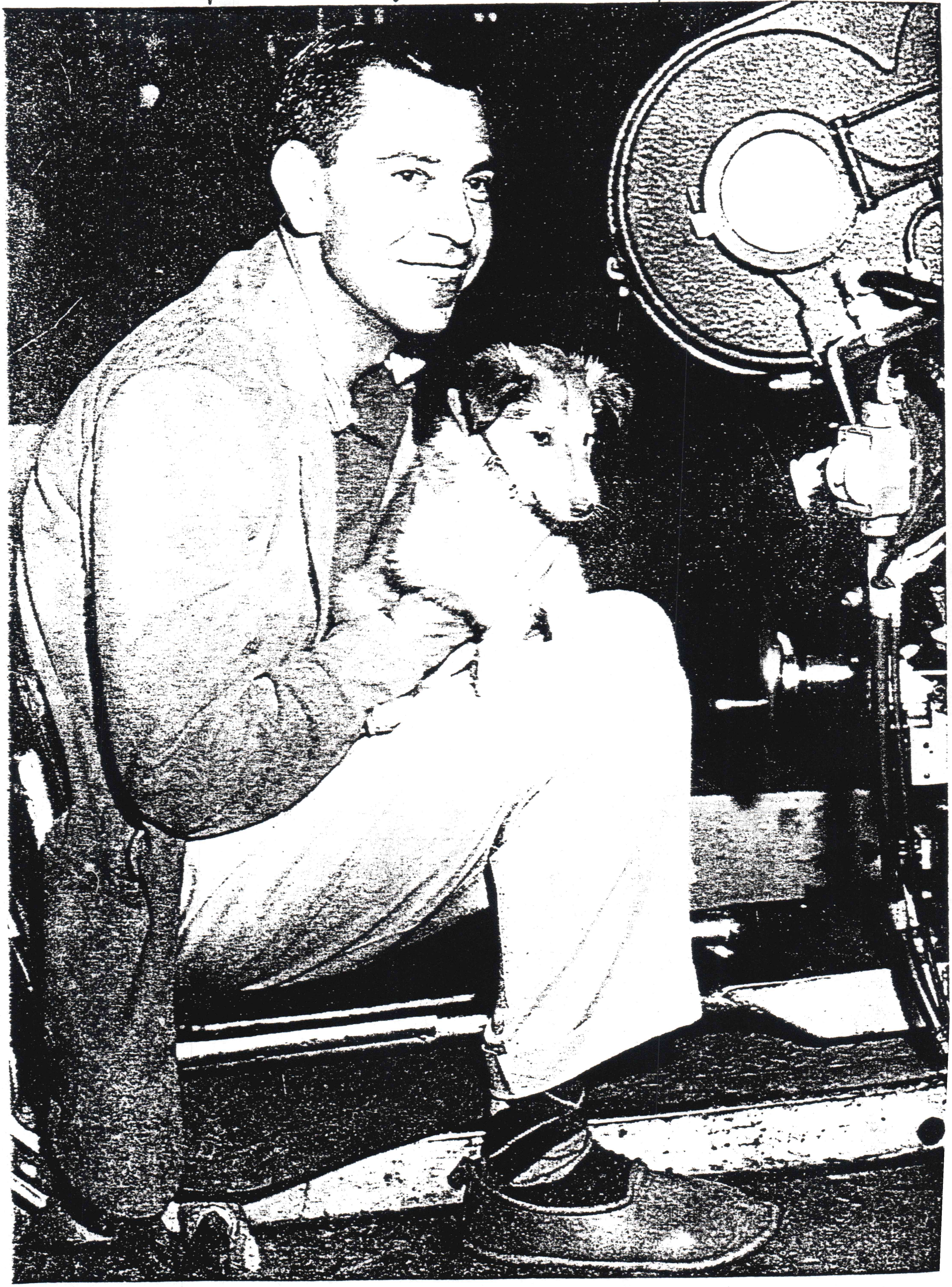
After a morning's shooting, Jack and his executives—men like Mike Meshekoff and the executive producer, Stanley Meyer—have a healthy lunch in their private dining room. Then the genius runs through several thousand more feet of film before six o'clock, when the dailies—yesterday's film output—are shown. Story and executive conferences usually last until seven or eight. Even in the evening he always seems interested in talking about his favorite program. "I don't think I know all the answers," he says. "We always want to make Dragnet better."

Because of his busy life, Webb almost never has a chance to take advantage of his swimming pool; as a matter of fact, he has a dread of getting interested in any sport—it might divert some of his energy from Dragnet.

The only avocation he permits himself is listening to jazz records. In the sizable playhouse behind his Encino mansion he has a high-fidelity phonograph setup valued at $2000 and worthy of a small radio station. But even this hobby has some career aspects. Jack is working on a projected radio and TV show dealing with jazz in the speakeasy days, called Pete Kelly's Blues. Webb's ambition is unrelenting even at playtime. He sums it up concisely, "All I want to do is make a million dollars."

THE END

Cosmopolitan: [redacted] 5/54



The Jack Webb Story

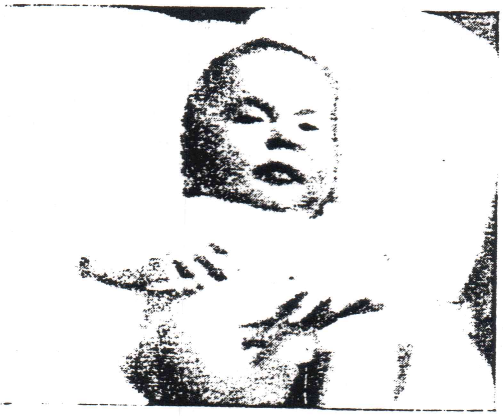
Radio and television's realistic detective tells "just the facts" in this candid picture essay of his life

For forty million Americans, a Los Angeles detective named Joe Friday is their closest link with the law. Twice each week over the NBC network, once on radio and once on TV, Sergeant Friday spends a comparatively calm thirty minutes solving a crime with unspectacular logic and common sense. Coming, as it does, during an era of bloodcurdling TV crime, Friday's show, "Dragnet," must be considered something of a freak. For close to a year it has been, on and off, the most popular show on television.

"Dragnet" 's sponsor, thousands of admiring police officers, and its millions of other fans, give all the credit to the show's director and originator and Joe Friday's alter ego, Jack Webb. An intense, driving perfectionist, thirty-four-year-old Webb, by his own admission, lives with his brain child eighteen hours a day and dreams about it the remaining six. In twelve short years, he has zoomed from a stage-struck clothing salesman to a multimillion-dollar institution. Webb remembers vividly his days of grinding poverty in Los Angeles. The only child of a broken family (he hardly remembers his father), he lived with his mother and grandmother in a run-down flat supported for a time by county relief. He remembers, too, the long struggle, the sudden wealth, and with it the swimming pool he never had time to use, the breakup of his marriage to ex-starlet Julie London.

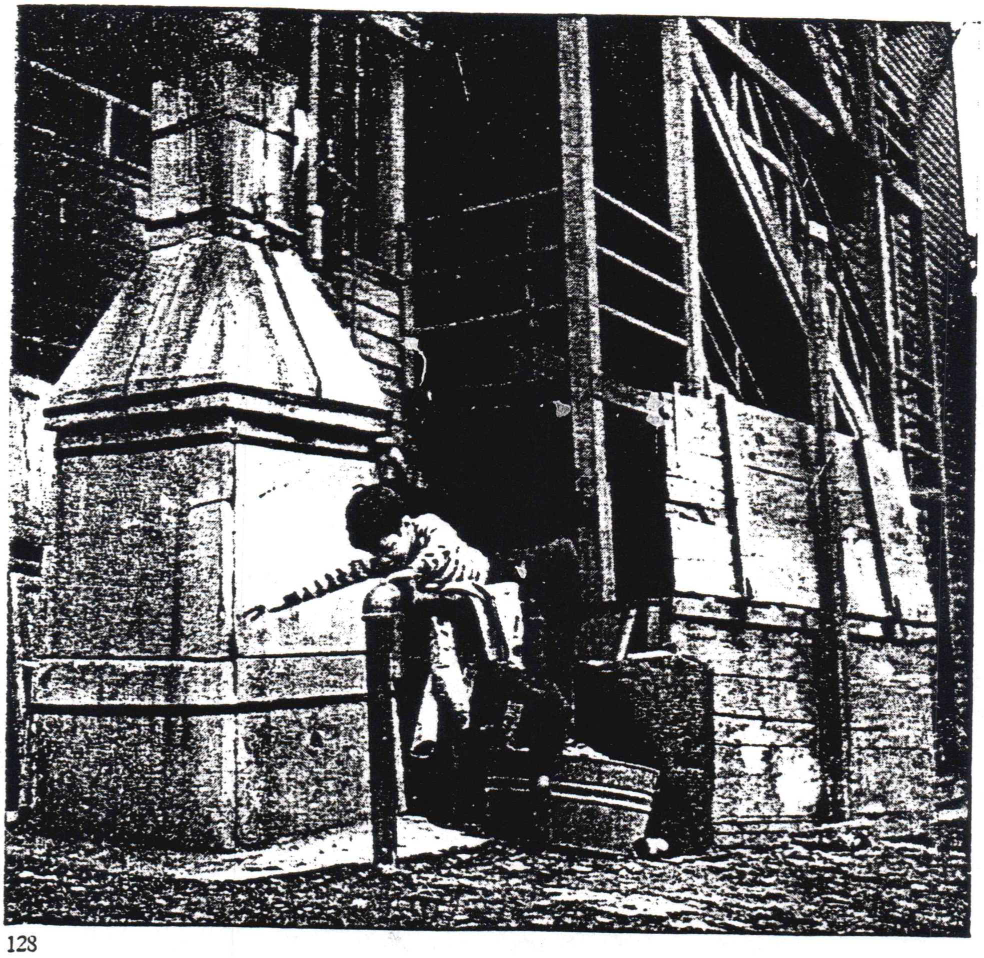
An articulate man with good taste, Webb told COSMOPOLITAN photographer Peter Martin the story. Martin re-created most of the picture situations on these pages, and Webb himself, in economical "Dragnet" style, wrote the words under the pictures.

(continued)



1920. *This is the first picture that was ever taken of me. It made no wire service.*

THE ST. REGIS APARTMENTS *at Third and Flower Streets, in Los Angeles (right). I grew up here. I lived here for seventeen years with my mother and my grandmother. My boyhood memories span Prohibition, bootlegging, Repeal, Franklin Roosevelt, the big California earthquake in 1933, and Apt. 339, one room, third-floor rear, with bathrooms on the back porch.*



THE BACK YARD *of the St. Regis was on "apartment-house hill." Half a dozen apartment houses backed up on the same rear area, filled with trash bins and garbage cans. It was here I accumulated a million dollars worth of property: a beaded, silk lamp shade with a bent frame; a once red felt pennant that bore the legend "Lake Tahoe"; a chalk Kewpie doll from the pavilion at Ocean Park—left leg missing; an almost complete mah-jongg set; and last month's magazines, which I kept on reading for years.*

WHEN I WAS SIX, *double pneumonia left me with bronchitis. As an asthmatic, I could not walk up even a slight incline without severe breathing pain. Flower Street was a high hill, almost painfully tough for a Model T or the iceman's horse. My mother and grandmother used to combine forces and carry me up the hill. By the time I was ten years old, I could manage the climb by myself. Another eight years and the condition had receded.*

(continued)

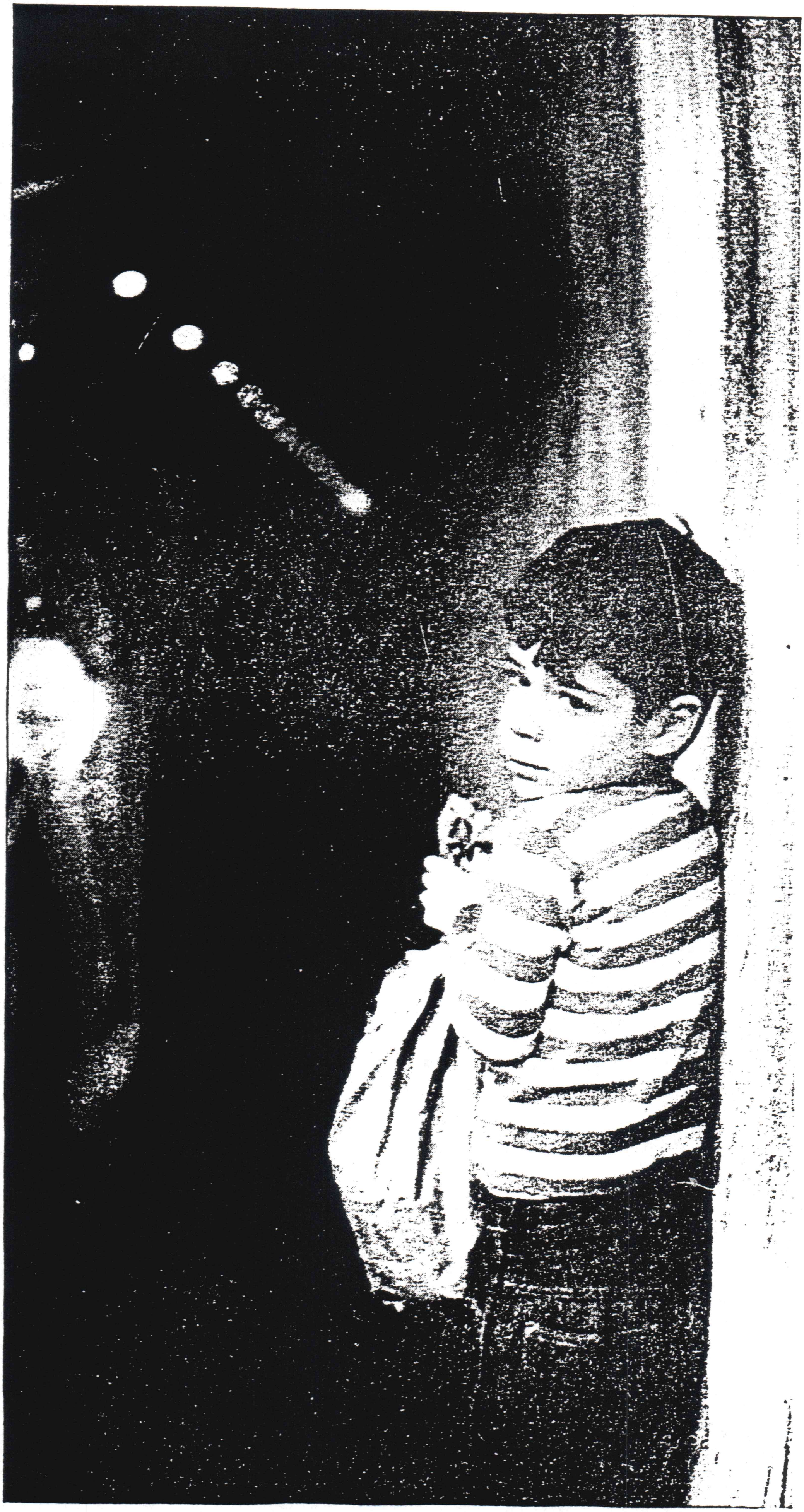
1929. *To a boyish mind, two disasters occurred. The Stock Market crashed and I dropped a bottle of milk. Every night I was given fifteen cents and sent down to the store to buy two apples and a pint of milk. We were on county relief at the time. On the way up the hill, the package slipped out of my hands. Though I was a hundred and fifty yards from home, it took me over an hour to get there. What could I say after I had been designated as "the man of the family"?*

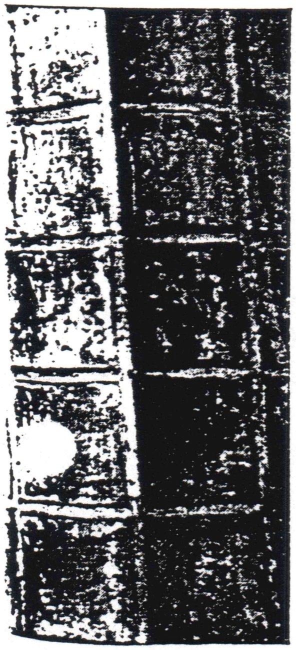
ST REGIS
APARTMENTS
APARTMENT FOR RENT

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN *lived in the second-floor front. In better days, he'd played in the pit band at the Million Dollar Theatre. He played phonograph records on his windup machine and loaned me his cornet. I couldn't play, but I used to hold the cornet and wish that I could make the sounds that came out of that victrola. It was a big wish. The musician moved on. He took his cornet but left me one record, the one I'd tried to imitate —"At the Jazz Band Ball," by Bix Beiderbecke. I still have that record.*

THE THIRD STREET TUNNEL *was a short cut to downtown Los Angeles. It connected Flower Street with Hill Street. It led to the movie houses. Once a week, I managed a dime for the ticket. The first movie I ever saw was "The Big Parade," with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. It was a gloomy tunnel, and it scared me and stirred my imagination. In the Los Angeles Public Library, I began reading c reaming about King Arthur, Robin Hood, Huck Finn, Treasure Island. I guess I went through all the young fantasies caught by the brilliant William Steig in his* Dreams of Glory *cartoons.*

(continued)





IN HIGH SCHOOL, I GOT INTERESTED IN ART—*the realistic school. I admired and copied artists like N. C. Wyeth and Norman Rockwell. My art work got me a scholarship to the University of Southern California. I felt a responsibility to my home and family. I let the scholarship go by the boards, and went to work instead. In 1938, I didn't have much free money, but what I had, I spent on listening to music.*

Jack Webb (continued)

1938. *Eighteen-dollar-a-week jobs were plentiful. I took one. I wrapped packages at Silverwood's Men's Store. Two years later, I was earning thirty-five dollars a week as a clothing salesman. I wasn't much of a salesman, but I managed to hang on, got twenty-five per cent off on my clothes, and learned how to tie the Windsor knot.*

SAN FRANCISCO. *After three and a half years in the Army Air Corps, I auditioned and hired on as a part-time radio announcer at KGO. A few weeks later, I edged onto the permanent staff. On local radio, you do everything but design tubes. I did turns as a disc jockey, announcer, narrator, and writer. It was here that one of the biggest turning points in my life occurred. I met and had the privilege of working with the finest young writer I've ever known—Fordham graduate, fresh-out-of-the-Navy Richard Breen (right). It was his writing skill that put me on the road to becoming an actor.*

continued to take all the spare hours. never went to dance, just to listen. I must ve worked overtime at it. As Breen once t it, "He won't give up. He's heard every rn player in the world but Gabriel." Breen s wrong. I'd heard his earthly version he dean of them all. Louis Armstrong.

(continued)

DICK BREEN EXITED *San Francisco radio. Five minutes later, I left. He went into movie writing. I stayed with radio. In Hollywood, I tried to get a show together. Then after a great many tries and a hatful of failures, on June 3, 1949, slotted in one of the lowest-rated half hours in radio, "Dragnet" was broadcast transcontinental on NBC for the first time. The show's rating slowly crept up. But the acting fee did not. Since I'd been married for two years by now, I had to think about starting a bank account. So I took every acting job I could get. If you went out for popcorn, you missed me in any number of movies.*

In 1951, aluminum sales went up; antenna designers worked overtime to dress up America's roofs. By now, the television set was a regular part of the Grand Rapids catalogue. Chesterfield cigarettes took the gamble with me. The Mitchell camera replaced the microphone. I tried my hand at directing. We shot for three days, worked sixty hours in the cutting room. Walter Schumann set it to music, and the audience was nice enough to welcome it—the first "Dragnet" TV film.

After two films, Barton Yarborough (above) died. For three years, he'd been my partner on "Dragnet." It was more than the passing of Sergeant Ben Romero; I had lost a great friend.

EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE BREAKING RIGHT, *but as an old friend, Nate Blumberg, says, "Sometimes you blow in sweet and it comes out sour." The wedge was being driven in. Work demands got too heavy; the projection room became my home. In 1953, my marriage ended in the divorce courts.*

A TV ACTOR IS LIKE A BOMBER PILOT. *It takes a lot of people to keep him up there. Every "Dragnet" autograph signed is a testimonial to Stanley Meyer, executive producer: Edward Colman, director of photography: and all the rest of the crew who work to put it together. Of all the benefits I have reaped from "Dragnet," the most pleasing is to be accepted by the toughest critics of all—the young.*

THE DOCTOR'S RECOMMENDATION *became a mandate. I took my first vacation in nine years. To Hawaii. Work habits had taken over a lot of me by now. I couldn't resist a bit of plotting on one of the projects we're planning.*

HERE NOW
PETE KELLY
AND
HIS BIG 7

FOUR YEARS AGO, WITHOUT FANFARE, *I tried my hand at a thirteen-week summer run on radio called "Pete Kelly's Blues." The locale was Kansas City: the time was 1925. I played Pete, the cornet man. It was all about the big trouble and the big music of the "roaring twenties." People seemed to like it. First, though, is the movie for Warner's, a feature-length color film on "Dragnet." Dick Breen is writing the script, and we are shooting for a late-summer release. And, of course, we have more "Dragnet" TV films to do. As to the guy sitting on a Kansas City speak-easy stoop, that cornet player, I'd like to put him on television. As you know from attending the movies, most actors play many different parts. I'd settle for two.* THE END

The Saturday Evening
POST

Webb and his third wife, Jackie, share what he describes as "the kind of marriage men dream about." She won the Miss United States contest in 1952.

THE FACTS ABOUT ME

Television's most celebrated cop sets the record straight about his misrepresented private life and tells how *Dragnet* and his other shows are made.

The First of Three Parts

By JACK WEBB as told to Dean Jennings

I would have sworn there was nothing that could ruin that particular day. It was spring in Hollywood, and the air was soft and warm. The *Dragnet* show was still going well all over the world, and I had money in the bank. I was healthy and happy and in love with a beautiful girl.

I walked into my office, and on my desk was an open copy of a trade publication put out in Hollywood once a year. My secretary, Jean Miles, had put a black ring around one paragraph, and this is what it said:

"Jack Webb is not the most popular guy in Hollywood. His road to success is paved with the bodies of old pals."

I was stunned. What should I do? What would *you* do? Punch the author in the nose, get a retraction, sue for libel? I didn't do anything. I've never done anything about these cracks, and there have been many. I have been called Hollywood's mystery man or a lone wolf. One writer said I could be "as savage as a wildcat." Another called me a "tough s.o.b." One movie reporter says I don't know how to

"I put my life into *Dragnet*," says Webb, here with Ben Alexander (left), who plays Sgt. Frank Smith.

Webb (at left, above) with Nancy Olson and William Holden in the 1950 film *Sunset Boulevard*. Jack had a bit part, one of the many he played before he launched *Dragnet*.

Jack consoles singer Peggy Lee in a scene from the movie *Pete Kelly's Blues*, which he produced and directed. He later used the story as the basis for a TV series, which flopped.

smile. A second calls me a slave driver. None of these things is true.

For the past ten years I have been going into millions of living rooms once a week, on radio or television, as Sgt. Joe Friday—and more recently as Lieutenant Friday. My face and voice are reasonably well known. Millions of words have been written about Joe Friday, his habits, the way he talks and what he thinks. As Jack Webb or Joe Friday, whichever you prefer, I have been interviewed hundreds of times. Newspapermen, photographers and magazine writers have cut me open and examined me under microscopes. Every time *Dragnet* won an Emmy or other national award there was a new flood of words and pictures.

I was certainly not able to live what most men call a normal life or do normal things. Just to give an example, in New York a couple of months ago I started across the street against a red light, and instantly there was a whistle and a policeman came from nowhere.

"Sergeant Friday," he said in a scolding tone, "I'm surprised at you. You're a cop and you oughta know better."

My instinct was to tell the officer that I was Sergeant Friday only on Thursday nights, and that actually I couldn't solve a real crime if they gave me all the clues. I can't even find a tiepin when I lose it at home. But I felt like a small boy getting spanked, and I was never caught jaywalking again.

Incidentally, if I keep talking about Sgt. Joe Friday, it's just because I can't get used to his new title.

After doing 278 *Dragnet* shows on television and making three major movies, and with ten enormous scrapbooks full of clippings about Jack Webb, I am surprised and shocked by one obvious fact: No one really knows me.

So this is my story, neither apology nor confession, but the personal narrative of a man who has many things he wants to explain.

My bride Jackie, who had some experience with these things as Miss United States some years ago, and who can be very explosive when the Irish comes out in her, stormed into the office one morning and badgered Frank La-Tourette, who for many years was one of my close associates.

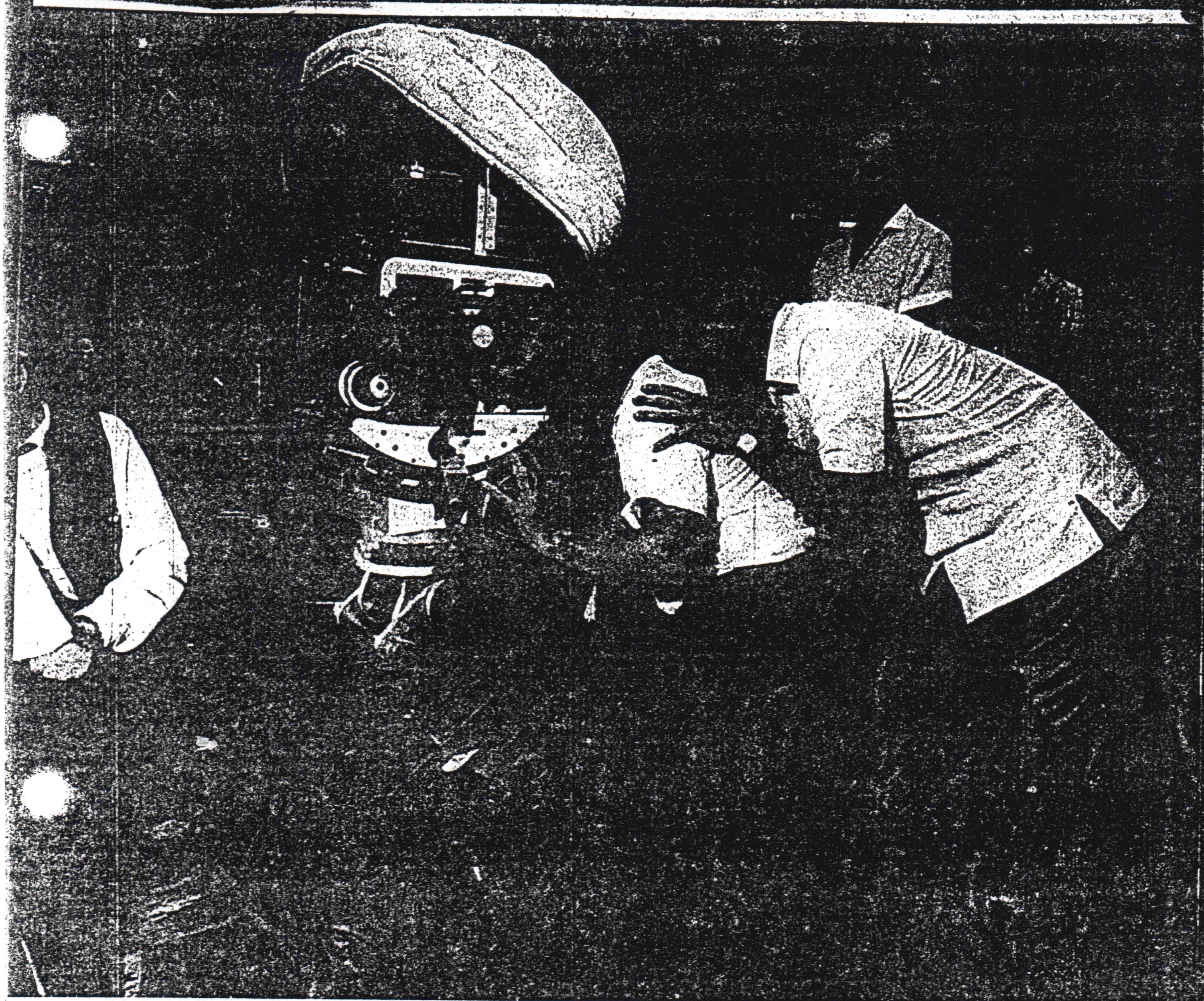
"Look," she said, "why don't the columnists print some of these warm, human things about Jack the way they do with other people? His press agent can't be doing much of a job!"

"Honey," Frank said quietly, "Jack never had a press agent and he hasn't got one now."

Jackie came home somewhat frustrated, I'm afraid, but at least we gave her the facts, ma'am. Perhaps I should have had a press agent to explain the myths and the half-truths, but the trouble is—and I mean this without any false modesty—I never felt I was in the press-agent league. I have never willingly been a column item. I have not been nominated for an Academy Award, my name doesn't appear in the Celebrity Service bulletins, and I rarely go out in Hollywood because it's more fun to stay home. I'm not even listed in the directory that has the names of all the available actors in Hollywood. Jackie and I live in a small apartment next to my office, and once in a while I like to do my own cooking. I can turn out barbecued spareribs like an old pro, but this is hardly the kind of an item Louella Parsons would consider news.

(Continued on Page 51)

Another of Webb's money-making films was *The D.I.*, released in 1957. Here Jack as a tough marine drill instructor dresses down a bewildered recruit.



Above: producer-director Webb at work on the set of his latest picture, a newspaper story called -30-, which will be released next month.

Webb married singer Julie London in 1947, before either of them made good. Six years and two children later they were divorced. He now pays her $1500 a month alimony, plus $350 a month child support.

Left: Jack and his second wife, Dorothy Towne, on their wedding day in 1955. The marriage touched off a bitter feud between Webb and a columnist.

The Facts About Me

(Continued from Page 16)

I don't even have a psychiatrist. Some of my unofficial biographers have implied that I need one to decide whether I am Jack Webb or Joe Friday. But a psychiatrist would be wasting his time having me talk it out. I already talk too much. I once had a very profitable deal pending for the company and I just couldn't keep it to myself. Couple of days later when I went down to sign the contract, the man who made the offer was furious.

"Forget it, Jack," he said. "This was supposed to be confidential, but you yapped about it and now I have nine other people wanting the same deal."

I think I learned my lesson there. Even so, when there's a big deal now, I have to sit on my head to keep my mouth shut, and if it's a medium deal I would probably talk about it. I just can't keep a secret. I have a secret about a bosomy movie star, for instance, and I have to tell somebody. When I was doing a guest bit on an Ed Sullivan show the gag was that I, as Sergeant Friday, was in New York searching for this beauty. There were some bathing girls walking around the stage and there was a film clip of the star. To get the skit going Sullivan asked me what I was doing there, and I said, "I'm looking for a three-eleven-W." The audience got nothing out of the phrase, but my police friends all over Los Angeles had a laugh. I can tell my actress friend now that 311-W is a police code meaning a case of exposure which is endangering public morals.

Frank Sinatra once asked me why I didn't get around town more often, and I gave him what must have sounded like a paradoxical answer. "I guess I'm lonely," I said. I am sure he knew what I meant.

In our business, where every move you make is more or less public property, most performers try desperately to find a private corner. It is ironic that few artists can keep their names alive without public support or affection, yet the constant attention can often be almost unbearable. The truth is that most fans have conceived a possessive image of their favorites and actually know little or nothing about their private lives or thoughts.

This curious and tenuous relationship has often tempted me into perverse behavior that people probably don't understand. I was in a San Francisco hotel once when a man came up to me in the lobby.

"Say," he said, "don't I know you? You're on TV."

"You're thinking of somebody else," I said.

"No, I'm not," he said. "I know your face. I've seen it for years. Let's see now—I'll get it in a minute."

"Mister," I said, "I've never been on television in my life."

When I walked away, his face had the most baffled look I've ever seen. I don't know why I did it. I guess I was tired and in a hurry.

On the other hand, one encounter with someone you've never seen before and will never see again can make your heart sing for days. I was autographing copies of my book, *The Badge*—the story of the Los Angeles Police Department—in a department store one recent afternoon, when a little gray-haired woman thrust a paper bag into my hand.

"What's this?" I said, startled

"It's candy," she said. "I made it for you myself."

I was fumbling for something nice to say when she pulled some crumpled bills from her purse. "Mr. Webb," she said, "I'm going to buy a copy of your book, but don't give me any change. I want you to have that for cigarettes, and I think you ought to have a cup of coffee and ——" She suddenly began to cry, and I took her hands and held them tightly and leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. She took the book and wiped her eyes and melted into the crowd, and I never did get her name. There were so many things I wanted to say, and I couldn't get the words out, but every time some writer calls me a tough s.o.b. I remember this sweet little woman, and cruel words don't seem to matter.

Sometimes I wonder if the loneliness didn't start years ago when I was a small boy who literally had nothing. I was born in Santa Monica, California, on April 2, 1920—"You missed the fools' day only by a couple of hours," my mother used to say. My parents were Samuel Chester Webb and Margaret Webb, but I never knew my father. He was once an Egyptologist with the Smithsonian Institution and served in World War I. He and my mother were divorced before I was born, and my mother never heard from him again. There weren't even any pictures of him around the house, and he certainly never got in touch with me.

You can imagine my surprise, when *Time* magazine profiled me a few years ago, to learn that their reportorial sleuths had found a Sam Webb in a Western state, and that they asserted he was my long-lost father. I heard nothing from this Mr. Webb about it, but I did get a scorching letter from his wife claiming that I, who had nothing to do with the report, was guilty of invasion of privacy. She told me flatly that her husband was not my father, and in effect told me to mind my own business. The truth is, I never had any real curiosity about my father's whereabouts, and I always thought that if he were alive I would have had some word.

While I'm on the subject of family, there is a Mrs. Barth in New Jersey who had been wondering whether I am her brother. She told her story to one of the newspapers there, and the editors felt that I was deliberately ducking Mrs. Barth's plaintive queries. This is probably a good place to let her know again that I am not her missing brother. I was an only child.

There are other men and women around the country who consider me a relative. They call me Cousin Jack or Brother Jack, let's say, when they want me to fix a traffic tag because they think I have powerful connections in the police department. I could paper a wall with all the tags people have sent me, and I never tried to fix one. I admit that Jack Webb as Sergeant Friday was scared stiff for many years that he might get into a scrape and embarrass the police department he championed on television. Indeed, there were certain people in Los Angeles waiting to clobber me and the police department if we made one slip.

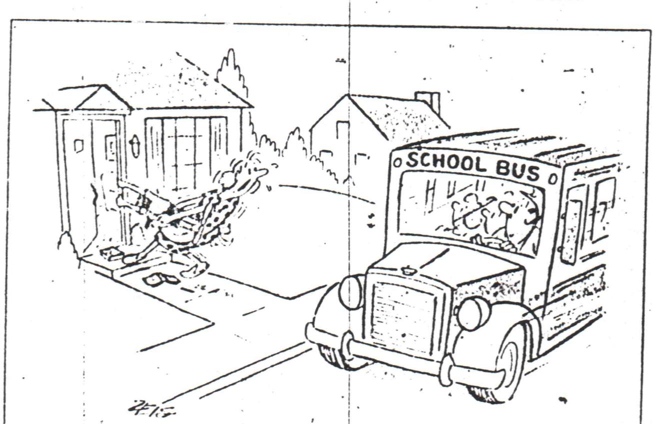
Fortunately it happened only once and in a minor way. I was in Beverly Hills one Sunday morning and I made a right turn against a red light. There was a church on the corner, and it seems you can't do that where there's a church involved. A policeman came after me on a motor bike, flagged me to the curb and went behind my car to make out the ticket. Then he came forward to look inside the car and recognized me.

"Holy smoke!" he said. "My wife's going to kill me for this when I get home."

"Forget it," I said. I was thinking that if I had a wife she might also want to kill me for being so dumb, but I was not married at the time. Anyway, I paid a ten-dollar fine and I never peeped about it until now.

I had no interest in the police one way or another when I was a boy, and I didn't know any policemen. There were too many other interesting characters in the neighborhood. If you have a long memory for the many *Dragnet* shows, you may remember seeing a white-bearded old captain who had a spiked eggnog for breakfast every day, or a pert little gray-haired woman who was a sort of elderly Auntie Mame, or a gaunt and creepy man who lectured by candlelight about the end of the world. Critics occasionally chided me for these offbeat castings and said they looked more like caricatures. But all of them, and many other odd ones were real people who lived in the downtown Los Angeles neighborhood where I was brought up. Even Officer Frank Smith—recently promoted to sergeant—played by Ben Alexander on the *Dragnet* shows, was named after my Uncle Frank Smith. I hasten to add that there was nothing odd about my uncle, except perhaps that he put so much black pepper on his fried eggs that they looked like barbecue charcoal.

We read a lot about problem children today and how their troubles can often be traced back to some seemingly trivial incident. I think I could have been a problem child, too, and I am still not quite sure what kept me out of trouble. We lived in a cheap neighborhood—my mother, my grandmother, Emma Smith, and I—and we were unbelievably poor. The two women worked on any odd job they could get, often at night, and mother used to send me to the movies, spending nickels and dimes she couldn't afford, just to keep me off the streets.



"Hold it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I was a sickly, scrawny boy who suffered from asthma. I still get an occasional twinge of it today, but I have terribly painful memories of the many attacks I had years ago. Perhaps this was what kept me from joining a street gang. I simply didn't have the strength to run with healthier kids. Also, I had a Buster Brown haircut, which the tougher boys on the street considered a sissy label, and I am sure they would have goaded me into fights I couldn't handle. Nowadays I occasionally get letters from *Dragnet* fans who are curious about the crew haircut I have now, and while I've never given any specific reason for it, it is quite possible that this is a rebellion against the long bangs I had as a boy.

There was a period in our family life when we had no money at all, and we had to go on relief. I can still see the rubber-stamp lettering on the county-food bags, marked "beans" or "oatmeal," among others, and the bread we got was sometimes a couple of days old. The county had clothing for destitute children too—blue-denim work shirts and overalls—and it seemed to me they had the same stigma as a striped suit in a prison yard. Perhaps this shameful feeling was false pride, for the whole neighborhood was in the same boat; but children are especially sensitive, and I hated to be seen in those county clothes. I discovered much too late that the sharpies on our block would accumulate a whole pile of these denims and then trade them in for an ordinary suit or two at a nearby secondhand store.

In recent years some of my unauthorized biographers have made disparaging references to the fact that I am supposed to have the smallest and least impressive wardrobe of all television stars. I have never had more than four or five suits in my closet, but I do have a dozen pairs of slacks and some jackets. I rarely wear the suits, and I live in slacks and sport coats or sweaters.

The fact is that I worked as a clothing salesman for five years before I got into radio. I know good material when I see it, and I buy suits that just don't seem to wear out. It is a trivial thing, I suppose. Yet I have never forgotten how important good clothes seemed to me as a boy.

As Sergeant Friday, re-creating real-life crimes, I came across case histories which, had they been fictionized in a novel, would have seemed corny and unreal to an average reader. But if I look back on my own childhood—and I was no Horatio Alger boy—all these bizarre facets of life look quite normal to me.

There was a bootlegger, for instance, who made regular calls at our apartment house. He was almost as big as a Kodiak bear, and even in the warmest weather he showed up in a kind of horse-blanket overcoat that hung down to his ankles. Inside the coat, of course, he had two dozen pockets, and they were filled with pint bottles of booze. He was never pinched—the police today would have him in the cooler, because anybody who wears a heavy coat in Los Angeles must be crazy—and the neighbors treated him like a benefactor. I never forgot this character, and recently brought him back to life on one of the shows in our *Pete Kelly's Blues* series.

Our family, of course, never patronized the man. We had no money for luxuries of any kind. When we were lucky enough to have a cake of ice on a hot day, my grandmother wrapped it in newspapers to make it last longer. Grandma, an educated woman with a law degree, also used newspapers to keep her warm at night. Blankets were a luxury in our house, and grandma, an indomitable spirit, used to say gaily,

(Continued on Page 53)

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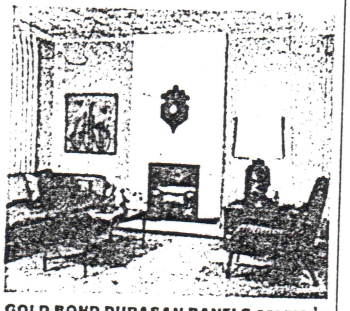

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BUILDING PRODUCTS

NATIONAL GYPSUM COMPANY

(*Continued from Page 51*)

"Sticks and stones will break my bones, but words will keep me warm."

Grandma understood the importance of words in more ways than one. When I was an anemic, pasty-skinned kid too sick to go to school—I was nine years old before I got into any school—she would plop me down in the tiny kitchen and force me to memorize letters. She used a salt box for a first reader, and it may interest a certain company to know that the first sentence I ever learned and understood was, "When it rains it pours." Later she made me struggle with words in the papers, and it became a challenge to read the headlines and explain to her what they meant.

I developed a hunger for reading material and I became a scavenger in the neighborhood, rummaging through trash cans for discarded magazines. The public library was the next step, and I was there day and night. The librarians probably looked on me as a gaunt, coughing and homeless little boy who found in books the bold adventures he never had on the streets and playgrounds. I don't know. But they took a fancy to me and led me into the wonderful world of *Robin Hood*, *King Arthur's Court* and *Treasure Island*.

The classic editions of these immortal stories were all illustrated by a fine painter named N. C. Wyeth. I think I would have become a burglar to get my hands on a Wyeth original, but I didn't know where he was or who had the paintings.

But I thought about it, and I talked about it for twenty years, and the news must have gotten around. I was at The Sherry Netherland in New York one day, making a personal appearance, when a stranger telephoned from the lobby to say he had something to show me.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I'm terribly busy."

"Mr. Webb," he said. "I have a Wyeth for you."

I had him come right up, of course, and he brought with him an enormous canvas. It was *The Black Spot*, one of the pirate scenes used to illustrate the original Scribner's edition of *Treasure Island*, and I paid the man $1000 for it. It was not a Rubens or a Cézanne, but to me it was the whole Louvre Museum in one picture. I have since bought another Wyeth—the painting of King Arthur receiving his great sword Excalibur—and both pictures are on the wall in my apartment. They are nostalgic but happy reminders of the endless hours I spent in the library struggling with the marvels and the mysteries of the written word.

There are moments, when I read some of the unfair things written about me, when I wish I were not so sensitive to the impact of words. These poisonous phrases—and I will get to them as we go along—have come closer to killing me than any gun or knife that ever threatened Joe Friday. A newspaper friend who saw me in one of these blue moods tried to comfort me by saying, "Remember, Jack, there's nothing as dead as yesterday's paper." Unfortunately I couldn't erase things from my mind that easily, and what bothered me particularly was the many meanings that can be read into a word.

We had an argument quite recently about the word "cop," which may demonstrate what I mean. When the early *Dragnet* films were resold for second run on television, NBC fished around for a new title and decided to call the show *The Cop*. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has frowned on the word "cop" for years on the grounds that it is undignified, and many police officers feel the same way. In one sense cop is an affectionate nickname for a policeman, but it can mean quite another thing coming from a thief or a gangster. In fact, I started off the original *Dragnet* shows by saying, "My name is Friday. I'm a cop." Anyway, Police Chief William H. Parker of Los Angeles protested the new title to John K. West at NBC, and the network didn't argue. The rerun series was and still is called *Badge 714*.

The fact that entertainers are so vulnerable to attack, and in all instances are unable to fight back, never occurred to me, of course, when I was first savoring the enchantment of show business at Belmont High School in Los Angeles.

One of our problems—and how acute it seemed at the time—was that the football team never had enough money for uniforms and equipment. So to raise money we put on variety shows, and it was my job to put them together. We had no real talent at school, and I confess I stole all the material from Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Bob Hope. I listened to their radio shows for weeks, wrote down their funniest gags and put them into our scripts. I always opened the show by asking the 2400 students: "All those who heard the Fred Allen show please raise their hands." If too many hands showed, I'd throw away four or five pages of script, but I always had copy to spare. Years later, when good scripts were as scarce as uranium, I was tempted to have Joe Friday steal a few choice bits from some of the other fine crime shows. I'm only kidding, of course; for crime does not pay.

……

No Thanks, Dear

By Herbert Merrill

All the tumbling waste of
  sea
Could wander like a river
  through
The space between this
  land of me
And that far distant shore
  of you.
I am a stony sort of place,
Years to the north of where
  you are.
The rocks are scarred by
  many a trace
Of glaciers, and the coldest
  star
Serves as a candle for my
  need.
But you are a night of
  amber moon,
Of lotus leaf and poppy seed,
A morning like a golden
  spoon
Spilling the sun. And so, my
  dear,
Let us remain—you there,
  me here.

……

I doubt whether anyone around Belmont High would have credited me with having the makings of another Sam Goldwyn or a Cecil B. DeMille. Our programs were pretty crude and my technical knowledge was nil. But they did teach me something about radio, public-address systems, microphones and sound effects. Also, I bought many a discarded battery radio set for twenty-five or fifty cents from the Goodwill Industries' store, and I could repair them as expertly as any professional serviceman. Radio was my first love and perhaps it still is, but that's another story. In any case, it was on radio during school days that I first heard *Chandu the Magician*, *The Eno Crime Clues* and other good ones in the mystery field, and my addiction to the programs planted the seed that could eventually have led to *Dragnet*. There was one other dividend from my high-school adventure—and perhaps it was the most rewarding of all.

I was virtually unknown around school until I started doing these shows, and when they were successful a couple of my friends, Roy Knight and Sam Ettingoff, asked me to run for student-body president.

"Who, me?" I said. "I've never won anything in my life."

"You're a commercial-art major," Roy said. "All you need is some election posters. You can paint 'em yourself—and a hot speech or two."

They talked me into it. After I had announced my candidacy, I got a summons from Principal A. L. Benshimol. "Webb," he said, "I don't know if you're going to be elected. But if you are, don't count on having a jazzy term with the students going overboard on shows and things like that, because if you do I'll block you at every turn."

I slunk out of his office like a pitcher going to the showers, and I took the back alleys going home so no classmate would catch me with tears on my face.

Shortly afterward, when we had developed a close personal friendship that endured until his untimely death, I asked Benshimol why he showed me such antagonism. He looked at me sheepishly and said he didn't know. He could barely remember the incident that had broken my schoolboy heart and said that he thought I had done a good job as president.

Now that I'm head of a fairly large organization—and with an unearned reputation as a slave driver—I try to remember Benshimol. There are many vital decisions to make and mistakes to correct, but mostly there are men and women to counsel and guide. I am not a tough s.o.b., and I guess the best evidence is that most of my people have been with me many years.

But in the fury of competition, with the added irritation of pressure and fatigue, I have sometimes said things for which I could have cut my tongue out later. I have never asked anyone to do things I wouldn't do myself, but I forget now and then that perhaps not all my people are afflicted by the same nervous drive.

One of my writers, Frank Burt—and a dear friend he was—once gently scolded me for pushing so hard. "This is a real playhouse here, Jack," he said. "Some day you ought to walk down the halls with a big stick and get everybody on the ball." Two days later Frank dropped dead in a Hollywood restaurant, and for weeks afterward I suffered the tortures of guilt. I hope I am doing better now.

Oh, yes—about the high-school election. I ran against Bob Brown, captain of the high-school football team, and as I recall I got some 1900 out of 2400 votes. If I live to be a hundred, make a million dollars and win an Academy Award I will never be as proud as I was after that victory. Not because I beat Bob Brown. Not because I won an election, with the principal against me. But only because my fellow students cared enough to give me their confidence. I was a nobody. But I was wanted and I was needed, and it gave a sickly, insecure boy a new slant on life.

Next week Mr. Webb tells what his war record really amounted to and why his marriage to Julie London failed.

—THE EDITORS

THE FACTS ABOUT ME

PART TWO

By JACK WEBB as told to Dean Jennings

"Sergeant Joe Friday" candidly discusses his war record and his marriage to Julie London, and tells how he almost passed up *Dragnet*, the TV show that brought him fame.

Jack gave Donna Sue Needham a part in his new film -30- after seeing her on TV as Miss Arkansas in the 1959 Miss Universe contest.

I had a fan letter from San Quentin the other day. It was interesting to note we had a loyal following at the prison, of course, especially since some of the men doing time were sent there by the Los Angeles detectives, whose exploits we dramatize on the *Dragnet* show. But aside from that, this particular fan mentioned a couple of things which have plagued me.

> *Dear Jack Webb*, I thought you might like to know you have many friends here in Q.
>
> They say crime does not pay and this must give you a laugh. You've made it pay all right. You've made a million dollars and now you're a great actor and a famous man. It must be wonderful. Believe me, when I get out I'm going into television. I've got an idea for a crime show, and if you don't mind my saying so, I'm experienced in this subject. You make it look easy, and this is for me. When I get out I'm coming to you for advice.
>
> ED GRANT, LB-5560
>
> P.S. By the way we have our own name for *Dragnet*. We call it *This Is Your Life*. Ha-ha!

I wonder where Mr. Grant gets his information. I do not have a million dollars, for instance. You don't keep that kind of money in my high tax bracket. I don't know what kind of aerials or sets they have at San Quentin, but if the reception is good enough to make me look like a great actor they ought to put the same installation in homes too. He may be right about my being famous, and to him it looks wonderful.

At this moment, somewhere in the United States, a man is impersonating me and probably getting away with it. Four or five times a year, at least, the police in distant cities report that some trusting citizens cashed checks for a "Jack Webb." When the checks bounce, the victims naturally blame me. I have never been able to understand how these so-called doubles of mine can swindle people who have seen me on *Dragnet*.

In another city a young woman I never met says I am the father of her unborn baby. Here again some philandering phony has called himself Jack Webb, and I can only conclude that the girl in the case never saw her betrayer in daylight.

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Webb (at center, below) with his friend, Los Angeles police Capt. James Hamilton, who for many years was technical adviser on *Dragnet*.

(Continued from Page 82)

remain in office to protect the legacy of Dulles' policies—the obvious implication being that otherwise the new Secretary of State might feebly sell the pass.

Thus all the special circumstances of Herter's taking office—the manner of his appointment, the lack of real intimacy with his chief, the shadow of Dulles, the division of the government, the brevity of his probable service—have the same effect. They act as inhibiting factors against any bold, new, imaginative departures in American policy. All tend to force Herter into the role of the temporary and provisional officeholder, the man whose chief function it is simply to keep things glued together, more or less, until he is replaced.

That is a role which the Secretary of State of the United States simply cannot play successfully in the next sixteen months. For Nikita Khrushchev will not permit him to play it successfully.

Some weeks before Herter became Secretary of State, Khrushchev boasted to a Communist Party Congress that the balance of power had shifted decisively in favor of "the peace-loving countries." Whether he was right need not be argued here. The point to note is that Khrushchev undoubtedly thinks he was right. The truculent confidence he has displayed in recent months proves that beyond a doubt. And this confidence in Soviet power superiority serves to underline a basic difference between the situation which confronts Christian Herter and that which confronted his predecessors.

Only a few short years ago Dulles could talk about "massive retaliation" as though retaliation were a one-way street. Since the Sputniks, that is no longer possible. A decade ago, during the first Berlin crisis, Dean Acheson could advise President Truman to stand firm, confident that if the worst came the United States would survive a war intact, and that the enormous resources of this country would ultimately assure victory.

In the second Berlin crisis, with which fate has called upon him to deal, Herter is just as aware as any of his predecessors that knuckling under to the Soviets can lead only to disaster. But he must also take into account not only the risk of the nuclear devastation of much of the United States in case of war but the real possibility that Khrushchev has convinced himself that this country will knuckle under rather than take such a risk. In these ways Herter's situation is basically different from that of any predecessor in his high office.

A smart girl gives a man just enough rope to ring the wedding bell.

CY N. PEACE

No one can say with assurance how far Khrushchev is prepared to go, in Berlin or elsewhere. But one thing is now clear. It is Khrushchev's plain intention to prevent the western position from being kept glued together. Khrushchev undoubtedly believes that his best chance of forcing the West to become unstuck is in the immediate future, at the end of a lame-duck American administration, while the missile gap persists. Later may be too late. That is why Herter simply cannot operate successfully as a provisional officeholder, a bridger of gaps. On the contrary, it is no exaggeration at all to say that Herter will almost certainly face in the next sixteen months the greatest danger and the greatest challenge that any American Secretary of State has ever faced.

Can he meet the challenge and avert the danger?

No one can confidently answer that question now, of course. But to balance the accounts, certain important Herter assets must also be listed on the plus side of the ledger.

To start with the least, Herter is not a lawyer. The legal profession may dispute the contention that this is an asset at all. And yet certain of the weaknesses which Foster Dulles and Dean Acheson shared in office—a tendency to act as advocates, for example, and to regard brilliant argument as a substitute for practical achievement—certainly derived from their shared background as successful corporation lawyers.

A more important and less arguable asset is that Herter, unlike Dulles or Acheson, is a professional politician. Members of Congress have the same sort of exaggerated respect for those who have been elected to office as businessmen have for those who have met a payroll. There is another side of the coin too. Dulles, never having been elected to office, had an excessive respect for Congress, while Acheson had an excessive contempt for it. Because he has been there himself, Herter has for the men on Capitol Hill neither an undeserved contempt nor an excessive veneration, and he knows how to handle Congress almost by instinct.

Herter has other assets. His intelligence is undoubted and, as anyone who has played bridge with him can attest, he is by no means as guileless as he seems. The qualities of modesty and courtesy which have led some to doubt that Herter is "tough enough" are precisely those that make for loyalty in a man's subordinates. Herter's staff includes many very able men who like and admire him immensely, and they will work their hearts out for him. Courtesy and modesty are also qualities that appeal to Herter's Allied opposite numbers, like Selwyn Lloyd of Britain and Couve de Murville of France. Perhaps in part because Lloyd and Couve de Murville are also bridge players—Herter describes them as "very competent"—a much closer personal relationship has been established between the Big Three foreign ministers than ever existed in Dulles' day. The fact is that Herter is a remarkably likable man—it is impossible to find anyone who really dislikes him—and being likable is an asset, even in diplomacy.

Herter has another asset, and a big one. Without being demonstrative about it, he really believes in such things as freedom and honor and truth. He believes, in short, in the cause for which he has been called upon to fight. And then, finally, he has still another asset which is a bit hard to pin down on paper. Herter really is "a man who gets his way." Just how he does it is a trifle mysterious. He never bangs the table or raises his voice. Odd things happen to him, and when he wins he often wins by a hair. But everything seems to come out right for him in the end.

Perhaps it's luck. But perhaps, also, the calm, undemonstrative, longheaded patience which Herter displays at the bridge table, and which he has displayed throughout his career, has something to do with it. And I'm inclined to think that this tall, stooped, gentle man has the kind of inner toughness which does not show itself in a loudly confident manner, but which shows itself when the chips are down—and that may have something to do with it too. Somehow, against all the odds, I think Chris Herter will meet the awful challenge which confronts him. I don't know why I think so, but I know Chris Herter, and that may be why.

The Facts About Me

(Continued from Page 36)

Yes—fame must be wonderful. There was a family in Buffalo named Spears. While they were watching me catch a thief on *Dragnet*, a thief cut a hole through the screen door in their kitchen and emptied Mrs. Spears' purse. In print I look like the real villain in this affair. In a Western city a fifteen-year-old boy persuaded a printer that he had some connection with me and got him to make an identification card which read: SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR, STATE OF UTAH. The lad also had a badge with my *Dragnet* number on it, 714. In two or three days he cashed several bad checks, bought a gun, rented a car and set up a fake detective bureau. I suspect the sociologists on the case decided *Dragnet* was at fault.

In Los Angeles a businessman said I used the name of his hotel in a *Dragnet* script, and made the place look like a hangout for hoodlums, When he threatened to sue me I sent him a copy of the original script to show that I had mentioned a fictitious hotel and that the names didn't even sound alike. He replied peevishly that I probably sent him a substitute script.

In Westwood an excited woman phoned the district police station and yelled, "There's a bad fight going on next door. You better send Sergeant Friday right now."

"He's not attached to this station, lady," the desk man said.

"Well, we want Friday!" she snapped. "What station do I call?"

"Ma'am," the precinct officer said wearily, "I like Joe Friday, too, but he's attached to the Los Angeles station of the National Broadcasting Company."

I might also tell Mr. Grant of San Quentin, while I'm on the subject of fame, that one of the more satisfying rewards is having your name in the papers and magazines, even if they make you look like Jack the Ripper. It is especially rewarding when a writer sits with you for thirty minutes, probes your soul and says, as one national-magazine man did: "Jack Webb is pushed by an ambition he hardly understands." I never had the kind of ambition he had in mind and I never felt I was being pushed by anything.

As I look back on my senior year at Central Junior High School in Los Angeles, my real ambitions, such as they were, had nothing to do with show business. I remember among other things that we had fire drills in school, and when a bell rang we all went out on the school lawn. There was a strict rule against talking or moving while we stood under the trees, waiting for the return bell, and I obeyed it until one day an army of ants crawled out of a hole and marched up my leg. I squirmed and grunted and tried to stand still; but the ants crawled higher and higher, and I finally let out a yell and began slapping my pants. Jack Abbott, the vice principal, called me into his office and dressed me down for breaking the rule until he heard my excuse. We often laugh about it today, and he says kiddingly, "I should have known you'd go places. You had ants in your pants even then."

The truth is that neither Jack Abbott nor anyone else could have seen any great spark of genius in me. My long struggle with asthma not only kept me out of athletics but also curbed any extrovert drive I might have had. I found great joy in art and felt I might have a career in the cartoon field. One summer when I was still in school, Sam Ettingoff and I—he was a classmate and close friend—drew twenty-four cartoon strips about a handsome swashbuckler we called Clark Collins. After all that work—and it took us weeks—we didn't have the nerve to submit the strip to a syndicate. I kept those drawings in my files for years and didn't pack them away until Joe Friday made his debut in a daily cartoon strip based on *Dragnet* cases. After seeing the highly professional *Dragnet* strip, I realized, belatedly and sadly, that my schoolboy cartoons would never have made it.

They were good enough, though, to get me a scholarship at the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles. I desperately wanted to keep on studying, but my mother and grandmother—with whom I lived—weren't getting any younger, and they needed help.

Perhaps I was a little cocky about my talents, and I was convinced that Walt Disney was combing the country for a fellow like me. I made up a portfolio of my best pen-and-ink drawings and water colors, took them to the Disney studios and sat back to wait for the phone call with the big offer.

Months went by without a message from Disney, and by that time, compelled to earn a living, I was working as a salesman at Silverwoods, a men's clothing store in Los Angeles. I forgot all about my pictures until one day, eighteen years later, when I leased facilities from the Disney studios for my *Dragnet* productions. I had lunch one day with Walt, told him about my frustrated boyhood dreams, and said I wanted my drawings back.

"Oh, yes, I remember," Walt said. "We called that the year of the locusts."

"Locusts?"

"Yes. You and five thousand other kids all over the country swarmed over us with cartoons and drawings. They all had return addresses, but we couldn't mail yours to a phone number."

I know now that Walt was being kind about my art work, but I'm afraid it is lost forever. I am still trying to convince him that he lost a good man.

"You're much more valuable to me now," Walt said.

"How do you figure?"

"You pay your rent on time."

As this is written I am thirty-nine years old, and time slips through my fingers faster than film through a projection machine. I could use the five years I spent—I was going to say marked time, but perhaps not—selling clothes for Silverwoods. I was a third-rate salesman, as my commission checks would show, and my heart did not belong to Hart Schaffner & Marx. In any case, at the end of five years I had climbed all the way to the assistant managership at the company's store on the University of Southern California campus, but to me it was still just above sea level.

It seems to me that most of my friends in show business had their eye on the Milky Way from the time they were old enough to fit into somebody's theatrical trunk. I was the backward type. I was twenty-one before I smoked a cigarette, took a drink or learned all about girls—and I was about the same age in 1941 when I was conned into signing up for a part in a small-time melodrama called *The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter*. I was cast as the villain who kept trying to put out the lights when the keeper's daughter was around and, since I had already worked a full day at the clothing store when I reached the theater on Beverly Boulevard in the evening, I didn't have much left for the heroine. Also, we served peanuts, doughnuts and coffee to the audience every night, and the cumulative effect of all those midnight sinkers eventually had me dragging, and I quit the show. I still can't look a doughnut in the hole without feeling like a skin diver wearing a lead belt.

My only other theatrical experience was in a little-theater version of *Hiawatha*, staged by San Marino Hall in Pasadena.

I played Hiawatha and it was easy. I stuck some feathers into a headband, took a bath in body make-up and played the part like a cigar-store Indian. Years later, reviewing my role in *Pete Kelly's Blues*, *Time* magazine said I played that part like a cigar-store Indian, and if they are right I can blame it on Hiawatha. In the final scene Hiawatha and his girl, Minnehaha, are both dead and are floating around in some clouds in the happy hunting ground. We got the cloud effect by pouring a liquid-smoke preparation into long tin troughs behind the footlights, and we poured too much. This acrid stuff, which contained a lot of sulphur and ammonia, billowed out into the audience and knocked out all those who hadn't already fallen asleep. The customers were gasping and crying and milling for the exits when the princess mercifully dropped the curtain, and none of us got to take our bows. The audience applauded wildly when the curtain fell, and we all went home believing that the applause and the tears meant we had a smash. The show ran only one night.

I had barely got the Hiawatha smoke out of my eyes when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.

My draft board had me in 3-A because I was supporting both my mother and grandmother, but selling suits seemed a meager contribution toward winning the war. I left Silverwoods and went to work on the swing shift at the Byron Jackson steel mill. I was an electric-hacksaw operator for six months, making parts for antitank guns, and I probably could have stayed there indefinitely.

But, like many another young man who was a daydream hero like Walter Mitty, I was hungry for a uniform and a chance to fight. As a small boy, suffering violent asthmatic attacks and spending long hours indoors, I had read everything available on combat flying, and my immortals were Eddie Rickenbacker, René Fonck of France, and Baron von Richthofen of Germany. Now fighter pilots were once again in the news, and the hacksaw job at the factory looked very dull indeed. I enlisted in the Army Air Force.

In recent years, when newspapers and magazines printed millions of words about me and the *Dragnet* show, uninformed writers occasionally went off the deep end. They had me on bomber missions I never made. They had me shooting down German or Jap fighters. Eventually—though I had never discussed the war years in an interview—one magazine openly accused me of faking my war record.

This was a painful punch below the belt. Not only because it was untrue, but because my war experiences represent one of the few barren periods of my life. I went in with a dream. I came out with a blank page. I spent three and a half years as a pilot trainee in California, Minnesota and Texas. I didn't get my officer wings, I didn't get overseas, and the only action I saw—and I didn't even get into that—was the Saturday-night crap game at the post. Worst of all, I failed to measure up to my boyhood paper heroes. But, like most people, I still admire the men who fly faster than sound today and I envy their freedom in the skies.

When I was discharged I went back to Hollywood and had the impudence to apply for a job as a radio announcer. Aside from a few amateur efforts in high school and some Army shows, I had no experience, but I knew radio was for me. There must have been an acute shortage of pros in 1945—I guess most of them were still overseas—and to my astonishment I got a telegram ordering me to report to work at Station KGO in San Francisco.

I drove to San Francisco and checked in, but nothing happened. I was standing around like a wallflower on the third day, waiting for somebody to find me, when an excited woman with too much hat came windmilling down the long corridor.

"Hey, boy," she said, "are you an announcer?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

She grabbed my arm and hauled me behind her like a sack of beans. "I'm due in Studio E for my broadcast right now," she said. "Put me on the air."

I walked into the studio as nervous as a pup at a dog show and I got her on the air. That was my debut on radio in San Francisco, and the jittery lady I didn't know was Miss Hedda Hopper of Hollywood. Years later, when I was considering various police reports to use on *Dragnet*, I heard that Miss Hopper had been threatened by a blackmailer, and I thought it would be nice if I could return the favor by having her case on my program, even though I could not use her name. But I underestimated the lady. When I looked into the affair, I was told that she solved her own case by belting him with a handbag or a column of type or something, and he never bothered her again.

My early radio career was about as romantic as playing "post office" in an old maids' club. I got to the station at 4:30 A.M. every day, pushed a button and said: "And now back to New York." It wasn't really that simple. There were twenty-four of those little buttons, which all looked alike, and I lived in dread of having some listener phone me at that miserable hour and say, "Hey, you goofed. You went back to Hong Kong." Many a foggy morning, when the whole town seemed dead as I came to work, I was tempted to push the whole bank of buttons, and I could imagine the consternation around the world as the network got fouled up. But I never did.

I might have pushed that one button for years and no one would have known the difference had it not been for a chief announcer named—well, let's call him a dear friend. He arrived at 6:45 every day and assembled the news-wire reports. Then he reached into a desk drawer, filled a paper cup with rye and took a big sniff of snuff. "My boy," he would say with a wink, downing the whisky in one easy swallow, "life at best is a task. I'm gonna retire and buy me a chicken ranch." At seven sharp he was at the microphone.

The ritual never varied, and in all the months I was there my friend never made a single mistake on the air. Eventually he did retire, and he did buy a chicken ranch, and I can see him there now with a bottle of rye stashed away in a feed bin and telling his hens, "Chickens, life at best is a task." But while he was at KGO he taught me everything he knew about radio announcing, and he was a master.

One August day at nine A.M. I was fired to make room for one of the regular announcers who had just returned from the service. But by ten o'clock, when I had already left the station, the returned announcer had disagreed with the management and left his job. At six in the evening, when I was in my room packing up to go back to Los Angeles, the station manager phoned and said, "Man, I'm glad I caught you. Come on back to work."

From then on I was a full-time staff announcer and, thanks to techniques drilled into me by my friend, I was able to handle anything. Well, almost anything. My first assignment came on V-J Day, and I was down on Market Street with a hand mike. People were yelling and dancing on the

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who doesn't look forty-one at all?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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sidewalks, and I was supposed to stop four or five of these happy citizens and get their reactions. The first passerby I grabbed was a young sailor just off a battleship.

"Hi, sailor," I said. "This is the American Broadcasting Company on a coast-to-coast pickup. Would you mind telling me what you're going to do now that the war's over?"

"Why, sure," he said. "I'm gonna find me a hayloft and a hot little chick to go with it."

The sailor breezed on down the street and left me with my bridgework melted. It was the only time in my radio days that I was ever caught with a sizable hunk of dead air. After that nothing ever seemed to rattle me again.

During that break-in period at San Francisco I met a writer named Dick Breen, who had just been discharged from the Navy, and he came up with a radio thriller called *Pat Novak for Hire*.

In one of those lucky shuffles that fate hands out once in a while, I got the lead role and I played it for twenty-eight weeks. Pat Novak was a sort of hopped-up Joe Friday, a tough, fast-talking, fast-moving private eye and, thanks to unanimous support from the critics, the show soon had top ratings. I was beginning to get a little taste of local fame, and I confess I liked the flavor. But it was short-lived, because Dick Breen heard the call of the Hollywood cash register.

We had our own secure little world in San Francisco, and going to Hollywood seemed like making a trip to outer space. But with all due respect to San Francisco we were still local and there was no place to go. Dick went to work for Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, and I followed him south.

I went back to Hollywood with the same blind confidence most rookies feel when they're called up for a trial in the big leagues. I couldn't miss. For eight or nine weeks I was everybody's hot cake. I played cops, gangsters, burglars and assorted villains on all the major radio shows. I had screen tests and voice tests, and I was exposed to the casting directors at the movie studios.

The future looked so good that I married Julie London, the girl I had been courting for some time. We moved into a twenty-eight-dollar-a-month apartment, put in a telephone and sat around waiting for the big money calls. When you're free-lancing there is nothing more exasperating than the ominous silence of the phone bell. You pace the floor and look at the clock and light cigarettes. You glare at that inhuman black box and snarl, "Ring, damn you, ring!"

It didn't ring for me. I was suddenly the forgotten man. The magic carpet unraveled and I couldn't get a job.

Nine months after our marriage Julie and I separated. Many cutting things have been written about my marriage to Julie, and there were many blue moments when I had the impulse to strangle the columnists who were spreading these half-truths. I don't know what makes a marriage fail. I doubt if anyone does. The counselors and the sociologists and the other experts will give you advice, but they're usually working with surface clues. Julie and I tried to solve the mystery ourselves. We stayed apart for a year, then went back together for five years and had two children. And it still wouldn't work.

Since our divorce—and despite the fact that I am happily married now to Jackie—the gossips still stir up the ashes. Some said I paid Julie a million dollars, and others said I didn't pay her enough. I've never quite understood why people are curious about these intimate details, but they are. Perhaps other people's troubles make our own easier to bear. I don't know. But since these are items people seemingly want to read, I think it is only fair to set the record straight.

Julie and I entered into a property-settlement agreement in which we divided our property, and by which I pay her $1750 a month alimony and child support. By the time the children come of age these payments will total more than $375,000, which seems like a lot of money for a man who once had trouble paying the rent.

I'm happy to say that Julie is enjoying a successful career as a singer for records, movies, television and motion pictures.

In the early days, of course, when I was flailing around trying to make enough money to eat, gossip was no problem; neither was alimony. I was living in an apartment with Eddy King, an NBC announcer, and between us we had scraped up enough cash to buy two inexpensive beds and two bureaus. Jobs turned up now and then and finally, after a long drought, I was given the role of Lt. Lee Jones in the movie *He Walked by Night*.

We were standing around the set one day when Sgt. Marty Wynn, the police-department technical adviser for the picture, took me off into a corner.

"Jack," he said, "I can arrange for you to have access to all the cases in the police files, and maybe you could do something with them."

"I doubt it, Marty," I said.

"But we've got some pretty good cases, Jack."

"It just doesn't send me," I said. "There are already a lot of similar shows—*True Detective Mysteries*, *Gangbusters*, and so on."

"Sure there are," Marty said. "And they're all jazzed up and the detectives are all supermen, and they do it with mirrors. Real cops don't work like that."

"That's why the fiction shows have such high ratings," I said.

Remembering that talk with Marty Wynn now, I get a little queasy thinking how I almost missed the boat. Good ideas, as I have learned in television, sprout like weeds and, like weeds, they only mess up the landscape. Every day we are deluged with ideas by mail, phone and messenger, and I have to tell all the enthusiastic people that what we really want is the complete package. The perfect package—and how scarce it is—includes a format, a set of exciting characters, two or three sample scripts, a talented writer and two or three good actors who fit the parts. With all these ingredients available, most producers are willing to gamble from $25,000 to $50,000 on a pilot film, and even then there is no guaranty that a sponsor will turn up.

Marty Wynn's notion had none of these things, of course, and that's why I was cool on it. Ten or eleven months went by, and the idea began gnawing a little hole in my mind. I kicked it around and took it apart. The title came first, I think. The name *Dragnet* popped right up after I had discarded several others, and, as time proved, it was the perfect name for the show. Next I sketched out details on the lead character, a quiet, conservative, dedicated policeman who, as in real life, was just one little cog in a great enforcement machine. I wanted him to be the steady, plodding kind of cop the public never really understood or appreciated or ever heard about. I wanted him to be an honest, decent, home-loving guy—the image of 50,000 real peace officers who do their work without the help of beautiful, mysterious blondes, hefty swigs from an ever-present bottle and handy automatics thrust into their belts or hidden in their socks.

I called him Joe Friday. Some of those who know all the answers have said I was thinking of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. Or that I thought of it on Friday. I really don't know where it came from, except that I wanted a name that had no connotations at all. He could be Jewish, or Greek or English or anything. He could be all men to all people in their living rooms.

I really thought the name was unique. Long after we were on the air I was at one of the Los Angeles police substations when a uniformed patrolman came up to shake my hand.

"Been wanting to meet you, Jack," he said. "My name's Friday."

I thought it was a gag and I went along with it. "Sure," I said. "I guess a lot of you fellows get called Friday since the show went on the air."

"Maybe so," he said with a wry smile. "But Friday is my real name."

And it was.

He is no longer with the department, but I recall that there were some embarrassed executives at headquarters when we had a meeting about it. The Los Angeles Police Department covers hundreds of square miles and has so many men that someone obviously slipped up on research and overlooked this Friday on the roster. It was too late to make a change, of course. Sgt. Joe Friday was a name known to millions of people, and apparently the characterization was so deeply implanted that many television viewers thought he actually existed. I have been greeted as Joe Friday hundreds of times, and when Police Chief William H. Parker or our technical adviser, Capt. James Hamilton, visits other cities he is often asked, "How are Friday and Smith?"

The public-relations people at Central Division had quite a problem on their hands when visitors came around and insisted on meeting Friday, and for a long time they had no answer. Nowadays, though, they come up with an ingenious reply. "Sorry," they say, "it's Joe's day off."

Next week, in the third and last installment, Mr. Webb describes his most disastrous encounter with the press. —THE EDITORS

NEXT WEEK

DOES IT HELP TO SWAP VISITS WITH THE RUSSIANS?

What Iron-Curtain Visitors Really Think of Us

BOMB-SQUAD COP

New York's Detective Peter Dale

By JACK ALEXANDER

A Report on

INDIA'S NATIONWIDE BIRTH-CONTROL PROGRAM

IN COLOR:

Anchorage, Alaska

THE TOWN THAT CAN'T WAIT FOR TOMORROW

THINGS THEY WISH THEY HADN'T SAID

Famous Bloopers by Famous People

By BEVERLY SMITH Jr.

LET'S NOT SURRENDER OUR BATTLEFIELDS

The Commercial Threat to the Places Where Our Heroes Died

THE FACTS ABOUT ME

CONCLUSION

By JACK WEBB as told to Dean Jennings

Six-year-old Lisa Webb visits her father on the set. She is Jack's daughter by his marriage to actress Julie London. At left is his present wife, Jackie.

The star of *Dragnet* describes the violent impact of the show on his private life and tells what he thinks is the trouble with television.

There was a parent-teacher meeting one evening at the Washington High School in Los Angeles, and the auditorium was jammed. It was the annual fathers' night, and on the agenda were such touchy and controversial subjects as juvenile delinquency, crime comic books and the increasing number of television programs saturated with guns, murder and blood.

The program chairman walked on stage to open the meeting. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said with a sheepish grin, "I want to apologize for setting this meeting on Thursday night. I didn't realize so many of you would have to miss *Dragnet*."

In the past ten years *Dragnet* has won hundreds of awards, including Emmys from the TV academy for three straight years, but to have a crime show get this offhand tribute from a P.T.A. group was to me the most treasured prize of all.

It was particularly rewarding because *Dragnet*, which the experts say was the most successful television series of all time, seemed doomed from the beginning.

I have a very clear memory of the day I took my little radio-program idea to the Columbia Broadcasting people in Hollywood. When I got through pitching the show and letting them read a couple of scripts, they gave me the cold-shower routine.

"It'll never work," one executive said. "You don't even see the crime committed. And you can't tell true stories because you'll get sued every week."

"But I'm changing the names and switching things around," I said.

"Sorry," he said.

I hustled over to the National Broadcasting Company. There had just been a mass exodus there—they lost Jack Benny and many other big names to CBS—and they had a lot of open time. Program Director Homer Canfield liked the idea. After three auditions, weeks of rewriting the script, molding the characters and organizing an orchestra for the background music, we went on the air June 3, 1949.

NBC gave us a four-week cancellation deal. There was no

(Continued on Page 144)

Webb (at right, below) directing Nancy Valentine and John Hudson in the pilot film of *The Black Cat*, a new TV series Webb hopes to put on the air this winter.

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The Facts About Me

(Continued from Page 38)

sponsor, and the contract specified that the network could cancel the show on a week's notice and pull it off the air at the end of any four-week period. The records will show that there was no rush of sponsors during this tryout period, and perhaps the CBS men were congratulating themselves for having passed it up. There is no more exquisite punishment than the torture of the unknown. I went along from week to week waiting for the ax, but we got a reprieve four times and went on working feverishly to improve the show. After eighteen weeks on this sustaining basis the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company bought *Dragnet*, and for seven years we had only this one sponsor, a remarkable record in a medium with fickle associations.

I could not possibly foresee that we had lightning in a bottle, nor the violent impact the show would have on my personal life.

It was inevitable that *Dragnet* would graduate from radio to television, and the change-over, frankly, was like switching from slingshots to dynamite. My thesis for the show—and perhaps this was what kept us on top so long—was realism pitched in a low key. Some of our sets, for instance, were exact duplicates, down to the tiniest detail, of the rooms where real officers worked at police headquarters. I remember one sergeant, strolling around the sound stage one day like a pop-eyed tourist and saying, "Hey, that's my desk right there." Then, after a closer inspection, he blurted, "Those are my cigarette butts!" He was right, too, for we had gathered them up to use on the set.

Our characters, who used no make-up, photographed like ordinary people, not actors, and they talked like people. The stories were routine cases such as the police all over the nation handle every day, and the detective work, remote from the magical sleuthing of fictional private eyes, was the plodding, often dull kind of leg work it takes to solve real crimes. This zealous dedication to reality had some curious repercussions.

On our second show I rewrote the plot so that Officer Ben Romero, who had been Joe Friday's partner through all the radio episodes and the opening television program, dies of a heart attack. There were complaints from the viewers about that, but I said nothing about the heartache this story gave me. Not everybody reads the papers. The fact is that Barton Yarborough, a fine actor in the role of Romero and a dear friend, died of a heart attack just as we began filming the story, and I thought it only right that he should go the same way in our make-believe world.

Another time we created a tall, blond motorcycle officer, gave him the name Mike O'Brien and had him killed by a careless driver. The day after the program was released an elderly couple in a Midwestern city went into a state of shock, and you can imagine our anxiety when we discovered we were at fault. There actually was an Officer Mike O'Brien on a motor bike in Los Angeles, and well-meaning neighbors, apparently not realizing that *Dragnet* was fiction, told his parents they had seen him die. There were some frantic long-distance calls before we straightened that out and perhaps avoided a real tragedy.

Once in a while, though, we got a real chuckle from these adventures. We had a story once in which a salesman knocks on a door, and when the young woman opens it, he kills her with one shot. A family in Pomona was watching this episode and, just as the villain fired the fatal shot, there was a loud knock on their door. Leaving the television set, this housewife answered the knock and saw a stranger standing there.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I'm a salesman," he said.

The woman panicked and slammed the door. She ran to the phone and screamed to the police that a salesman was trying to kill her. The gendarmes arrived, and there was considerable commotion before the innocent salesman got apologies from the now red-faced housewife. I don't know if he made a sale or not, but I'll bet he never knocked on that door again.

My scrapbooks and files reflect what began to happen after we had been on television only a few weeks, and as I riffle through them I am truly awed by the power of this medium.

Joe Friday's laconic words: "All I want is the facts, ma'am," became a national catch phrase, and I've heard of many instances in which real policemen found it a friendly password in their investigations. The comedians and gag writers also used endless variations of it. One such twist, a Bennett Cerf kind of pun atrocity, involved a party being given for a policeman by his mother. When she asked whether he wanted both relatives and friends as guests, he said, "No. All I want is the folks, mom."

The familiar dum-de-dum-dum theme music, written by the late Walter Schumann, eventually had me putting square pegs in round holes. College bands from coast to coast played it at football games every time the referee marched off penalty yardage, and in my home town the University of California and the University of Southern California publicly quarreled about which band used it first. It was woven into radio commercials, and I heard dance bands swing it. The melody soon made the top ten, and I admit we whooped with joy when the Lucky Strike Hit Parade show, whose producers had looked the other way for weeks because it was identified with rival Chesterfields, graciously surrendered and played the tune.

My clipping files show that lawyers were using some of Joe Friday's monologues in their closing arguments, high schools and colleges borrowed our scripts for classes in sociology, criminology and the law, and more than one university student wrote a thesis on *Dragnet*. Friday's impassioned denunciation of a policeman who went sour in our program, *The Crooked Cop*, is now part of the course in many a police-training school. Toy manufacturers put out a Joe Friday gun, a miniature squad car, a fingerprint kit and a *Dragnet* game, and there was a line of books covering some of the more exciting *Dragnet* cases. One stamp collector even went to the trouble of getting postmarks for me from towns I never knew existed: Jack, Alabama; Webb, West Virginia; Joe, North Carolina, and Friday, Texas.

For a long time our fan mail was so staggering that we could barely handle it.

Some movie stars I know have secretaries do the autographing when someone asks for a signed picture, but I never thought this was quite fair and I have signed all pictures myself. At the studio we always get a kick out of our fan letters, whether they are critical or not, but when the viewers began asking me to send them my old shirts, ties, pants, cuff links and so on, I had to back down. I would have been down to my shorts in no time.

Some of these people, though, represented legitimate groups who wanted souvenirs to auction off at charity events, and for them we made small gold replicas of my Badge 714. My original badge, if anyone should ask, will be encased in a solid block of Lucite and displayed when a new addition is built for the Police Academy in Los Angeles. I'm proud of this honor and I'm proud of the fact that we were able to use some of the *Dragnet* profits to make a substantial contribution to the new building which we hope will contain the finest police-training classrooms in the world. We have also lent—and still do—16-mm. *Dragnet* films to schools, clubs or other organizations dealing with a special problem, such as narcotics, traffic safety or juvenile gangs.

I particularly recall a letter from an eastern high-school principal who asked if I could write something he could read to his students to ease growing racial tension in his classrooms. I wrote back about a murder case in which two Negro officers were sent to a mansion in an exclusive Beverly Hills district. Their delicate assignment was to tell a wealthy society matron that her husband was dead, and you can imagine how uneasy they were. They were admitted by a butler and ushered into the living room to meet a puzzled and somewhat indignant dowager. The officers doffed their caps and one said, "Ma'am, I wonder if we might kneel down and pray"—and thus she knew they

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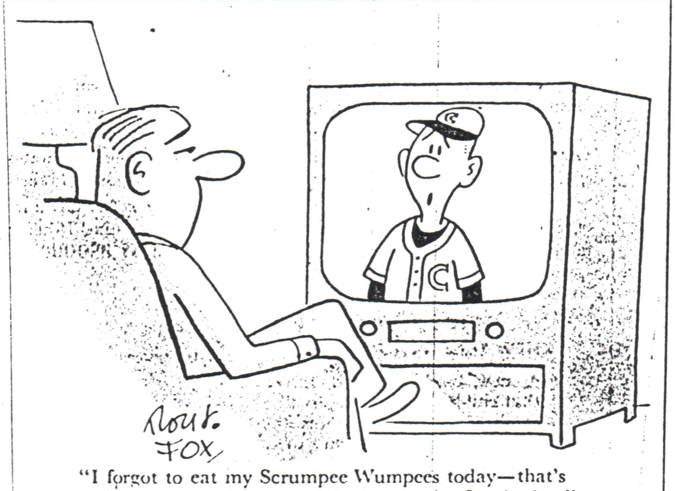
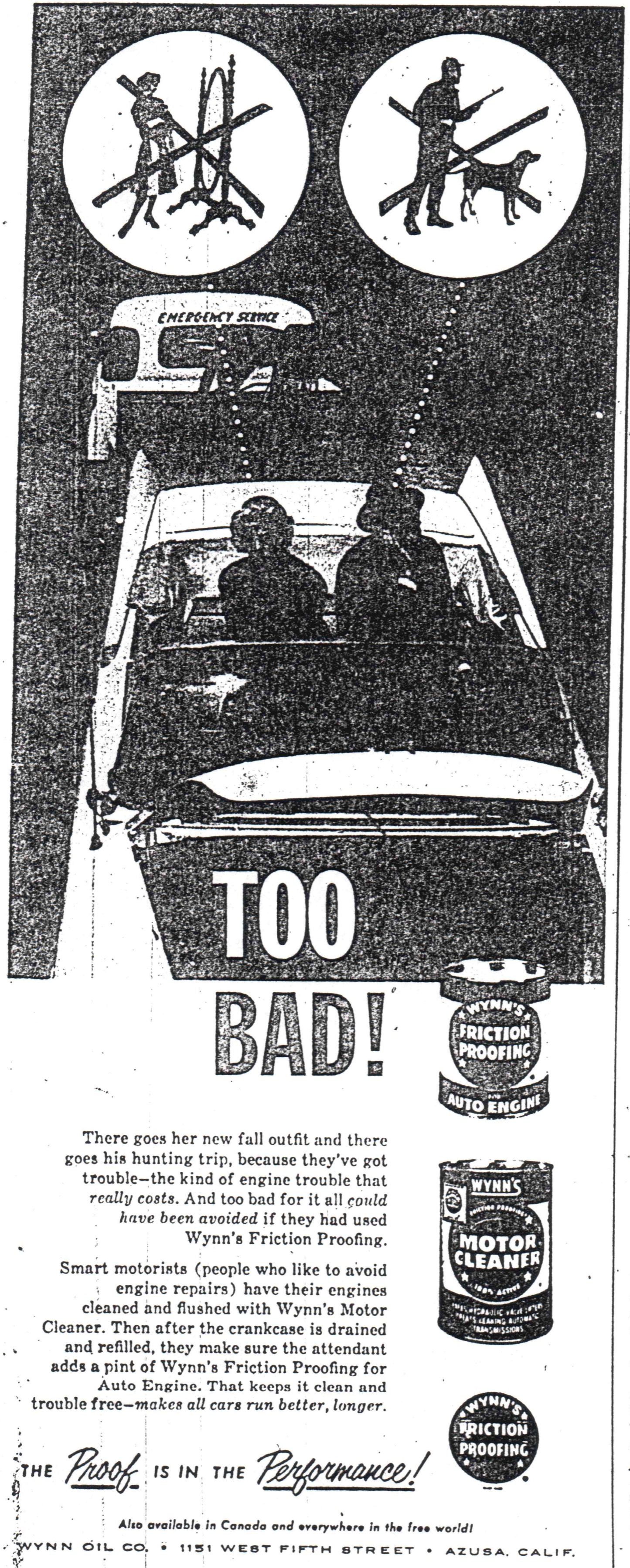


"I forgot to eat my Scrumpee Wumpees today—that's why I was knocked out of the box in the first inning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



There goes her new fall outfit and there goes his hunting trip, because they've got trouble—the kind of engine trouble that *really costs*. And too bad for it all *could have been avoided* if they had used Wynn's Friction Proofing.

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(*Continued from Page 144*) had grim news. And when they told her she knelt beside them and joined them in prayer. The school principal posted this true story on his bulletin board; later he wrote that my letter helped ease the tension.

All our fan mail was not inspirational, unfortunately. Also, if I can say this without being labeled a grouch or having someone hand me a crying towel, there are inevitable penalties for any critical or financial success. As one friend said recently, "Jack, the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." How right he is.

The first miseries kept me awake nights the moment *Dragnet* was solidly established as a hit. I was sued by an associate whom I dropped because he lost interest in his job, and not long afterward I was hit with a second suit by a former business agent. Since that time certain other people in Hollywood have made unfounded claims about how they helped originate *Dragnet* or contributed something for which they didn't get adequate credit or pay. Faced with these bitter doses I often felt like a naked child, suddenly thrust into a crowded street and overcome with a terrible loneliness.

I should have remembered what my friend Nate Blumberg of Universal Pictures, once said, "Jack, you're living in Macy's window, but don't waste worry on the critics or the lawsuits or the boys with their hands in your pocket. One thing they can't take away from you is your talent. And you must have some or they wouldn't be sniping at you."

How do you fight these things? Or should you fight at all?

Perhaps my decision was wrong. I never cared for street brawling or trying to win battles with printer's ink. My instinct was to keep my mouth shut and take it. I settled the suits rather than go through endless litigation and I let the snipers talk. They have to live with themselves, and one day they will have to judge themselves. In my heart I am certain I am right. I have never knowingly cheated anyone or taken an idea without giving credit and I always paid for what I got. I worked eighteen hours a day for years to make the show flawless. I put my life into *Dragnet*, and I knew that when things went wrong I'd have to take the blame. I have never had any "yes" men on my staff, and I was alone in making decisions. Perhaps this is why some have called me a lone wolf.

These behind-the-scenes problems, however, seem quite bearable alongside my fumblings with the press.

Dragnet was probably the only top-rated show in Hollywood that had no press agent, and I never held an open press conference. I always thought that entertainers who had press conferences risked having their heads knocked off, and I preferred seeing writers one at a time in the office. But I forgot all the reporters roaming the outfield.

Going over some of the clippings the other day—and there are thousands—I found a little item which said: "Jack Webb socked a drunk on the Sunset Strip the other night for calling him a cop." I never struck a man in my whole life, but I was strongly tempted to belt the columnist who wrote it. Drunk or sober.

Another silly item said I had gone to the Stork Club in New York and had been ejected because I had no necktie. These titbits are always delivered with a flourish, as though the writer's spies had just come up with all the secrets in the Kremlin. If I were reading this about some other performer my reaction would be: "So what?" But I obviously don't understand people's appetite for these gossipy hors d' oeuvres, because somebody keeps on serving them every day. As it happens I didn't go to the Stork Club without a tie, and I wasn't thrown out. And I still say—who cares?

I was at a private party some years ago, and one of the guests was Jack O'Brian, syndicated television columnist for the *New York Journal-American*. When *Dragnet* made its debut Jack began throwing bouquets, and thereafter his column was studded with ever-loving sonnets. I was grateful for this public affection, and naturally considered him a friend. Anyway, at this party I was sitting beside Dorothy Towne when O'Brian joined us. Dorothy and I had been dating for some time, and we had talked about marriage. At the time Julie had obtained an interlocutory decree, and under the circumstances we thought it would be in bad taste to talk about our engagement.

After some aimless chitchat O'Brian suddenly said, "Jack, are you going to marry this girl?"

This was one of those loaded questions, like the classic, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" and I felt as though I had been nailed to the wall. Dorothy looked at me, then at O'Brian.

"Yes," I said. "When my divorce becomes final."

O'Brian broke the story under his byline, and the phones at the office began ringing like burglar alarms.

In my inexperience I always thought columnists would get an O.K. before publishing personal stories like this, and I felt that O'Brian betrayed a confidence—not only because he put me on the spot in front of Dorothy but because he didn't tell me what he was going to do. I released a statement denying the story *in toto*. I guess I should have known better, but perhaps my action is understandable. I was surprised and angry.

The one consolation about hidden taxes is that there just can't be any more hiding places left.

HAL CHADWICK

That was the end of the romance with O'Brian. Months later, in the summer of 1954, I phoned him to say I was sorry about the denial. I explained I felt I had to deny his report because, at the time, my divorce from Julie London was not final and my lawyers were in the process of negotiating a property settlement with her. Julie's demands would go up if her lawyers knew I wanted to remarry.

But the call did no good. O'Brian's paper, the *New York Journal-American*, made a lot of fuss about the incident and suggested I had been less than fair with O'Brian in issuing the denial. O'Brian himself brought up the matter again in his column when I married Dorothy Towne the following January.

O'Brian does not seem willing to forget. I can't help feeling that the rough treatment my television shows and movies frequently get in his column stems—in part at least—from my denial of his published report. But I have never tried to retaliate or complain to anyone.

The problem here is one faced by almost everyone in show business. I always felt that my private life began the moment I went off the screen or the stage. I believed that an actor, at home or out on the street, has the same right of privacy as any other man. But evidently I am wrong. For some strange reason, unknown to me, I did not have the right to deny this O'Brian story without having the roof fall in.

(*Continued on Page 148*)

(*Continued from Page 146*) The columnists will argue that, by the very nature of their business, actors must expect public interest in their personal affairs. "You are vulnerable," they will say. Perhaps they are right. We go into people's living rooms night after night, and it may not be unreasonable for them to want the same privilege.

However, these isolated incidents do not truly reflect the consideration that the majority of the working press has shown me. I only know that I have often had the wistful thought—especially since I never had any consuming hunger for fame—that some other actor were playing Joe Friday. At the beginning I desperately wanted Lloyd Nolan for the part—and this will be news to him if he reads this—so I could devote all my time to the production end. But the sponsor wanted me, and I didn't argue.

Anyway, since it appears that our private lives belong to the public and since it is becoming more and more fashionable to tell all, this may be the place to do a small X-ray job on myself.

I am thirty-nine years old when I relax on weekends, but considerably older the first five days of the week. I am six feet tall and weigh 165 pounds. This relatively low weight always surprises me because I eat like a mob of termites, especially if I do the cooking myself. We have forty cookbooks, but when I throw something together the recipes come out of my head, a risk that has come to be unwillingly accepted by our friends. Some of them are mystified because I don't gain much, but I know the answer. I once put a pedometer on my belt for a week, and this gadget showed that I was walking between fifteen and twenty-five miles a day around the studio.

I smoke about two packs a day. Cigarettes, that is, and I'm sure you all know the brand. I don't play golf or tennis. I don't own a boat and I don't like to hunt or fish. But I do collect jazz records—I have about 6000—and they would have been very useful during the research for my television series, *Pete Kelly's Blues*, except that they were all stored away in a warehouse. Some people think I am an expert on music, but the only instrument I can play is a small comb with tissue paper around it, and the neighbors are not overwhelmed with the sound.

My life is insured for $1,000,000, but in case fate or some drunk driver doesn't know this I wear a good-luck St. Francis medal—a gift from my mother—around my neck. I never take a drink during the day when we are working. But at sundown, which for me may be anywhere between six and nine o'clock, I have two or three highballs at the little bar in my apartment. Even then I am wary, because when I was broke during my early radio days I had a thoughtful landlord who, knowing I couldn't afford liquor, introduced me to a homemade drink he called slivovitz. It was made from cherries and pure alcohol, tasted like a red-hot rivet and unscrewed the top of my head.

I've often wished I had the recipe because there have been times when a shot or two of slivovitz would have given me the courage to unload some of the gnawing thoughts I have about my business.

Maybe I ought to mention them anyway. The Emmy awards, for instance. Even though I won three of these statuettes I have felt that these prizes don't mean anything because there are too many of them, and the selections are not equitable. The annual awards show is a sorry performance that makes me ashamed. Television has the world's greatest audience, but the Emmy show looks like amateur night at the local high school, and on that irritating point alone I have long since parted company with the Academy of TV Arts and Sciences. At the moment, however, the Academy is making a complete revision of the award system, so perhaps next year it will be a more effective presentation.

Another disturbing thought that keeps pecking away at the back of my mind is that television, a truly remarkable medium, has its roots mired down in mediocrity and has not fulfilled either its promise or its obligation to the people. It depresses me when a network, facing stiff competition in a given time slot, merely throws another Western into the breach. Unfortunately I have no crystal ball, nor do I want to suggest a solution and risk having the critics hint that perhaps my own shows—*Dragnet*, *D.A.'s Man* and *Pete Kelly's Blues*—were not exactly cultural triumphs.

HAZEL by Ted Key

"Not that we don't like you personally . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Needless to say, television has been good to me, and I would not want to be doing any other kind of creative work.

At this moment I am in my office in the Mark VII Limited building in Studio City—a fine structure that was furnished and equipped with company profits—and today I love everybody. I was driving back from Beverly Hills this morning, and on Sunset Boulevard I suddenly heard a siren. A motorcycle cop flagged me to the curb. I confess my pulse was jumping because any law violation is bad business for Sgt. Joe Friday.

"You're Jack Webb?" the officer said.

"Yes," I said glumly.

"I always wanted to meet you," he said. "Just want to thank you for the only show I ever saw that gives the ordinary policeman a decent break."

"Oh," I said. "That's nice to hear."

"Keep it up," he said, climbing back on his bike. "And by the way, I see your stop lights are burned out. Maybe you better get them fixed. So long."

I had the impulse to invite him to the office, so he could repeat what he said and cheer up all of my hard-working associates, but I'm sure he had better things to do.

There are many bright pages in the ledger, of course, and occasionally, when my morale is low, I run over them again. Since our television debut in 1952 we have made the almost unbelievable total of 278 *Dragnet* films. At this writing they are still running in many communities as *Dragnet* or *Badge 714*, and the statisticians predict you may still be seeing some of these films five years from now. The sound tracks have been translated into twenty-three languages for overseas showings, and the network researchers tell me that Joe Friday, along with Sherlock Holmes, is one of the best-known detectives in the world. At least, every year police officials from many foreign lands and other states come to Los Angeles to see how Chief Parker's department works, and they always ask for Friday. I meet them whenever I can, and many have shown their appreciation by sending me gold badges with the number 714. My friend Ben Alexander had them framed in a glass case, and they hang on my office wall.

A few years ago we sold our interest in *Dragnet* in a package deal to Sherry Television Incorporated for $5,000,000, and this company is now distributing the films. We have made three full-length motion pictures for distribution by Warner Brothers—*Dragnet*, *Pete Kelly's Blues* and *The D.I.*—and the studio heads, who advanced almost $2,500,000, are very happy indeed because these films have already grossed more than $12,000,000. I have just finished shooting a fourth picture, a newspaper story called *—30—*, and currently I am lying awake nights considering half a dozen new television ideas.

I am not too proud of the fact that my first two marriages, to Julie London and Dorothy Towne, did not work out. But I can say that I now have the kind of marriage that men dream about.

Two years ago, when I was producing *The D.I.*, the story of the Marine Corps drill instructors, I signed Jackie Loughery, the former Miss United States, for the love interest. As time went on, I thought that she was wasting her talent when she could be busy taking care of me, and I told her so in a sort of bumbling way. We were married—let's see, I'll have to look this up because, as Jackie says, I am always forgetting the date—on June 24, 1958.

The ceremony was held in the library of our apartment—the cookbooks and Doctor Spock's guide are within easy reach—and there wasn't a reporter within a mile. Well, not exactly. Writer Jim Bishop was there with our friends Sylvia and George Posty, and Herm and Kay Saunders; but it was Jim's day off. He did file a column, but I have been grateful for the fact that he did not write an essay called "The Day That Jack Webb Got a New Pair of Handcuffs."

Jackie will know I'm only kidding, of course. She has long since given up her acting career, and the enormous trophy she won as Miss United States is packed away in the prop room at the studio. I like to think that we have a deep, understanding companionship, and we have fun doing things together. When I get home at night, usually around six o'clock, we talk about her day, not mine, and sometimes it's quite a day. Jackie loves animals, and about three times a week—as a not-so-dainty hint about what she wants—she will say, "I met a dog today." I suspect that someday—when we live in a house instead of an apartment—she will meet a dog, and I'll find it sitting at the dinner table.

In her own delicate way Jackie has a firm little hand, and she is getting away with it. She slips me vitamin pills for breakfast and she bought me a set of paints and brushes. I love to sketch and paint, and now, after years of believing I had no time for such pleasures, she has me puttering away again and liking it.

I guess the way of a maid with a man is about as subtle as a pile driver. I have always considered myself as a sort of wallflower when it comes to parties, for instance, and for one reason or another I have avoided most of the gay doings in Hollywood. The other day we were invited to a Western-costume charity party, and before I went to the office I said, "Honey, tell them I can't come. It's not the party so much, but I simply won't wear those Western duds."

"All right, darling," she said with resignation.

When I came home that evening there was a frontier costume neatly laid out on the bed—black pants, black shirt, boots, string tie and so on. Do you think I put on those crazy clothes for that party? You bet I did. I even wore them to Frank Sinatra's house after the party ended at three A.M. I stayed up until six A.M. and went home knowing Jackie and I would be doing it again.

Yes, they may be right when they call me a tough s.o.b. Jackie has me wearing neckties that have hung in my closet for years, and she third-degreed me into admitting that I know how to dance the *Charleston*. She has me whipping up hot-cake batter on Sunday mornings and wearing bright yellow sweaters, instead of the gray ones I used to like. We bought a weekend place in Palm Springs because Jackie said it had an extra room big enough for a couple of children, and we are hoping it will be occupied one day. I have long since decided you can't fight City Hall—or a girl who ends each day saying, "God bless you, Jack."

I'm sure He already has.

This is the last of three articles by Mr. Webb and Mr. Jennings. —THE EDITORS

'I've always felt that the policeman has been the underdog...'

'Adam-12' producer Jack Webb explains his successes and his failures—and his point of view

By Dick Adler

What can you say about a 52 year-old producer who had four weekly shows on this past season? Jack Webb [illegible] [illegible] self, the [illegible] [illegible] he began [illegible] Dragnet on the radio in 1949 and always played while he was an actor a tough, [illegible] gravel-voiced American who believes in law and order and has made that belief work for him. Look at last year: Adam-12, in its fourth season, was generally rated in the top 10; *Emergency!*, not a police show but still enough within that general authoritative "Voice of God" mold to make it unmistakably a Mark VII Production, [illegible] in the fall.

There were two casualties: *O'Hara, United States Treasury* and *The D.A.*—but to balance that *Dragnet* is now being seen in syndicated reruns in 150 cities across the country. And next season another new Webb-produced show debuts—*Hec Ramsey*, starring Richard Boone as a 1901 gunslinger turned frontier detective.

So Jack Webb would seem to be doing something right. To find out what, and to see how the winds of change have touched him in the last few years, we sat down with him in his trophy-laden office at Universal and—in one of Webb's rare recent interviews—explored a few sensitive areas.

Q. *Why do you think your police shows,* Dragnet *and* Adam-12, *have been so successful?*

A. I've thought about it a lot and I've never been able to come up with a definite reason. On the one hand, having enough ego to have been a performer, I could say it's because they love me and Ben Alexander and Harry Morgan and Marty Milner and Kent McCord so much. But the shows were never designed as personality pieces—or else we would have called them *Friday and Smith* or *Malloy and Reed*. When I designed *Dragnet* with Jim Moser, we decided that wasn't the way to go for a documentary approach: the people aren't as important as the overall idea. So I really don't think it's that.

Maybe it was the infinite patience with which Moser and I built up the detail in *Dragnet* that they liked. We tried to show the police officer as he really was—not the fellow who stole an apple from the fruit peddler on the corner. I think we dispelled an awful lot of myth in our day. I think we showed that policemen weren't lone wolves, that they worked together. We showed that captains and lieutenants didn't do all the work, that you could be a sergeant or a policeman and still solve a heavyweight crime.

Then perhaps the lack of histrionics in all areas gave it a different look, a subliminal acceptability.

Q. *In the last couple of years there seems to have been a rush of books like Joseph Wambaugh's "The New*

Centurions" and "The Blue Knight") and films (like "Dirty Harry" and "The French Connection") which have claimed to humanize policemen by showing their weaknesses as well as their strengths. Will this have any effect on the way you do Adam-12?

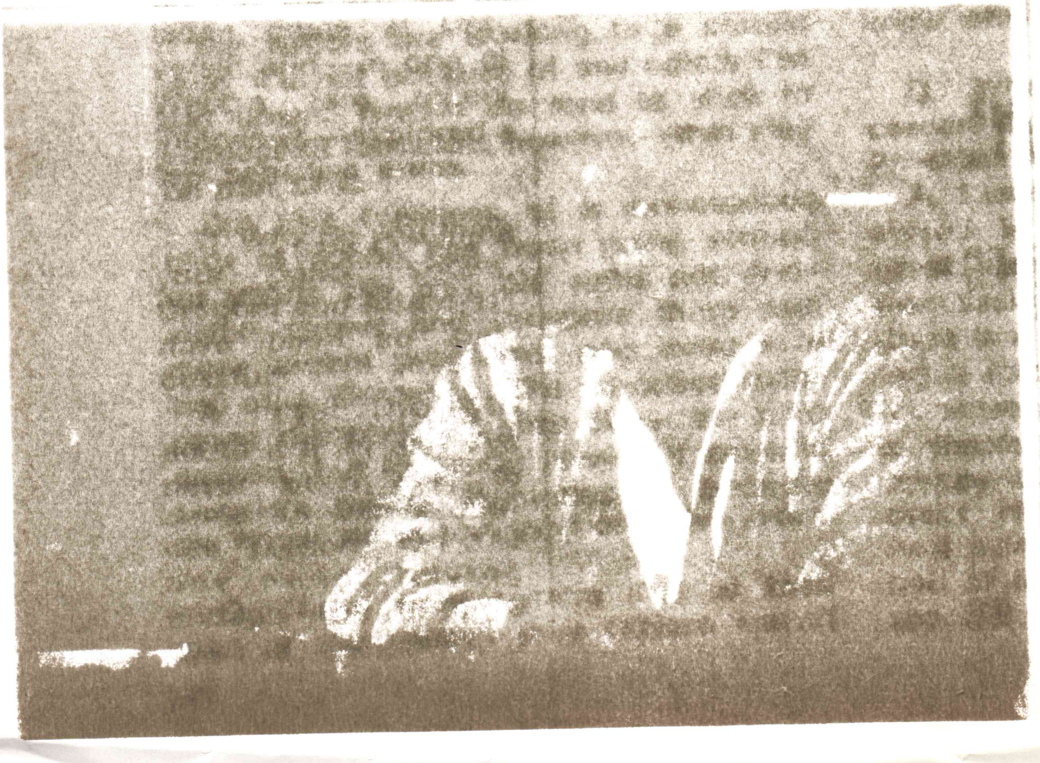
A: First of all, the way Joe Wambaugh tells his side of the story is no more the whole truth than the way we tell ours. I think there's much to be said for both ways, but his books are no more accurate or "human" than what we do on *Adam-12*. We've admitted many times that the police make mistakes, both on *Dragnet* and *Adam-12*. People tend to forget that nobody can possibly see or remember all the shows we've made.

Joe Wambaugh is a dedicated man, because he wouldn't stay on as a policeman *(a detective-sergeant with the LAPD)—Ed.* But I do get the feeling when I read his books that they're more of an exposé. But I've always felt that the policeman has been the underdog of society; part of what he became was due to the indifference of the public. I don't like it when a policeman gets away with holy hell or bloody murder any more than anyone else does. But they haven't for so many, many years.

When you do police stories, you're talking about every policeman in the United States if not the world. I think when a policeman needs all the help he can get in today's rather distorted sociological scene, you have to help him, you have to tell the truth about him. It's what Joe Wambaugh *doesn't* write. I think there's much to be said beyond constantly tearing down.

Q: *How do you react to the charges that shows like* Dragnet, Adam-12 *and* The FBI *may be making some of the more radical young people antipolice by showing a one-sided picture?*

A: Things are never as black and white as some people make them out to be. I repeat—neither side has a lock on the truth. If I do a story of a crooked or a disturbed policeman, either he'll be eliminated from the department or he'll be straightened out and remain on. But I won't just leave it raw. I think it's improper reporting not to tell the other side of the story. Of course, you sacrifice something in the area of sensationalism when you do that. *Dragnet* and *Adam-12* aren't as exciting as the Wambaugh books or "Dirty Harry" in that respect; we don't have the heavies inside the department itself. We're not doing stories about the guys we know will eventually be weeded out. We're doing stories about everyday working policemen.



I also think that this business of having to know everything about what goes on is bad. The release of the Pentagon Papers did irrevocable harm—there are certain things you can't know about and still have diplomacy or security.

It's not the province of entertainment to expose. We're primarily supposed to →

continued

entertain. You have a little tougher job doing that when you document. We can't find ourselves a district attorney who's a crook or a rat because he's not allowed to exist. If he were allowed to exist, the whole machine would fall apart like a two-dollar suit.

Q. Your projects, especially recently, all seem to have the same kind of subjects as well as a definite style of writing and acting. Is this deliberate?

A. At my age I suppose that having had great success—and great luck—dealing with pro-law-enforcement material, I do have a tendency to lean in that direction. It's no secret that everyone in my small group is pro law enforcement. It's the only way you can treat a subject fairly. My own fascination with police work came while I was researching *Dragnet*. It was pretty much virgin territory then. It became an in-depth belief of mine that here was a group of men trying to upgrade their work against all the odds. I felt, and still do, there was high drama in it.

As for a definite style, all I can say is that the only thing we've always insisted on is an economy of dialogue. We like a clean script, not too much verbiage on the part of the officers or doctors or prosecutors. Aside from that, there are no hard and fast rules. If the writers are working to a certain style, it's not because of any edicts I've laid down. Writers do tend to stick to successful formulas, however—that may be part of it.

But this business of a monotonous style of acting has been going around for years. We play old radio and television shows and compare them with more recent programs, and there is a hell of a difference. The so-called monotone disappeared after about the third season, but for some reason it stuck in people's minds. It piques us because we *know* we've changed over the years.

Q. There were rumors that at least part of the reason why O'Hara wasn't renewed was that CBS sacrificed it to the cause of antiviolence in order to keep a couple of other rather violent shows with higher ratings. Any truth to that? And how do you feel about violence on television?

A. As far as I can figure it, and you never really can in this business, *O'Hara* failed because it was in the wrong time slot. We were on too early, up against *The Brady Bunch* and *The Partridge Family*, and the early hours belong to the young in this country. Then, too, probably David Janssen—who is one of the finest television actors we have—should have had a side kick, somebody to work with. Very few shows are successful with just one continuing character.

As to the subject of violence, as far as I know, it had nothing to do with the show's cancellation. There *is* a lot of violence on television, and I think it's because there is no central clearing house for subject matter. One producer does a show with a certain amount of violence in it, then another follows and then another, seven nights a week. So almost certainly you wind up with an overwhelming amount of violence on television. I don't think any one producer intentionally loads his show, but in the aggregate we have a very violent spectrum because we don't know what other producers are doing.

Q. What about your own acting career? Do you ever have any ambitions to return to it?

A. I was never really very deeply involved in acting. I've always had a great love for the production side of the business. But I must admit that there is a lot of satisfaction in performing a role if you do it adequately. It's immensely flattering to stand outside a theater and watch people paying money to see the face that you look at every morning while you're shaving. And aside from that, you can make a hell of a lot of money—which is nice, too.

[illegible]

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JOHN J. CORCORAN, COUNTY CLERK

DEPUTY

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

JACK RANDOLPH WEBB

I, JACK RANDOLPH WEBB, also known as JACK WEBB, a resident of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, do hereby make, publish and declare this my Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former Wills and Codicils heretofore made by me.

ARTICLE ONE

I declare that I am married, that my wife's name is JACKIE LOUGHERY WEBB, and that I have two children, the issue of a previous marriage, my daughters STACEY WEBB, born January 11, 1950, and LISA WEBB, born November 29, 1952.

ARTICLE TWO

I direct my Executor hereinafter named to pay my just debts and expenses of my last illness as soon as shall be practicable.

ARTICLE THREE

I hereby declare that it is my intention by this Will to dispose of my entire estate and any community property of which I may die possessed, including my wife's share thereof. If my wife, prior to the probate of this Will, shall not have elected whether to take under this Will or to take the rights given her by law, she shall in due course make such election. Should my wife elect to take the rights given her by law, the provisions of this Will shall be carried into effect in the same manner as though she had predeceased me.

ARTICLE FOUR

I declare that each gift, devise and bequest given under this Will, or any Codicil thereto, shall be delivered free from all estate, inheritance and succession taxes, and that such taxes be paid out of the residue of my estate.

ARTICLE FIVE

I hereby give and bequeath to my wife, if she survive me and survive distribution of my estate, such of my phonograph record collection as she shall select, and I give and bequeath the balance thereof to my good friend CLIFFORD BUSSELL.

ARTICLE SIX

I give, devise and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, both real and personal, wherever situated, including all property over which I may have power of appointment outstanding at the time of my death, to the Trustees hereinafter named, in trust, to hold, manage and distribute according to the following terms and provisions:

1. The Trustees shall divide the trust estate into three (3) parts, for convenience hereinafter called Trust I, Trust II, and Trust III.

2. Trust I, which, to the extent possible, shall include any residence and furniture therein owned by me at the time of my death and occupied by my mother, MARGARET E. SPENCER, shall be set apart, held and distributed as follows:

(a) The first SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS ($6,000.00) of the net distributable income during each year during which my mother shall be alive, shall be paid in monthly or other convenient installments, to my mother;

(b) The net distributable income in excess of SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS ($6,000.00) per year shall be used for the payment of taxes, assessments, and other fixed charges on the residence occupied by my mother if my mother shall be occupying a residence owned by me at the time of my death. If my mother shall not be occupying any such residence, the Trustees shall pay out of the income of such share the rental for the residence occuped by her;

(c) The net distributable income, if any, of such share in excess of the amount required to be paid pursuant to Subdivisions (a) and (b) preceding shall be paid, in monthly or other convenient installments, to my grandmother, EMMA S. SMITH, so long as she shall live, and upon and after her death such excess income shall be accumulated, held and distributed as part of the principal of such share;

(d) If the net distributable income of such share shall be insufficient to enable the Trustees to make the payments provided to be made in Subdivisions (a) and (b) preceding, the Trustees shall pay and distribute so much of the principal of such share as shall be required to enable the making of such payments;

(e) If my mother shall be occupying a residence owned by me at the time of my death and shall thereafter decide that she does not desire to continue to reside therein, such residence shall be sold and the proceeds from such sale shall be held and distributed as part of the principal of such share; provided, however, that if my mother shall elect to have the Trustees purchase another residence for her use, the Trustees shall invest for such new residence an amount equal to the proceeds from the sale of the first residence. Upon the death of my mother, any residence being held by the Trustees for her occupancy, and the furnishings located therein, shall be sold and the proceeds from such sale shall be held, used and distributed as part of the principal of such share;

(f) Upon the death of my mother. if my grandmother survive her, so much of the net distributable income as shall reasonably be required for my grandmother's support and maintenance, shall be paid and distributed to her, and the balance thereof shall be accumulated and added to the principal of such share;

(g) Upon the death of the last to die of me, my mother. and my grandmother, the then remaining principal of such share, including accumulated income, shall be added to, apportioned amongst, held, used and distributed as a part of Trust III, then or theretofore held or distributed pursuant to Subdivision 4 hereof.

3. (a) The net income of Trust II shall be paid in monthly or other convenient installments to or for the benefit of my wife, JACKIE LOUGHERY WEBB, until her death. If, during any calendar year, my wife's total income from all sources, including distributions from the trusts established hereunder, shall be less than FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS ($50,000.00), my wife shall have the right, within two (2) months after the expiration of any such calendar year, to demand distribution to her of principal in an amount equal to that by which said specified amount exceeds her total income for such year, whereupon the Trustees shall distribute such additional amount to her. Payments of additional amounts hereunder shall not be cumulative, and if my wife shall not demand payment within the two (2) months period hereinbefore referred to, her right to receive additional payment or distribution with respect to

the calendar year last expired shall terminate. If this trust shall commence during a calendar year, the amounts hereinbefore referred to shall be prorated for the period between the date of the commencement of this trust and December 31 of the year in which this trust shall commence. The written statement of my wife delivered to the Trustees shall be accepted by the Trustees as a correct statement of her income from all sources.

(b) Should my wife be subjected to unusual expenses by reason of illness, accident or other emergency, the Trustees may, in their sole and absolute discretion, pay any such unusual expenses or make distribution of principal to the extent required by my wife for or on account of any such matter or purpose.

(c) Upon the death of my wife, the then remaining principal of Trust II, together with any accumulated but undistributed income, shall be added to, apportioned amongst, held, used and distributed as a part of Trust III, then or theretofore held or distributed pursuant to Subdivision 4 immediately following.

4. Trust III, as the same may be increased as hereinbefore provided in Subdivisions 2 and 3 preceding, shall be divided into equal shares as follows: one (1) share for each then living child of mine, and one (1) share for the then living lawful issue of each deceased child of mine on the principle of representation, the said shares, and the net distributable income thereof, to be held, paid and distributed as follows:

(a) The net income of each share held for the benefit of a child of mine living at the time of my death shall be accumulated until such child shall reach the age of twenty-one (21) years, at which time the accumulated income shall be distributed to such child and thereafter the net income shall be distributed to such child in monthly or other convenient installments until such child shall reach the age of thirty (30) years. When such child shall reach the age of thirty (30) years, the principal held for the benefit of such child shall be distributed to such child, absolutely and outright;

(b) The net income of each share held for the benefit of the issue of a deceased child of mine shall be accumulated until the youngest of such issue participating in such share shall reach the age of twenty-one (21) years, at which time the accumulated income shall be paid and distributed to such issue in equal shares, and thereafter the net income shall be distributed equally to such issue in monthly or other convenient installments until said youngest of said issue shall reach the age of thirty (30) years. When said youngest of said issue shall reach the age of thirty (30) years, the principal held for the benefit of such issue shall be distributed equally to such issue, absolutely and outright;

(c) Should any child of mine living at the time of my death die before becoming entitled to receive distribution of the entire share set aside for such child, such share shall go and be distributed to the lawful issue of each child living at the date of such child's death upon the principle of representation, or should no such issue be then living, such share shall go to augment equally the shares then held for the benefit of, and those previously distributed to, my other children living at the time of my death and the issue of my deceased children, upon the principle of representation;

(d) If all of the issue of any child of mine who shall have predeceased me shall die before becoming entitled to receive distribution of the entire share set aside for such issue, such share shall go to augment equally the shares then held for the benefit of, and those previously distributed to, my other children living at the time of my death and the issue of my other deceased children, upon the principle of representation;

(e) If, in the sole discretion of the Trustees, any child or issue of a deceased child for whom a share of the trust estate is being held hereunder shall, by reason of emergency or otherwise, be in need of funds for medical care, living expenses or education, the Trustees shall have the right to pay to or for the benefit of such child or issue any accumulated income and the net income of the portion of the trust estate held for the benefit of such child or issue, notwithstanding the fact that such child or issue is not then entitled to receive such income under the foregoing provisions hereof.

5. Each beneficiary of these trusts is hereby restrained from, and shall be without right, power or authority to sell, transfer, pledge, mortgage, hypothecate, alienate, anticipate, or in any other manner affect or impair his or her beneficial and legal right, title, interest, claim and estate in and to the income and/or principal of these trusts during the entire term thereof, nor shall the right, title, interest and estate of any such beneficiary hereunder be subject to the rights or claims of any creditors, nor subject or liable to any process of law or court, and all of the income and/or principal under

solely, exclusively and personally to the beneficiary entitled thereto hereunder, and the personal receipt of said beneficiary shall be a condition precedent to the payment or delivery of the same by said Trustees to such beneficiary.

Such part of any income payable to any beneficiary as shall at any time become subject to enforceable claims of a creditor or creditors of any such beneficiary, shall not be paid to the beneficiary, but shall be added to the corpus of the beneficiary's share, and provisions, if any, for payment of principal or other periodical benefits other than income to any beneficiary, shall become inoperative during any period when and to the extent that, if paid, they would become subject to the enforceable claims of creditors of the beneficiary, except that the Trustees shall have the power in their sole discretion to pay so much of the income and/or principal of such share to the beneficiary of such share as in their sole discretion is necessary to provide for such beneficiary's reasonable support, care and comfort.

6. Anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding, it is expressly provided that the trusts created herein shall wholly cease and terminate, and the corpus and accumulated income, if any, shall be distributed to the beneficiaries for whom the same is then being held upon the death of the last to die of the following persons: my wife, JACKIE LOUGHERY WEBB, my mother, MARGARET E. SPENCER, my grandmother, EMMA S. SMITH, my daughters, STACEY WEBB and LISA WEBB, and any child or issue of any deceased child of mine living at the time of my death.

7. To carry out the express purposes of these trusts by this Article created, and subject to any limitations herein expressed, the Trustees are vested with the following powers

and discretions, in addition to any now or hereafter conferred by law, affecting the trusts and the trust estate:

(a) Said Trustees are hereby vested with absolute and uncontrolled power to determine how and in what manner, and for what purpose, said money shall be invested, and they shall have the power to invest the principal in such securities and properties as they may deem advisable, whether or not authorized by law for the investment of trust funds. Anything contained herein to the contrary notwithstanding, it is expressly provided that the Trustees may not invest funds of the trust estate in any venture or property in which they have a direct or indirect interest in excess of five percent (5%) of the total value of or investment in such venture or property;

(b) Said Trustees are hereby vested with absolute and uncontrolled power to determine what shall constitute principal of said estate, or gross income, or the net income available for distribution under the terms of these trusts, and what items shall be charged or credited to either;

(c) The Trustees shall have, respecting securities, all the rights, powers and privileges, without limiting the foregoing, the power to give proxies, pay costs, assessments, and other sums deemed by the Trustees necessary for the protection of the trust estate; to participate in voting trusts, pooling agreements, foreclosures, reorganizations, consolidations, mergers and liquidations, and in connection therewith deposit securities with, and transfer title to, any protective committee, under such terms as the Trustees deem advisable; exercise or sell stock subscriptions or conversion rights; regardless of any limitation elsewhere in this instrument, relating to investments by the Trustees, to accept and retain as investments hereunder any securities received through the exercise of any of the foregoing powers;

(d) The Trustees shall have the power to hold securities, or other property in the name of the Trustees, or in the name of their nominees, with, or without disclosure of these trusts; the Trustees being responsible for the acts of such nominees affecting such property;

(e) All discretions conferred upon the Trustees shall, unless specifically limited, be absolute and their exercise conclusive on all persons interested in these trusts. The enumeration of certain powers of the Trustees shall not limit their general powers, the Trustees being hereby vested with and having as to the trust estate, and in the execution of these trusts, all the right, power and privileges which an absolute owner of the same property would have;

(f) From the gross income received or derived from the trust estate, or from the principal thereof as the Trustees deem necessary or advisable, there shall be paid and discharged all taxes, assessments, costs and expenses incurred in the care, administration and protection of said trusts, and their defense against legal or equitable attack by any person, both during and after the probate administration upon my estate, including compensation to the Trustees for services as such Trustees, which compensation shall be fixed by the Court;

(h) Upon any division or partial or final distribution of the trust estate, to partition, allot and distribute the trust estate in undivided interests or in money or in kind at such valuation and according to such method or procedure as the Trustees may determine, and to sell such property as the Trustees may deem necessary to make such division or distribution.

8. I hereby designate and appoint as Trustees hereunder JACOB SHEARER and BERTRAM FIELDS. Should either of said persons be unable or unwilling to act hereunder, I designate and appoint J. R. RODGERS to act in the place of such person. If less than two of said three persons are willing and able to act hereunder, I designate and appoint the one of said persons willing and able to act, and the BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION, or the BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION alone if none of said persons is willing and able to act, as Trustees or Trustee hereunder. Whichever Trustee or Trustees shall be acting hereunder shall have all of the powers and discretions hereinbefore specified in Subdivision 7 preceding. No bond shall be required of any individual Trustee named herein.

ARTICLE SEVEN

I hereby generally and expressly disinherit each and all persons whomsoever claiming to be, or who may be my heirs at law, except as such may be provided for in this Will, and if any of such parties, or such heirs, or any person whomsoever, who, if I died intestate, would be entitled to any part of my estate, shall either directly, singly, or in conjunction with other persons, seek or establish or assert any claim to my estate, or any part thereof, excepting under this Will, or attack, or oppose or seek to set aside the probate of this Will, or impair, invalidate, or set aside the provisions, or endeavor to secure or procure any part of my estate, other than through, or under this Will, then in any or all of the above-mentioned cases or events, I give, devise and bequeath to said person or persons the sum of ONE DOLLAR ($1.00), and no more, in lieu of any other share or interest in my estate. A petition for family allowance, however, shall not be included in the events rendering this section operative.

ARTICLE EIGHT

I hereby nominate and appoint JACOB SHEARER as Executor hereof. Should said JACOB SHEARER refuse or be unable to act as such Executor, then I nominate and appoint BERTRAM FIELDS. Should JACOB SHEARER and BERTRAM FIELDS refuse or be unable to act as Executor hereof, I nominate and appoint J. R. RODGERS. Should all of said persons refuse or be unable to act as such Executor, I nominate and appoint the BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION. None of the individuals herein nominated and appointed shall be required to furnish bond.

I give and grant to any Executor or Administrator of my estate, as the case may be, full power and authority as and when such Executor or Administrator shall become duly qualified to act as such, to lease, encumber or sell property of my estate, subject to such confirmation as may be required by law, and to continue to hold, manage and operate my property and, subject to court approval, any business belonging to me at the time of my death or belonging to my estate.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have executed this Last Will and Testament this 22nd day of October, 1959.

Jack Randolph Webb
JACK RANDOLPH WEBB

THE FOREGOING INSTRUMENT, consisting of thirteen (13) pages, including the page upon which this attestation is concluded, was on the date thereof, signed, published and declared by the said JACK RANDOLPH WEBB, the Testator therein named, as and for his Last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who, at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have signed the same as subscribing witnesses thereto.

Residing at 10857 Willoment Place
No. Hollywood, cal

Residing at 2053 S. La Cienega
Los Angeles 34, Cali

ILED DEC 29 1982
OHN J. CORCORAN, COUNTY CLERK
Y DEPUTY

CODICIL TO LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF JACK RANDOLPH WEBB

I, JACK RANDOLPH WEBB, a resident of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, declare this to be a codicil to my Last Will and Testament dated October 22, 1959.

ARTICLE ONE

I hereby amend my said Will by revoking all benefits to my wife, JACKIE LOUGHERY WEBB, and said Will shall be interpreted in the same manner as if she had predeceased me.

ARTICLE TWO

In all other respects, except as inconsistent with this codicil, I do hereby confirm my said Last Will and Testament of October 22, 1959.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name this 25th day of February, 1964.

Jack Randolph Webb
JACK RANDOLPH WEBB

ADMITTED TO PROBATE
Date JAN 20 1983
Attest: John J. Corcoran, County Clerk
By Deputy

THE FOREGOING INSTRUMENT, consisting of one (1) page, including this page, was, on the date thereof, to wit, the 25th day of February, 1964, signed, published, and declared by the said JACK RANDOLPH WEBB, the testator therein named, as and for a codicil to his Last Will and Testament dated October 22, 1959, in the presence of us who, at his request, and in his presence and in the presence of each other, have signed the same as subscribing witnesses thereto.

Frances Fonty residing at 134 3/4 No. Hamilton Dr
Beverly Hills, California

Jacob Shearer residing at 300 S McCadden P

678085

SECOND CODICIL TO LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

JACK RANDOLPH WEBB

DEC 29 1982

FILED .... 19 ......
JOHN J. CORCORAN, COUNTY CLERK
BY .... DEPUTY

I, JACK RANDOLPH WEBB, a resident of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, declare this to be a Second Codicil to my Last Will and Testament dated October 22, 1959, as amended by Codicil dated February 25, 1964.

ARTICLE ONE

I declare that I am no longer married to Jackie Loughery Webb and that I am unmarried.

ARTICLE TWO

I give and devise to my friend, SANDRA QUINN, the sum of $25,000, free of death taxes, as provided in Article Four of my Will.

ARTICLE THREE

I hereby modify Paragraph 8 of Article Six of my Will by striking the name "J.R. Rodgers" appearing in the fourth line of said Paragraph 8 and substitute in lieu thereof, the name "Bernard Shearer", it being my intention that Bernard Shearer be the next alternate trustee in the event that either Jacob Shearer or Bertram Fields cannot act. If for any reason, any individual named shall, for any given period of time, be acting as sole trustee, no bond shall be required of such individual, notwithstanding the fact that no other trustee is acting with him.

ARTICLE FOUR

I hereby amend Article Eight by striking the name

Shearer", it being my intention that Bernard Shearer be the next alternate trustee in the event neither Jacob Shearer or Bertram Fields is willing or able to act. The waiver of bond provision in said Article Eight shall extend to Bernard Shearer.

ARTICLE FIVE

In all other respects, except as inconsistent with this Codicil, I do hereby confirm my said Last Will and Testament of October 22, 1959, as modified by my Codicil of February 25, 1964.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name this 30 day of April, 1970.

Jack Randolph Webb
JACK RANDOLPH WEBB

ADMITTED TO PROBATE
Date JAN 2 0 1983
Attest: John J. Corcoran, County Clerk
By Deputy

THE FOREGOING INSTRUMENT, consisting of two (2) pages, including this page, was, on the date thereof, to wit, the 30 day of April, 1970, signed, published, and declared by the said JACK RANDOLPH WEBB, the testator therein named, as and for a codicil to his Last Will and Testament dated October 22, 1959, in the presence of us who, at his request, and in his presence and in the presence of each other, have signed the same as subscribing witnesses thereto.

Bernard Shearer residing at 3216 Federal Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90066

Jean Miles residing at 4458 Camellia Ave.
No. Hollywood, Calif. 91604

FILED DEC 29 1982 19
JOHN J. CORCORAN, COUNTY CLERK
BY .... DEPUTY

673885

THIRD CODICIL
TO
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF
JACK RANDOLPH WEBB

I, JACK RANDOLPH WEBB, a resident of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, declare this to be a Third Codicil to my Last Will and Testament dated October 22, 1959, as amended by my First Codicil dated February 25, 1964 and Second Codicil dated April 30, 1970.

I

I give and bequeath to the Trustees designated in paragraph 8. of ARTICLE SIX of my Will, as amended by ARTICLE THREE of the Second Codicil dated April 30, 1970, to my Will, but as a separate Trust for the benefit of my friend JANE SHERMAN, ("JANE"), an amount which, as of the date of my death, will be sufficient to purchase an annuity contract for the benefit of JANE, which will produce for her an annuity of Two Thousand Dollars ($2,000) per month. I direct said Trustees to make such purchase as soon as possible after distribution to the Trustees of the funds to finance such purchase. I further direct that distribution of such amount be made to such Trustees as soon as practicable during the course of the administration of my Estate. I further request my Trustees, or Executors, acting in their capacity as the controlling stockholder of Mark VII, Ltd., to have Mark VII, Ltd. continue to employ JANE for a period at least until the purchase of said annuity. Nothing in the next preceding sentence shall preclude my Trustees from causing Mark VII, Ltd. to continue to employ JANE for such further period as they and JANE may determine. I further authorize my Executors to advance to JANE (but subject to reimbursement) to the difference between Two Thousand Dollars ($2,000) per month and the amount of any salary which JANE may be receiving during such interim period.

II

I hereby further modify paragraph 8. of ARTICLE SIX of my Will by adding thereto the following language:

"The Trustees are authorized to employ such custodians, investment advisors, attorneys (whether or not a Trustee hereunder), accountants, or other agents to assist them in the administration of this Trust and to rely on the advice given by these agents. Reasonable compensation for all services performed by these agents, including, but not limited to, compensation for services of attorneys performed by persons who may also serve as Trustees hereunder, shall be paid from the Trust Estate out of either income or principal as the Trustees in their discretion shall determine."

III

I hereby modify ARTICLE EIGHT of my Will by adding the following language thereto:

"The Executors are authorized to employ such custodians, investment advisors, attorneys (whether or not an Executor hereunder), accountants, or other agents to assist them in the administration of this Trust and to rely on the advice given by these agents. Reasonable compensation for all services performed by these agents, including, but not limited to, compensation for services of attorneys performed by persons who may also serve as Executors hereunder, shall be paid from the Trust Estate out of either income or principal as the Executors in their discretion shall determine. I further authorize my Executors to invest and re-invest any surplus monies in their hands in the same manner

IV

In all other respects, except as inconsistent with this Codicil, I do hereby confirm my said Last Will and Testament of October 22, 1959, as modified by my First Codicil of February 25, 1964 and my Second Codicil of April 30, 1970.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name this 7th day of February, 1979.

ADMITTED TO PROBATE
Date JAN 20 1983
Attest: John J. Corcoran, County Clerk
By ____________ Deputy

Jack Randolph Webb
JACK RANDOLPH WEBB

The foregoing instrument was, at the date hereof, by JACK RANDOLPH WEBB signed as and declared to be his Third Codicil to Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us who, at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto; each of us observed the signing of this Third Codicil to Last Will and Testament by JACK RANDOLPH WEBB and by each other subscribing witness, and know that each signature is the true signature of the person whose name was signed.

Each of us is now more than 21 years of age and a competent witness, and resides at the address set forth after his name.

We are acquainted with JACK RANDOLPH WEBB. At this time he is over the age of 18 years, and to the best of our knowledge he is of sound mind and is not acting under duress, menace, fraud, misrepresentation, or undue influence.

We declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

Executed on 7 February, 1979, at Los Angeles, California.

____________ residing at 3665 SCADLOCK LANE
SHERMAN OAKS, CA.

____________ residing at 133 S. Oakhurst #302
Beverly Hills, Ca 90212.

ATTORNEY OR PARTY WITHOUT ATTORNEY (NAME AND ADDRESS):
JACOB SHEARER, ESQ.
Suite 414
9255 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90069

TELEPHONE NO.: (213) 275-0444

101

10

ATTORNEY FOR (NAME): Petitioner in propria persona

ATTY ORDER

SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES
STREET ADDRESS: 111 North Hill Street
MAILING ADDRESS:
CITY AND ZIP CODE: Los Angeles, California 90012
BRANCH NAME: Central

ESTATE OF (NAME):
JACK WEBB also known as JACK RANDOLPH WEBB
Decedent

FOR COURT USE ONLY

FILED
DEC 29 1982
JOHN J. CORCORAN, COUNTY CLERK
[illegible] GULLART, Deputy

CASE NUMBER: 678085

HEARING DATE: Jan 20
DEPT.: 5
TIME: 915

PETITION FOR
☒ PROBATE OF WILL AND FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY
☐ PROBATE OF WILL AND FOR LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION WITH WILL ANNEXED
☐ LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION
☐ SPECIAL LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION
☒ AUTHORIZATION TO ADMINISTER UNDER THE INDEPENDENT ADMINISTRATION OF ESTATES ACT

1. Attorney requests publication in (name of newspaper): THE LOS ANGELES DAILY JOURNAL

JACOB SHEARER (Type or print name): Jacob Shearer (Signature of attorney)

& will
3 Cods

2. Petitioner* (name of each): Jacob Shearer
requests that
  a. ☒ decedent's will and codicils, if any, be admitted to probate.
  b. ☒ (name): JACOB SHEARER
     be appointed (1) ☒ executor (3) ☐ administrator
     (2) ☐ administrator with will annexed (4) ☐ special administrator
     and Letters issue upon qualification.
  c. ☒ authority be granted to administer under the Independent Administration of Estates Act.
  d. ☒ bond not be required for the reasons stated in attachment 2d.
     ☐ bond be fixed at $ ______ to be furnished by an authorized surety company or as otherwise provided by law *(specify reasons if the amount is different from the minimum required by section 541 of the Probate Code).*
     ☐ deposits at *(specify institution):*
     in the amount of $ ______ be allowed. Receipts will be filed.

3. a. Decedent died on (date): 12/23/82 at (place): Los Angeles, California
     ☒ a resident of the county named above.
     ☐ a non-resident of California and left an estate in the county named above located at *(specify location permitting publication in the newspaper named in item 1):*
  b. Street address, city, and county of decedent's residence at time of death: 9255 Doheny Drive
     Los Angeles, CA 90069
  c. Character and estimated value of the property of the estate
     Personal property: $ In excess of $10,000
     Annual gross income from
     ☒ real property: $ -0-
     ☒ personal property: $ In excess of $10,000
     Total: $ In excess of $20,000
     Real property: $______
  d. ☒ Will waives bond.
     ☐ All beneficiaries have waived bond and the will does not require a bond *(affix waiver as attachment 3d).*
     ☐ All heirs at law have waived bond *(affix waiver as attachment 3d).*
  e. ☐ Decedent died intestate.
     ☒ Copy of decedent's will dated: October 22, 1959 ☒ and codicil dated: February 25, 1964; April 30, 1970 and February [illegible], 1979
     is affixed as attachment 3e.

BIO3678085 7827
12/29/82

Form Approved by the
Judicial Council of California
Revised Effective January 1, 1981
DE-110(81)

(Continued on reverse)

PETITION FOR PROBATE

*All petitioners must sign the petition. Only one need sign the declaration.

20

ESTATE OF (NAME): JACK WEBB also known as JACK RANDOLPH WEBB Decedent

CASE NUMBER: 085

PETITION FOR PROBATE

f. Appointment of personal representative
  (1) Appointment of executor or administrator with will annexed
    ☒ Proposed executor is named as executor in the will.
    ☐ No executor is named in the will.
    ☐ Proposed personal representative is a nominee *(affix nomination as attachment 3f(1)).*
    ☐ Other named executors will not act because of ☐ death ☐ declination ☐ other reasons *(specify in attachment 3f(1)).*
  (2) Appointment of administrator
    ☐ Petitioner is a nominee *(affix nomination as attachment 3f(2)).*
    ☐ Petitioner is related to the decedent as:
  (3) ☐ Appointment of special administrator requested *(specify grounds and requested powers in attachment 3f(3)).*
g. Proposed personal representative is a ☒ resident of California ☐ non-resident of California ☐ resident of the United States ☐ non-resident of the United States.

4. a. *(Complete in all cases.)* The decedent is survived by
  (1) ☒ spouse ☐ no spouse.
  (2) ☐ parent ☒ no parent.
  (3) ☒ child ☐ no child.
  (4) ☐ issue of predeceased child ☒ no issue of predeceased child.
b. No surviving child or issue of a predeceased child has been omitted from the list of heirs (item 6).
c. *(Complete only if no spouse or issue survived the decedent.)* The decedent
  (1) ☐ had no predeceased spouse.
  (2) ☐ had a predeceased spouse whose heirs are named in the list of heirs (item 6).
  (3) ☐ had a predeceased spouse who had no heirs.
d. *(Complete only if no parent or issue survived the decedent.)* The decedent is survived by
  (1) ☐ a brother or sister or issue of a predeceased brother or sister. None has been omitted from the list of heirs (item 6).
  (2) ☐ no brother or sister or issue of a predeceased brother or sister.

5. ☒ Decedent's will does not preclude independent administration of this estate under sections 591—591.7 of the Probate Code.

6. The names, residence or mailing addresses, relationships, and ages of heirs, devisees, predeceased devisees, legatees, and predeceased legatees so far as known to petitioner are ☐ listed below ☒ listed in attachment 6.

NAME AND RELATIONSHIP	AGE	RESIDENCE OR MAILING ADDRESS
LISTED IN ATTACHMENT 6		

7. ☒ Number of pages attached: XX

Dated: December 28, 1982

Jacob Shearer
(Signature of petitioner)

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the State of California that the foregoing is true and correct and that this declaration is executed on (date): 12/28/82 at (place): Los Angeles, California

JACOB SHEARER
(Type or print name)

Jacob Shearer
(Signature of petitioner)

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
STATE OF CALIFORNIA

0190-058248
LOCAL REGISTRATION DISTRICT AND CERTIFICATE NUMBER

STATE FILE NUMBER

DECEDENT PERSONAL DATA

1A. NAME OF DECEDENT—FIRST: JACK
1B. MIDDLE:
1C. LAST: WEBB
2A. DATE OF DEATH (MONTH, DAY, YEAR): December 23, 1982
2B. HOUR: 0323
3. SEX: Male
4. RACE: Caucasian
5. ETHNICITY:
6. DATE OF BIRTH: April 2, 1920
7. AGE: 62 YEARS
IF UNDER 1 YEAR: MONTHS / DAYS
IF UNDER 24 HOURS: HOURS / MINUTES
8. BIRTHPLACE OF DECEDENT (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY): California
9. NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER: Samuel Webb - Idaho
10. BIRTH NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER: Margaret Smith - Idaho
11. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY: U.S.A.
12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER: 570-14-8385
13. MARITAL STATUS: Married
14. NAME OF SURVIVING SPOUSE (IF WIFE, ENTER BIRTH NAME): Opal Wright
15. PRIMARY OCCUPATION: T. V. Producer
16. NUMBER OF YEARS THIS OCCUPATION: 30
17. EMPLOYER (IF SELF-EMPLOYED, SO STATE): Self-employed
18. KIND OF INDUSTRY OR BUSINESS: Entertainment

USUAL RESIDENCE

19A. USUAL RESIDENCE—STREET ADDRESS (STREET AND NUMBER OR LOCATION): 9255 Doheny Road, Apt. 2604
19B.
19C. CITY OR TOWN: Los Angeles
19D. COUNTY: Los Angeles
19E. STATE: California
20. NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT—RELATIONSHIP:
Mrs. Opal Webb, wife
9255 Doheny Road Apt 2604
Los Angeles, California 90069

PLACE OF DEATH

21A. PLACE OF DEATH: 9255 Doheny Road (residence)
21B. COUNTY: Los Angeles
21C. STREET ADDRESS (STREET AND NUMBER OR LOCATION): 9255 Doheny Road, Apt. 2604
21D. CITY OR TOWN: Los Angeles

CAUSE OF DEATH

22. DEATH WAS CAUSED BY: (ENTER ONLY ONE CAUSE PER LINE FOR A, B, AND C)
IMMEDIATE CAUSE
(A) Occlusive Coronary Artery Disease
DUE TO, OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF
(B) Arteriosclerotic Cardiovascular Disease
DUE TO, OR AS A CONSEQUENCE OF
(C)
CONDITIONS, IF ANY, WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE, STATING THE UNDERLYING CAUSE LAST
APPROXIMATE INTERVAL BETWEEN ONSET AND DEATH
24. WAS DEATH REPORTED TO CORONER? 82-16164
25. WAS BIOPSY PERFORMED? No
26. WAS AUTOPSY PERFORMED? Yes
23. OTHER CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTING BUT NOT RELATED TO THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF DEATH
27. WAS OPERATION PERFORMED FOR ANY CONDITION IN ITEMS 22 OR 23? TYPE OF OPERATION: No DATE

PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATION

28A. I CERTIFY THAT DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR, DATE AND PLACE STATED FROM THE CAUSES STATED.
I ATTENDED DECEDENT SINCE (ENTER MO, DA, YR)
I LAST SAW DECEDENT ALIVE (ENTER MO, DA, YR)
28B. PHYSICIAN—SIGNATURE AND DEGREE OR TITLE
28C. DATE SIGNED
28D. PHYSICIAN'S LICENSE NUMBER
28E. TYPE PHYSICIAN'S NAME AND ADDRESS

INJURY INFORMATION

29. SPECIFY ACCIDENT, SUICIDE, ETC.
30. PLACE OF INJURY
31. INJURY AT WORK
32A. DATE OF INJURY—MONTH, DAY, YEAR
32B. HOUR
33. LOCATION (STREET AND NUMBER OR LOCATION AND CITY OR TOWN)
34. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED (EVENTS WHICH RESULTED IN INJURY)

CORONER'S USE ONLY

35A. I CERTIFY THAT DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR, DATE AND PLACE STATED FROM THE CAUSES STATED. AS REQUIRED BY LAW I HAVE HELD AN INVESTIGATION
35B. CORONER—SIGNATURE AND DEGREE OR TITLE: Deputy Coroner W. L. Smith
35C. DATE SIGNED: 12-23-82

36. DISPOSITION: Burial
37. DATE—MONTH, DAY, YEAR: Dec 28 1982
38. NAME AND ADDRESS OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY: Forest Lawn Memorial Park
6300 Forest Lawn Dr., Los Angeles, Ca.
39. EMBALMER'S LICENSE NUMBER AND SIGNATURE
40. NAME OF FUNERAL DIRECTOR (OR PERSON ACTING AS SUCH): Forest Lawn-Hollywood Hills Mty
41. LOCAL REGISTRAR: M.D.
42. DATE ACCEPTED BY LOCAL REGISTRAR: DEC 28 1982

STATE REGISTRAR

A.
B.
C.
D.
E.
F.